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THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

IX.

A WINSOME APPARITION.

The retirement in which Mrs. Varemberg lived had no doubt contributed to keep the full measure of her intimacy with Barclay from the public observation. It took place at her father's house, under the eye of her father and aunt, and could not be charged with impropriety. The intrusive tongue of gossip began at last to wag, however, and Barclay, in a punctilious devotion to the interests of his friend, thought best to take cognizance of it. He would have been sorry, furthermore, to have really deserved the reproach of ingratitude for the courtesies that had been shown him in the place; and so, on many accounts and in spite of the improved opportunity open to him by the allayed opposition of David Lane, he for a while saw considerably less of Mrs. Varemberg and more of general society.

The snow, at Keewaydin, lay white and firm on the ground for many months at a time, and, instead of an enemy, was made to be an ally and friend in all the daily affairs of life. There was coasting down the long, steep streets, followed by dancing and suppers, in which some elderly persons of prominence, as well as the young, took part. Barclay did not hold himself above this diversion. He joined more than once the merry procession of sleigh-riders on Grand Avenue. He went, by invitation, to a session of the young women's Saturday Morning Club, and finally he even selected a partner to accompany him to that most brilliant social event of the winter, the annual Charity Ball.

The choice of this partner was determined by an incident at the Saturday Morning Club. He was one of a few masculine visitors admitted to these favored precincts on some rare occasion, as that of a lecture or the like. Justine DeBow was there, among others. She was seized with a sudden dizziness. Barclay happened to be beside her, and aided her. It was held by some that this fainting was but assumed, on the part of Miss DeBow, to draw attention to herself and monopolize the services of the admired guest of the occasion, and several others wished they had bethought them of the same opportune device. The elfish Miss Shadwell, with a face like a withered apple, found opportunity to approach him about Justine. She would have liked to do so about Mrs. Varemberg, also, but that she felt compelled to reserve to another time.

"We all like and admire Justine so much," she said. "She has only one drawback."

"And what is that?"

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"You never see her mother."

"I have not observed that any American mothers are unnecessarily visible," he returned, wondering to what this tended.

"Oh, yes, I know they are a retiring class, who think that it is not *their* bright eyes, but their daughters', that visitors come to see; but this is something different. DeBow, when quite young, married a very common, ungrammatical sort of person, — a servant in a hotel, in fact. They say he was captivated by her good looks, but she has bravely got over them. They keep her discreetly in the background, under pretense that" —

"I do not find it an interesting subject!" exclaimed Barclay impatiently.

"Oh, people do not snap *me* up like that," said Miss Shadwell; "it 's of no use. I am one of the kind who *say* things."

But he had already turned away, as abruptly as might be without marked rudeness.

This, then, was one cause of the reserve and dignified little airs assumed by Justine DeBow. Her hauteur was but a manifestation of sensitiveness, a species of defensive armor. He construed it quite as favorably as it probably deserved, and it added a touch of interest to her case. Largely in protest against her spiteful little assailant, yielding to a quixotic impulse of the moment, he begged her to be his companion at the coming Charity Ball.

When the evening of the ball arrived, he called for her towards nine o'clock, in a carriage of his own providing. After the custom of the place, they had *no chaperon*, and they might return at whatever hour they would, in the same simple fashion. He waited for her in the parlor, while she above put some finishing touches to a much more elaborate toilette than usual. Good Mrs. DeBow took this occasion to come in and greet him. She entered in a diffident way, making a pretext of seeing that another gas-burner was lighted; then sat down on the edge of a chair and talked to him. She had heard his inquiries after her at various times, and felt within herself that he was one who appreciated her. She had said to her daughter more than once that he was a *real* gentleman, and not a mere imitation, like so many who came there. She was by no means convinced in her own mind that her discourse was worthy of the severe repression and rebuke with which it was customarily visited in the house. It was at present full of solecisms, but there was also an attempt in her manner at an elegant formality, of which Justine's was a curious echo.

This conversation was in full progress when Justine came down. Her brow grew dark at the sight; she knew what naturally must have happened. Tears of mortification sprang to her eyes, which she hid. At the front door she wavered, seeking if there were not some pretext on which she could refuse to set forth, but at such a moment it was entirely too late to retreat.

Barclay saw this, in spite of himself, and did his utmost to reassure her. He employed a peculiar fineness of manner, neither too easy nor formal. He appeared neither to overlook the circumstance by which she was so troubled, nor to be impressed by it. You would have said he had never talked to mothers who comported themselves any differently.

"Ah," thought the girl with gratitude, "he does not mind it."

This unusual beginning of the evening no doubt had its influence on the whole course of it; there seemed a certain need of continuing the same air of reassurance and devotion. Two persons looked on at this with unquiet minds. The one was Lieutenant Gregg, who, it was plain to be seen, had long been enamored of Justine. A fierce displeasure afflicted the excellent revenue offi-

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cer at the appearance of so good an understanding between the couple. The other was Mrs. Varemberg, who — a thing highly unusual for her — had come to the ball, intending to remain a short time as a spectator. When Barclay went to pay his respects to her, in the box where she sat with her father, she received him but coldly. She resented his slowness in coming, and also what she deemed his whole neglect of her of late, based though this was, as we have seen, upon his prudent regard for her own fair fame. Is it, then, credible that jealousy, some trace of which perhaps lurks, tigress-like, in even the softest of feminine breasts, had sprung up in that of Mrs. Varemberg, — she who had no worldly future, no warrant to her own freedom, nor right to be the slightest check upon that of any other? Alas, what new calamity did this dangerous feeling portend? She resolved, as soon as she was sensible of it, that she would tear it from her heart at once; it should have no real foothold there. She pleaded an indisposition, and very soon withdrew.

Thenceforth, for some time, she adopted a new rôle of conduct, a policy of stricter seclusion than before, and denied herself even to Barclay as well as the others. Her father, witnessing with astonishment this repulse of Barclay, felt for the first time something like positive cheerfulness. The bugbear that had so dismayed him seemed, after all, to have no real existence; the alarming friendship had fallen to pieces of its own accord, by its own weight as it were.

Barclay marveled, during this time, that Mrs. Varemberg should be moved to carry his own purpose to so much greater an extreme; but he was used to construing her favorably, and if his glance, in their rare meetings, sought hers in involuntary questioning, he had no open question of her conduct to offer. In his eyes whatever she did was right. He was first apprised of the embittered state of mind of Lieutenant Gregg through some quite offensive conduct towards him, on the lieutenant's part, at that ambitious social organization, — an imitation of prototypes in larger cities, — the Keewaydin Club.

It was thus, among other things, that Barclay came to know that he could not apply in person to Gregg for aid in the case of William Alfsen.

The unpleasantness was finally settled through the good offices of Ives Wilson.

Such misconception of Barclay's small courtesies to Justine DeBow was absurd. Nevertheless, he determined to give no further occasion for it. As he seemed to have made so bad a business of his attempt to show local society a proper recognition of its favors, he turned away from it all with a new indifference, and gave to his factory a yet more complete attention.

The lieutenant was now left the clearest possible field in the quarter to which his aspirations extended. Miss Justine DeBow, however, put her own construction upon what she deemed Barclay's avoidance of her. It was not long before she approached her mother, and in a painful scene — one of not unusual occurrence in that household — said to her: —

"It was because you went into the parlor, and he heard you talk, that he stays away. He is not used to it; he will never come here any more."

"I know I ought not to have done it. I will not disgrace you again," returned the mother, accepting the charge with a full measure of abject humility.

"I — I did not mean that," said the daughter, a little staggered herself at this way of putting it. "But oh, *why* would you not learn, when I tried so hard with you?" and she broke into hysterical sobs, "Not to use *long* words, and not to say 'I *done* it' and 'I *seen* it' and '*them are*,' and — and — just a few others," summing up, with a definite

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pathos, her poor attempt to alleviate this source of her chagrins.

"Don't cry so, deary. I will try, — I will try," protested her listener, who, fair enough though she was in the other relations of life, an especially tender mother, and a person, too, of a certain good judgment, was so obtuse in her faculties through early neglect of them as never to have been able to master even the simple educational system outlined above. Her husband had undertaken it with a will shortly after his imprudent marriage to her, and so had her children in turn as they arrived at years to be mortified by it, but all alike had proved in vain.

New Year's Day — one of the old-fashioned sort — soon arrived. The custom of making calls, since fallen into abeyance, was kept up at Keewaydin with great spirit. To call was almost a religious observance. The streets were gayly alive all day with sleigh-loads of men, in couples and quartettes, going to and from the houses of friends, each priding himself on filling the largest list. Nor was it the young alone who ventured forth: there were elderly bachelors in the concourse; husbands, grown lax about social observances, were laughingly driven out by their helpmeets from their own comfortable firesides; and even urchins, arrayed in their best, began a society career by making their dancing-school bows in the parlors of friends of the family.

Barclay counted on finding Mrs. Varemberg at home on that day, if on no other; and so the event proved. Her father's house was open, as became one of his position, but without glitter or parade, and it was she who had mainly to do the honors of hospitality. When Barclay arrived, she sat, in reverie, before a wood fire, in a temporary lull of the calling. It was between daylight and dark, and the lamps were not yet lighted; the short winter afternoon had been yet further shortened by a lowering sky, and snow-flakes were beginning to whirl coldly down. The thick, soft carpet gave so little response to the step of the visitor that he was beside her before she knew it.

"What do you see in the fire?" he asked, after he had touched, in an easy way, on some of the events of the day. "That is a question always in order when one is discovered looking so fixedly at it."

"I see you there, among other things."

"I trust I have not been tried in the crucible, as it were, and found wanting?"

"That remains to be ascertained. I was thinking that I was rather tired of seclusion, and had perhaps been overdoing it, and that I might send for you, if you did not happen in. Would you have come, if I had?"

"Oh, no; of course nothing would have induced me to," he replied, seating himself easily beside her. "But now that it is proper to speak of it, I don't quite understand what it was all about. We have scarcely met long enough to exchange two words since the Charity Ball."

"We can stand so little pleasure, in this life, that we have to make up for it by long periods of depression afterwards."

"I should hardly have thought the ecstasy of a Keewaydin Charity Ball so great as that."

"Well, then, it was one of my moods, — that is all: you must know I have them sometimes?"

And this was all the explanation ever given — till a long time after. She had fought the battle out with herself, and determined to throw open her doors again, and reap from this friendship, which filled so important a place in her life, whatever solace it was capable of affording, while it was still vouchsafed to her. She talked now of friendship;

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made a theory, as people are given to doing, to strengthen themselves in insecure positions, that friendship was the greatest good, and quite sufficient for human happiness without any admixture of the warmer sentiment.

"The quiet stars alone," she said, using this as a comparison, "supply a great part of the heat of our globe."

"They raise its temperature from nothing at all to one hundred degrees below zero, and the sun does the rest; but few of us would care to remain permanently even at one hundred below zero," Barclay returned, promptly. "I have read the same scientific article, you see."

Now, too, that Mrs. Varemberg had reached this new position, it was shown almost immediately how baseless and fantastic the one she abandoned had been.

Barclay soon came, in the course of talk, to the case of William Alfsen. He told her of his desire to get him a place on the revenue cutter.

"Why do you not ask Lieutenant Gregg?" she inquired.

"My hated rival? No, indeed; that would never do."

"You and Lieutenant Gregg rivals? And on what subject?"

"It seems to have been supposed to be for the favor of the fascinating Justine DeBow."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Mrs. Varemberg, but her countenance fell greatly, in spite of herself. It brightened again remarkably, however, when she heard from him a full account of this little episode.

"To show that I have not the least design in the world against his peace of mind," went on Barclay, "I have let his sweetheart, with society in general, perhaps somewhat brusquely alone. Still, there may be a lurking acrimony on his part, and I am not the one to beg him to do anybody favors."

"And there was really nothing in it? What with your eye for good looks and your interest in situations a little out of the common, how could one tell that your intentions were not highly serious?"

"Was it likely?" he responded: "I am devoted to — to — eternal celibacy, like the Rev. Edward Brockston."

"Then, let me take charge of the application in Alfsen's favor," she suggested with alacrity. "I will speak to Lieutenant Gregg about it at the first opportunity. Perhaps he will do what you want, on my recommendation."

Upon this a new-comer entered, — no less a person than Schwartzmann, the designer of the Golden Justice, who had come home for a visit, after a long absence in Europe. There was a small exhibition of his works in progress at the present time, at Fogle & Stein's, the leading music and stationery store of the place. Schwartzmann showed something of his profession in his looks. He had a high, narrow forehead, bushy brows, and meagre, bristling beard; his clothes were openly of the ready-made sort, and he wore them carelessly. There was a trace in his manners of the rudeness of the lower stratum from which he had sprung, yet this was far more than balanced by the refinement of his own ideas, helped by familiar association with refined people. He was a bright, intelligent man, with the assured briskness and confidence of a successful one also. He was very buoyant and gay in his talk about matters of art, his own life abroad, and the like. Barclay, on going away, left him there.

Lieutenant Gregg came in, later in the day, and Mrs. Varemberg approached him on the subject of which she had assumed charge. He promised it, in fact, his most favorable consideration.

A brief period, of a new sort, now began for our couple. David Lane no longer opposed; they had laid at rest their scruples of conscience, persuading themselves by one sophistical argument

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or another of the rectitude of their own intentions; there seemed never to have been a better understanding between them, — never a calmer, more satisfying, more thorough friendship, and friendship alone.

They planned together new devices for the factory. Mrs. Varemberg manifested in this a keen desire to be made of use, a touching eagerness to put herself under direction, that she might be utilized for any worthy end. On one occasion she brought down a somewhat notable collection of valuable trinkets she had. Barclay facetiously dubbed these the Crown Jewels, as if she were a beautiful and hapless monarch in exile; and he sat on an ottoman at her feet, while she handed out to him in turn these trophies of her days of earlier youth, and of hope and happiness at a brilliant foreign court. Again, they joined the sleigh-riders on Grand Avenue. Barclay wore a seal-skin cap, pulled low down over his ears; his companion, well wrapped in furs, with a bird's wing standing straight up in her hat, sometimes held her muff before her face, roseate from the tingle of the keen air. They went slowly up the right hand of the broad avenue, and then came flying down the left at headlong speed, in company with others, as many as four abreast, while clods of snow were spurned gayly backward from the heels of their horses.

Mrs. Varemberg was a person of changeable moods, and by no means to be depended upon for unvarying uniformity. In her present contentment at the unwonted appreciation and companionship she enjoyed, she sometimes surprised Barclay by an exhibition, among other ways, of a child-like amenability to his influence, — an almost Griselda-like meekness. It was a pathetic testimony to her hard fate, to the chilling rebuffs with which her naturally affectionate nature had been met. It afforded, too, a glimpse into that mysterious region of feminine character in which it appears to be a sort of luxury to be dominated over, even to be thwarted in its wishes, by one it loves, — a trait corresponding to the masculine tendency to dominate. She would express, after some simple occasion, — perhaps his merely having dined with them *en famille*, in the most uneventful way, — a pleasure out of all proportion to any cause for it that seemed to have been given.

"But why? but how?" once queried Barclay, puzzled. "Nothing remarkable has happened."

"It is not necessary for remarkable things to happen. I have not been maltreated, I have not been beaten; that is all."

After some random critical remarks of his, in a gay discussion on furnishing, he was astonished, on his next visit, to find the position of some important articles, a leading picture, and even the arrangement of an entire room quite altered.

"I shall be afraid to open my mouth next," he protested, in whimsical expostulation. "What right have I to interfere with your surroundings, or put you to any trouble whatever?"

"I like to please you," she said; and there was a thorough-going completeness in this abject submission and a cooing gentleness in the tones of her voice that made his heart beat high with a mysterious joy and trouble. What might not these peculiar marks of favor be construed to mean?

"Perhaps you would enjoy being beaten, after all?" he said.

"Perhaps I would," she replied sweetly.

But this mood was as brief as it was phenomenal; however she may have still adhered to it in spirit, it was far too tame to comport with such habits of self-assertion and charming bold caprice as were naturally hers.

The general manner of their talk was

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that Mrs. Varemberg was much the more animated, and contributed much the greater share of it, of the two.

"It is a dangerous trait in you," she would say to him, "that you are so good a listener."

But when her spirits were down, she had her silent moods, also. She was known to fade away so completely into the region of her own griefs and fancies that it was impossible to recall her from it, and her friend could only withdraw, and leave her to the restorative influence of time. Sometimes, under less depression than this, she would try to have him talk uninterruptedly — which was a difficult thing for him to do — for her distraction. One day she insisted, in such fashion, with a ray of humor in it, that he should tell her some long story from his travels, to relieve her *ennui*.

"But you have heard all about my travels already; I can think of nothing further of importance," he demurred. "And you yourself are quite capable of talking to-day."

"Once when I was in the Sandwich Islands," she threw out, as if quoting in advance the opening sentence of his narrative.

"But I tell you" —

"Once when I was in the Sandwich Islands," she persisted inexorably.

"Have you any particular reason for selecting the Sandwich Islands?" he asked, struck by a sudden startling recollection.

"I select them quite at random, but that is no reason why" — she answered, with an imitation of capricious tyranny.

"Then, by heaven!" cried Barclay excitedly, "once when I was in the Sandwich Islands, I saw your husband there. It was Varemberg, as sure as I'm alive. It must have been. I know it was."

"What do you mean?" demanded his auditor, aghast. She had no trace of ennui, either real or pretended, now.

"It all comes back to me. I did not know, at the time, he was in that part of the world, or that there was any rupture between you. I do not know why I did not think of this the other day, when you told me of his having been heard of in the South Seas."

"Tell me all that you saw and know."

"I went into a court, to see something of the administration of justice in those latitudes. I observed — it was in the prisoner's dock — a man bearing a singular resemblance to Varemberg."

"Oh! could it have been? Did you speak to him? Did you identify him?"

"Not by name, certainly. I asked the by-standers about him and his case. They returned a different name, one I had never heard of. I thought it but one of those coincidences in looks that are so commonly happening. I sometimes think we are all cut out only upon a dozen patterns, or so, and everywhere you go you find people who closely resemble those you have left behind. But now all hangs together. The offense for which he was on trial exactly corresponds with what you have told me of his violent character. And then, certain peculiarities of his manner, his sharp glance, — yes, I could not have been mistaken; it was he."

"What had he done?" asked the unfortunate wife, trembling.

"He was accused of killing one of the coolies who had worked for him on a sugar plantation, of which he had recently become the overseer."

"And was he — convicted?"

"No, I afterwards heard he was not. One poor cooly was not of much consequence, after all; and the defense was mutiny and self-preservation, — though it was alleged, on the other hand, that the disturbance or uprising was due to intolerable cruelty on the part of the overseer."

"How long ago was all this?"

"Just before I left for San Francisco; a bare six weeks, say, before my arrival here."

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Mrs. Varemberg gave a convulsive shudder.

"Ah," she said, "if he was so near, it was but a step for him also to San Francisco, and what is to prevent his coming here?"

"He would never dare!" and Barclay started to his feet, his eye blazing indignation. "No, it is impossible."

He had not thought of it in that light. He saw that his story had alarmed her. Distressed at her agitation, he endeavored to repair the effects of what he deemed his imprudence. His surprise at a strange coincidence had inadvertently betrayed him into it. He pretended that he might, after all, have been mistaken. But it was too late. The story had made a deep impression on its hearer. It accented also the bondage, sometimes half forgotten, that held her, and the irreparable distance fixed between her and others. It was a warning of personal danger to Barclay, too, like the discovery by Crusoe of the first foot-print on the sands, and, as with Crusoe's foot-print, it was long before uneasiness from this source was allayed on either side.

Even with the best allowance for a mental blindness and for good intentions, it is evident that such a situation as that outlined between the pair could not last. The days went by, and their awakening from their self-imposed delusion rapidly approached.

Barclay made many a furtive study of the looks of his intimate companion, and, though she could certainly not have been much better, was surprised to find himself thinking of her but little as an invalid. There were certain aspects of her appearance — now it was a poise of the head, now the curves of her eyebrows and lids — which he would say to himself, when alone, were too perfect to be real; but on going back to see them again he would find, to his astonishment, that the fact far surpassed his recollection. He had some singular moments, in looking at her, when she seemed to swim before him in a sort of luminous haze. It had a magnetic quality; it emanated from her eyes, and was full of the sweetness of her glance and her smile, and he could not see her quite clearly. He would draw forth some small treasures, once of her personal belonging, that he possessed, and sit in reverie or rapture before them, quite in the most usual lover-like way. These were a glove, a bit of lace from her gown, a card on which she had scribbled some words, a faded rose, — the common trumpery paraphernalia.

What! to reverence such treasures, and yet remain only a friend?

"Yes," he made answer, in specious sophistry; "all such homage need not be given over to the lover alone. The warm friend, too, may start at the opening door, tremble at seeing a dear presence afar, watch for a window light, turn pale and red at the receipt of a letter, at the little touch of a hand, or even at the tones of a voice."

The thoughts of Mrs. Varemberg, on the other hand, were forever hovering about Barclay. His interests were almost the only ones that occupied her; he filled her long musings by day, her dreams at night. It was his very merits that constituted his most deleterious influence; it was not because he was bad, but because he was good, that he was secretly drawing her away from allegiance to her most firmly settled convictions. She was forever making idle contrasts.

"Why could it not have been?" she said, bemoaning her fate. "With him, I should have had a career of honor; I should have been a useful being in the world, and not the poor, forlorn creature I am."

Through all this she kept an inexorable watch upon her tongue; she meant to let fall no word that might betray her state of feeling. One afternoon in the late winter, when there was a new

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premonition of snow in the soft, calm air, some errand took her to the South Side of the town. She passed Barclay's factory at a distance, on the way, and she said to herself that she felt a certain joy to be even so near to him as that, though she did not see him. A deft artistic hand might have drawn the Polish settlement, as it appeared to her in its winter dress, in a few lines and washes of gray and sepia, on a bit of white paper. At the church, with its twin towers and domes of shining tin, a festival was evidently being made ready for the ensuing Sunday: a large quantity of carpets, painted images, and tall vases of paper flowers were being conveyed in; the entrance doors were wide open, and the sexton and a number of assistants were busy about the altar. Mrs. Varemberg recollected that this church had been recommended by Barclay as one of the minor curiosities discovered in his search for the unusual; the notion took her, in passing, to enter it, and she did so. Some silken banners of benevolent societies were planted by the chancel rail, and there were a few eikons, or sacred pictures, of which the face and hands were sunk into a gilded ground, while the rest was painted on the flush surface, — nothing of any real importance, but only interesting because they had interested him. Fatigued, this unusual visitor sat down in one of the front pews; presently she half knelt, and remained a considerable time with her face buried in her hands. She was aroused by finding Paul Barclay standing beside her. She was just rising from her devotional attitude when he found her.

"I was driving by," he said. "I could not very well avoid recognizing your sleigh, with your man waiting patiently on the box, and I came in on the chance of finding you. So you have gone over to the Polish form of worship?"

"Do not taunt me; if you once begin, you will never have reason to stop. I do not know but I have been trying to pray."

"St. Jude's would have been nearer for the purpose, and it is rather more affected by your friends."

"Any temple is good enough for a petition that will not and probably ought not to be granted."

"Will you tell me what you have prayed about?"

"Oh, general wretchedness," she answered, at first evasively; then, looking at him directly, and as if under an emotion she could not control, "For simple, sweet earthly happiness. Eternity is too far away, too long to wait. But it cannot be granted, and it is wicked even to ask for it."

"Poor child!" he murmured, and an absorbing tenderness welled up in his heart for her; then, in a louder tone, with reassurance, "Patience; all will yet come right."

"No; all will come right for others, but not for me," she responded, desperately.

Barclay was on the eve of some great outburst. In another moment he would have given expression to the feelings with which his whole being had long been pervaded. But his companion herself first recovered her lost control. She stepped lightly along the aisle, and drew her wraps around her, preparatory to going forth into the outer air. In the vestibule she hastily began to read aloud a placard, in amusing English, affixed to the wall.

"No person who has not a pew (seat)," said this remarkable notice, "is not allowed to enter the same, for we have not got that church for nothing. By so doing they will oblige every holder of a pew, as it would deprive them of their respective place. By order" —

When Barclay would have recommenced at the serious point where they had left off, a final diversion was created by William Alfsen, who caught sight of them in the portal, and came running

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up the steps to thank them both gratefully for their efficacious service in having secured him the coveted place on the revenue cutter. He had been inducted into his duties, it appeared, a week before, and this was the first opportunity he had had to get off long enough to go and see anybody. He had been intending, he said, to call on them both.

"And now, I suppose, with all the rest," said Barclay, as the sailor was withdrawing, "you can marry Stanislava?"

"I don't know about that," replied Alfsen, scratching his head dubiously. "The old man, he don't let up on us yet; and Stanislava, she 's one o' them kind what don't make no trouble in her family. I guess we got to wait a while yet."

When this was over Mrs. Varemberg drove away homeward by herself. A lighter note had opportunely been struck, and a most dangerous moment had been averted.

David Lane could hardly fail to note, of late, that his daughter was more disturbed in mind than usual, even for her. She was growing paler and thinner. He thought good to let fall a suggestion to the Rev. Edward Brockston that the latter should take occasion to talk with her, and help bring her to a more reconciled feeling with existence. This man of wise counsel did so to the best extent he could. He showed her yet further, in the usual way, that this life is to be regarded as of no real importance in itself, but is only a preparation for another. Perhaps he had some shrewd perception of how the land lay, for he was not an obtuse person, and so he managed to touch delicately, too, upon the church doctrine of divorce. He aimed to strengthen her belief in the binding force and obligation of the marriage contract by as cogent words as possible. "The house that God has not built," he said, concluding this topic, "is not built at all."

A public entertainment was to be given, known as a Peasants' Carnival. He urged her to take a part in this, both to aid the charitable object for which it was intended, and also as a relief and distraction to herself from the perhaps rather too morbid state of mind into which she was allowing herself to drift. Contrary to what might have been expected of her and to her usual practice, she consented to do so. She was not strong enough to enlist herself in the active work of the carnival proper, but it was finally arranged that she should accept a character in some *tableaux vivantes* projected in connection with it, a *rôle* in which her noble and distinguished bearing could be well turned to account.

The sculptor Schwartzmann first aided some of the members individually, then allowed himself to be impressed into the service as general manager of the whole. Barclay found him advising Mrs. Varemberg about her costume. He saw her involved in a profusion of soft tissues and stuffs of cloth of gold. One evening, on which he endeavored to draw from her what her character was to be, he chanced to be so posted that he could see her not only directly in front, but also reflected sidewise in one of the pier-glasses of the drawing-room. The mirror duplicated all the stuffs and their shining, as it duplicated her gracefully bent, slender figure. She was clad in a soft black silk, with a camel's-hair scarf about her shoulders. As he gazed, his fancy was comparing her to some mediæval *châtelaine*, some Lady of Shalott, weaving a fabric of intertwisted threads of fate. The identity of the characters was not to be disclosed, however, till the performance itself, and Barclay, in spite of his humorous guesses, was left in the dark, like the others.

On the opening of the carnival, the interior of the Academy of Music was

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found filled with small, gayly decorated booths, arranged around the outer circumference of the auditorium, which was floored over. Swiss *chalets* stood alongside Norwegian cottages, of varnished logs, and German foresters' huts. There was an old English inn, with pots of roses on the window ledges and a stout host in the vine-clad porch. There were a Spanish posada, and a *chic* auberge taken bodily from a French opera bouffe.

Paul Barclay, on his arrival, found himself in an atmosphere thick with smiles, bows, and compliments, the choice perfume of civilization. The eye was greeted by pyramids of fantastic objects for sale, baskets and arches of exotic flowers, and glitter of china and silver, brought out to serve dainty refreshments upon. There were belles in the ordinary costume of society: some of the demure, high-necked sort, and other sirens in low dresses, making a fascinating display of neck and arms through their gauzes. All the pretty, frail peasants, in their coquettish caps and aprons, would probably have drawn laughing scorn from the buxom originals in the mother country, but they were none the less fair to see for that. The masculine Tyroleans, Troubadours, and Highlanders, young business men of Keewaydin, concealed with but little success their daily identification with the affairs of East and West Water streets.

Barclay had made the rounds to a certain extent, and was buying some trifle of a pretty girl, who represented the Belle Chocolatière of the Dresden Gallery, when he suddenly found himself next to Justine DeBow. She wore a quaint old embroidered white satin wedding-dress, handed down from some ancestor on her father's side, with powder and patches to match. She looked handsomer than perhaps ever before, but there was an evident cloud of trouble on her brow. After receiving her greeting, Barclay would have passed on from her, also, with some few of the usual polite forms, but she said to him in a low tone: —

"Will you not take me for a short walk? There was something I wanted to say to you."

He offered her his arm, and they strolled about a little, and then withdrew to a point near the stage, somewhat remote from observation, where there was a bower, in which were constructed artificial banks of mossy green baize. Miss DeBow made as if she would have entered this bower, but he did not follow her lead. The young woman then stood still, faced him, and, first drawing a long, gasping breath, demanded: —

"Is it on account of my mother — on account of what you — you heard that evening, that you no longer wish to associate with me?"

"Not associate — Could you think me capable of it?" he protested, at first not comprehending her meaning, and then shocked and pained both for her and himself.

"Then why have you so changed?" she exclaimed. "Why are you so cruel to me? Why do you stay away?"

This was a case requiring far more delicacy of treatment and tender consideration than that of Mrs. Rycraft. In brief, she made love to him outright. She shed tears, and showed all the signs of a genuine emotion. The rôles of the sexes are, on some rare occasions, thus reversed. All this might, perhaps, have been only a deliberate plan, of an unmaidenly sort, a last throw, on the chance of winning him; or it might have been the spontaneous outburst of an ill-regulated nature, yielding to a spell its own imagination had woven.

"Oh, I love you! I want you to take me for yours!" she said to him passionately. "You are so different from all the others I have ever known. I want to be with you always."

Paul Barclay was surprised indeed to

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find how callous he could remain to even such an appeal, how efficacious was the panoply by which he was protected.

"I must not let you talk so. You are not quite yourself in this," he answered her, gently. "You will smile at your own folly, I am sure, when you look back upon it, after a little time."

"At least you will not betray me," she asked, when she was at last convinced that her effort was of no avail.

"You have given me a great proof of your confidence," he said, "and it shall be most sacredly respected."

A little bell rang sharply: all eyes were turned towards the stage; the coquettish peasants left their booths, and stood forward expectantly in the hall, taking attitudes of unconscious grace. The little bell rang again, and the curtain went slowly up on the first of the tableaux. What a sight it was on the stage that met the astonished eyes of Barclay!

A vivid lime-light streamed full upon the figure of the Golden Justice. It was Mrs. Varemberg, clad in severe, straight-falling draperies of cloth of gold. On her head was a golden helmet, by her side a long, straight-hilted golden sword, and in her hands a pair of golden scales. She was raised upon a pedestal resembling that to which the statue was actually attached, and she stood against a deep blue ground, representing the sky. Her hair and eyes and the smooth flesh of face and hands mingled a warm human element with the imitation of metal. She recalled one of the famous chryselephantine statues, of ivory, ebony, gems, and gold. It was of such precious materials, instead of the bare, cold marble, that the sculptors of antiquity delighted to fashion their choicest works.

A murmur of surprise, increasing to admiration, ran around the hall. "How striking, how original!" was the comment. "Who would have thought that the image from our own city hall, apparently so void of romance, could be made to figure in such a way?" The Golden Justice was a greater success than all the Cleopatras, Dorotheas, and Priscillas of the occasion. It was voted a triumph of ingenuity on the part of both Schwartzmann and the eminent lady who carried out the conception they had planned together, and it gave to Mrs. Varemberg a new accession of prestige.

The apparition stood immovable, an epitome of serene majesty and loveliness. It was gloriously bright, like the seraph Uriel, or Gabriel, chief of the angel guards of heaven. Barclay gazed, breathless, as if any motion of his might cause it to vanish before its time. The young girl beside him saw the rapture in his glance, and knew at last that all was hopeless between herself and him, and why it was.

"It is she," she said, desperately. "Ah, she does well to use her arts of a woman of the world against a poor girl!"

"Hush!" said Barclay; "you must not speak against her. She is the best, the dearest, being in the world."

At the same time the statue seemed to direct at him, where he stood in his ill-assorted companionship, a glance as of a certain reproach. He broke away, left the hall almost fiercely, and went to attempt to allay his turbulent agitation in the little park by the lake shore, which had become a favorite resort with him. His moment of thorough awakening had come. He knew, without a shadow of disguise, that the fiction of a disinterested friendship he had been so long bolstering up was an utter mockery. He knew that he was as wildly in love with Florence Lane as in the maddest moments of the earlier time. And there was now this singular thing about it that made his affection even stronger than then. In former days his ideal of her had been compounded with that of most blooming health and strength. She had been made up, for him, of even the

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elements that haunt a schoolboy's fancy; she had hardly been of flesh and blood, but of sugar and spices, the rose and the lily, milk, honey, and perfumes, ivory, alabaster, coral, and jade. To-day, and long since, in his tender sympathy, his love had embraced with an equal ardor her human weakness and decline. He conceived a union of soul and essence, from which the body with all its imperfections might be eliminated and his affection remain unchanged.

The discovery caused him the keenest pain. He did not want to admit to himself that it was so. The situation was such that the feeling ought not to be disclosed. Should he conceal it and suffer in silence? To suffer heroically was part of a Spartan discipline he had marked out for himself, but he knew that in fact his state of mind could not be hidden. He groaned aloud as he paced the esplanade in the darkness.

"Is this to be the end?" he asked. "Am I to put myself in antagonism with all those social laws which it should have been my part rather to strengthen and enforce? Am I to join the wretched strugglers with an illicit passion? No; one thing a man can save when all else is lost, — his honor. I must go away from here, and never return."

That same night, Mrs. Varemberg, fatigued and depressed by the unusual exertion she had undergone, drove home as soon as her own part was over. On alighting she inquired for her father, and learned that he was then at home, in his library. He had not gone to the carnival, as he had intended doing, having been detained, it appeared, at the last moment. The secret had been kept from him as well as the others, and his daughter wished now that he should see her in the full paraphernalia of her costume before it should be permanently laid aside. She threw a veil of a light tissue, therefore, over her features, which both added to the statuesque effect and concealed her identity, and went to present herself before him in the library. The door was ajar. She glided in.

David Lane looked up from his writing, and saw the veritable Golden Justice, from the dome of the city hall, in his presence. Whether it was the apparition itself, as something really uncanny, or that he feared he was becoming a prey to dangerous hallucinations, or only the sudden suggestion of all that the figure contained for him, his heart gave a terrible throb; he became very white; he staggered to his feet, gasping, and leaned upon a corner of his desk for support.

"Why, papa, am I really so formidable?" cried his daughter gayly. She had reason to be alarmed at the unlooked-for success of her stratagem.

"I — I am very nervous," he stammered, abating the rigid fixity of his attitude, and sinking back again into his seat. "You should have given me a little notice. I was so occupied I did not hear you come in."

"It seems to me I make almost too good a ghost. It is like the statue of the commander walking in to Don Juan. But you are no Don Juan, poor papa."

Of all possible conceits in the range of imagination, who could have foreseen that this would be chosen to torture him with? Destiny, he said to himself, which meant to destroy him, had descended to petty tricks of detail, to a malicious ingenuity. It was playing with his heart-strings as a cat with a mouse.

But he mustered his calmness again. He began to compliment his daughter on her improved appearance. He said he thought it would be well if she would often take part in some such affairs, and try to see a little more of the life of the social world than she was in the habit of doing. Mrs. Varemberg's golden helmet and emblems of office were now laid aside; her hair flowed freely over her shoulders; she extended herself in an arm-chair, and had more than ever the aspect of some seraph from the

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bright hosts of the Paradise Lost, or some warrior saint of Palma Vecchio. She spoke of her usual avocations, her ennui and longing. The storm must have been long in gathering, but it now broke out as if from a clear sky.

"I *will* have a divorce!" she suddenly cried. "I will be free. I can stand this life no longer."

"Is it this man, this Barclay, who is at the bottom of it?" demanded her father sternly.

"It is — it is — I cannot explain," she responded, not able to be quite ingenuous, even in the midst of her vehemence, which this question tended to abate. "I bear a name identified with all that is hateful; is not that enough?"

"And you will abandon your most cherished convictions?"

"Oh, is it so irreparable? Is there no honorable relief? Must I drink the cup of wretchedness to the very dregs?" she cried, passionately. "You do not know what I have suffered. If it had been only poverty, how gladly I would have shared it with him! If it had been only sickness, how devotedly I would have nursed him! I had such a thirst for affection. I used to go to him sometimes and kiss him in his sleep, and beg his forgiveness, because I dared not address him thus when awake, — though I was not in fault. But oh, papa, when he does not want me, and never wanted me — when I can benefit neither him nor myself — when all can do no good" —

So she spoke, standing flushed and panting before him in her shining garb. David Lane was aroused, never to be mistaken more, from the false security into which he had lulled himself. He could only murmur, just as Barclay had done before him, —

"Try to be patient, dear! All will yet be well."

"Yes," said Mrs. Varemberg humbly, at length, "you are right. I hardly know what I am saying. I will try to be patient; I must be patient."

X.

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

The position of Paul Barclay in Keewaydin thus seemed untenable. His passion for Florence Lane was renewed in all its original intensity. In sweeping away the sophistries in which he had lately immersed himself, he was harshly unjust even to the purity of his original intentions.

"She alone was my object in settling here!" he exclaimed fiercely. "My pretense of a regular avocation has been but the most wretched piece of hypocrisy."

At his factory he contemplated his men in their shops, as he had often done before, but now with a new feeling. He contrasted again the dingy interior in which they worked with the parlors, full of light and color and rare *bibelots*, which employers, himself like the rest, enjoyed from the product of this labor. But, after all, he reflected, these men had compensations in their work. They took a pride in their feats of strength and skill. They did not mind the grime, nor tread gingerly over it, but they were prepared for it in a rough-and-ready dress it could not spoil. What, indeed, in the last analysis, are dirt and grime? They are but particles of the general matter of which the universe is made; at the very worst, but one of its phases of transformation. Under the microscope, the ash-heap and even the gutter are as full of crystals of loveliness as the snow. As he looked around, he could feel that he had benefited in a small way many of these employees. His stay there had not been altogether in vain, so far as they were concerned. For instance, he had aided old Fahnenstock to secure the long-coveted cottage and bit of land at White-Fish Bay, to be a retreat for his old age; he had established the ambitious, too hard-work-

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ing McClary in a shop of his own; he had seen the boy Martin Krieg apprenticed to an architect, and making an excellent beginning in that profession; he had ameliorated the lot and somewhat brightened the views even of the saturnine Hoolan, and given a set or two of useful books to Hassler, who had a taste for reading, — and so the story went. Few but were the better in some way for having known him. But their troubles now moved him less than formerly; care for their hardships was engrossed in that for his own, which, though different in kind, seemed not less in degree. He found himself saying in a summarizing way, —

"It is not the special situation in life that is important; it is the character, the disposition, of the man. To every lot is attached its pains, as well as its compensations, and it may well be that the pains of the higher station are often the keenest."

So far as he had had any definite intentions to make himself an authority on the laboring classes, and to enter into practical philanthropy in that field, — in his despondency he doubted if he had really had any such intentions, — they might at some time be prosecuted elsewhere.

He passed several days of mental conflict and wavering, and nights of broken slumbers. Then he arrived at an inflexible resolve, confirming that towards which he had tended at first, as the solution of the difficulty. Heroic resolutions are said to be those which are preferred in love, because they are impossible of fulfillment. At last, his shilly-shallying was at an end. He determined to see no more of Mrs. Varemberg, to withdraw from the partnership with Maxwell, and to leave Keewaydin at the earliest possible moment. Yes, there seemed nothing for it but that he must go.

Spring was wont to be slow in coming to Keewaydin, and it was as yet only the beginning of March, but there had come along a spell of exceptionally mild weather. The winter had been an eccentric one in many ways, but the oldest inhabitants — the ancient weather-vane-maker, Ole Alfsen, among them — said that nothing like this had been seen in a good twenty years at least.

On the morning of the final resolve referred to, Barclay hurried away from his untasted breakfast. Instead of taking a more straightforward route to his factory, he repaired thither by the way of his favorite promenade along the lake shore. Once there, he lingered awhile, giving way to his discontent and melancholy, enhanced by the subtle mildness of the air. Like another Achilles, he paced by the sounding sea, and grieved his noble heart for beautiful, lost Briseis.

"I who aimed to play the providence in the lives of others," he lamented, "what have I done for my own?" And he went on: "Where next shall I turn? What next, in the world, shall I do?"

Patches of snow were melting, and the water from them was running gayly away in the gutters, simulating that of the mightiest streams. A few tender shoots of grass had put forth their green heads from under the snow, perhaps astonished at their own temerity. Down on the margin of the lake, under the steep incline, some children were playing boldly on the floating ice; making believe that the broken cakes, from one to another of which they leaped with the aid of poles, were their boats and islands. The great body of the ice in the bay was loosened, and going out under the impulse of favoring winds from the south. Detached masses of it flecked the blue expanse far and wide, like shining islands of the blessed.

There was to be noted in the offing a large bark, making her way in, and acting strangely. She proved to be the Ocean Wanderer, a vessel loaded with jute and paraffine, which had been win-

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ter-bound, above, by the sudden close of navigation in the fall, and was now availing herself of the first opportunity to run for her port. Barclay was to see her again, later in the day, under strange circumstances indeed. While he followed, scarce wittingly, the motions of this vessel, Ives Wilson drove by in a bespattered buggy, and hailed him.

"Oho, spring fever," said the editor, characterizing his air of listlessness; "but you are forcing the season a good two months. There is a great deal more chilliness, too, in this air than you may be aware of."

He insisted on taking Barclay up and carrying him a part of the way on his journey; and the latter, who had already loitered a good deal longer than he had meant to, accepted the accommodation.

"I am flying around, seeing my aldermen, supervisors, and that sort of people," said Wilson. "The elections are coming on soon, and the matter of the city and county printing has got to be looked after. I always make it a point to attend to those things myself."

"Is there danger, then, of your losing your profitable contracts?"

"Well, no; the Index always sticks to a good thing when it has it, and of course it will now. Our readers expect it of us. Of course it's all right, but I go round once in a while and keep our friends up to the mark."

"I hear Jim DeBow is going into politics, and is likely to be our next mayor," said Barclay, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"Going in? It would be more of a novelty if he would keep out. He's always been in, more or less, under the surface. Yes, this time he wants an office for himself, — though, to tell the truth, it's not so much for himself, either. He wants to help Rossmore to the senatorship, — at the next session of the legislature, you know. If DeBow is mayor, he'll work the city employees and contractors for his friend Rossmore, and against Gulmore, for all they are worth. Well, that's all right. I'm for Rossmore, too."

"You give me an interesting inside view of things."

"Oh, that's nothing; you'll be in politics yourself, some day, and then you'll see the real inside. Why don't you use the popularity they say you've got down there among the factory hands, and run for something now? The Index will back you; you can depend upon that."

"Considering that I have not been a resident long enough, and for some few other reasons, I hardly think I will," said Barclay dryly.

"Oh, as to residence, our law is a little peculiar. In order to encourage the investment of capital, it makes a manufacturing enterprise like yours equivalent to a period of residence, you know. You are a citizen in good and regular standing, and can run for any office you please."

"Thank you! It is worth knowing." Little his interlocutor thought of the brief space of his remaining stay.

"By the bye," began Ives Wilson again, "there's a man down your way — Idak, the landlord of the Johannisberger House — whose vote I'd like to secure, in case he's nominated for the new board of aldermen, as they say he will be; and yet we have n't got much pull on him, as it were. Our readers want to see the Index have Idak's vote, of course, but the fact is we've been obliged to haul him over the coals a good deal of late, — show him up as a corruptionist, blackguard, and that sort of thing, — and he probably don't feel any too friendly towards us just at present. You don't think you could let it get to him from you, do you, that the custom of your place would depend upon his giving the Index his vote?"

"No, I don't think I could."

"Oh, a mere suggestion; no offense," said the other, with the greatest good-

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nature. "He wants to go into the board only to get another lamp-post in front of his house, I understand, and most likely we can block him any way, if he is n't with us."

The river, as well as the land, showed the unusual forwardness of the season. Several of its bridges had begun to turn, for passing vessels, with considerable frequency. People who were hindered by them did not give vent to their impatience in the ordinary way, but lingered, and noted gladly the stir on the water which furnished such tangible evidence that the long embargo of winter was at last broken, and the genial spring at hand. The sail-lofts and block and cordage shops were open, active repairs were in progress, and the smell of tar, oakum, and fresh pine shavings pervaded the docks.

Regular navigation was by no means yet open, but several craft in the river had taken advantage of the occasion to change their moorings from one point to another, in tow of the stout little steam-tugs. The lower works of many, which were for the first time visible, now that they were fairly denuded of the ice, presented but a battered and rusty appearance after their hard usage by the winter. The circle of gossips, who had too long hibernated round the large stove in the main room of the Johannisberger House, were glad to come forth to the porch and see a little of actual marine affairs out-of-doors. One Coffee John, on the street hard by, threw open for the first time his booth, the shutters of which blossomed out like the leaves of some dusty sort of Victoria Regina.

The cutter Florence Lane, among the other craft, had pulled out, and taken a brief turn beyond the mouth of the Straight Cut, with its two long piers, and was now lying at her wharf, with steam partly up. She was short-handed, her complement of men, furloughed for the winter, not yet having been recalled to duty; but she had limbered up her engines a bit to prepare for the coming season. Barclay heard this, in passing, from William Alfsen, who was bustling about her in an important way. His chief superior was absent that day, serving as groomsman at a wedding, and the second was temporarily ill; leaving him in the position of leading care-taker, and he seemed very much in his element.

Ives Wilson set Barclay down at the Chippewa Street bridge, — the latter insisting upon his doing so, — and went his way. Worthy Ludwig Trapschuh, at that place, was found to have resumed his full air of bumptious arrogance, kept a little in abeyance, perhaps, during the winter, by his diminished consequence as a simple landsman. He was accustomed to look at Barclay with gangrened vision. He had heard of peculiar doings on the part of this manufacturer, to which, as a conservative person, he did not give his approval, but it was the aid to the Alfsens that was chiefly offensive to him. Not only had the son secured, lately, the place on the cutter, but the old man, his father, — so it was stated, — had been given a very profitable job of ornamental copper-work to do for the factory itself. But Trapschuh was accustomed to give this regular passenger a semi-respectful nod, nevertheless. As he did so to-day in the usual way, he said, —

"Some kind o' circus goin' on over by your fectoree, ain't it?"

Barclay looked, and saw that a disturbance of some sort was in progress on the Island. The aspect of it grew more serious as he approached. A rioting mob of longshoremen, in fact, were trying to prevent the unloading of a vessel, recently arrived at the coal and wood yards of Miller & Blake, some neighbors, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. Matters had reached a dangerous pass by the time he set foot in the midst of them. The foremost rioters were already hustling, and on

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the point of exchanging fisticuffs with, the men on the vessel, and some of the latter had drawn long knives and were menacingly on the defensive. His eye caught that of Fahnenstock, who stood back in a small assemblage of spectators on the sidewalk, at a safe distance from the fray. The old man stepped promptly forth in response to his inquiry. A number of the other men and boys from his factory were there as well; all were watching with interest the issue of events. The police had been sent for, but had not yet come.

"What is the matter?" asked Paul Barclay. "What is going on?"

"Supply and demand is the matter. The unifyin' o' labor is the matter," responded the usually quiet employee, indulging in mild sarcasm, something very unusual for him. "If Hoolan was only here, he'd give you all the outs and ins of it. It's a strike," he went on. "The coal-heavers would n't work for the wages offered 'em, and the owners put on a gang o' Polacks in their place, and now they are tryin' to drive the Polacks away."

"The Polacks is takin' the bread out of our mouths!" the cry here arose. "D—n 'em, we 'll club 'em; we 'll throw 'em into the river!"

Barclay hurried forward. He would have been sorry to see his neighbors or their property come to any harm. Blake, the junior partner, a small, weak man, emerged from his office, near the wharf, and, mounting a temporary rostrum, attempted an address.

"I tell you, men," he began, "the rate we offer is better than that paid in Buffalo, Detroit, or Cleveland to-day."

"Down with him! Give us our money! Put up or shut up!" shouted the unruly mob, interrupting him wildly.

All at once a shower of sticks and stones filled the air. A rush was made for the orator; he was overturned from his brief prominence, and it would without doubt have fared hardly with him but for the protecting arm of Barclay, who had forced his way through the crowd in the nick of time, followed zealously by some of his own men. The young rescuer had a sort of leonine, intrepid air he was seldom seen to wear. He took the rostrum himself. He was already known, and his reputation for fearlessness commanded respect. His words put the matter in a very reasonable light, and he was allowed to speak without molestation.

"One swallow does not make a summer," he said in substance, "nor one day of thaw like this a season's marine traffic. You have here but a solitary vessel. She has worked her way through the ice with great difficulty, and is not likely to have any successors for a long time to come. Even supposing the pay be not all you think you are fairly entitled to, is it worth while to quarrel about so small a matter? Come, I ask you to look at it as sensible men. Is it not better to wait till the Straits of Mackinaw are open? When the fleet come through, and there are plenty of vessels and plenty of work, that is the time to settle the question of wages for the coming season."

His own men, patriotically standing by "the boss," set up a shrill cheering upon this. Some of the strikers faintly joined in it. They were checked, at any rate, and during this time of vacillation a platoon of police arrived at double quick, and took possession of the ground. The sight of the guardians of the peace renewed a part of the irritation of the strikers and made them think again of their grievances, but it was now too late. They dispersed in small knots along the bridges leading to the mainland, and in front of the small saloons there; by degrees, they disappeared altogether, and danger of further rioting was at an end.

On reaching his own works, Barclay returned again to the momentous subject, which had been briefly driven out

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of his mind. He meant to announce his resignation from the partnership to Maxwell at once. But Maxwell was not there. On the contrary, he was met by a request from Maxwell — who had, in fact, been bulletined as a little indisposed for two or three days past — to come over and see him at his house as soon as he conveniently could. He accordingly hastened to Maxwell.

Arrived there, he found his elderly partner sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, and surrounded in a solicitous way by his family. He presented the appearance of quite a sick man. The Maxwell family never concealed their appreciation of the fact that Barclay had been their salvation from ruin, and their manner on the present occasion was not less full of affectionate gratitude towards him than formerly.

Maxwell feebly put out his hand to take that of the visitor.

"Well, here I am," said he, affecting cheerfulness, as invalids do. "Here I am, laid up in dry-dock, and hardly likely ever to get afloat again, worth mentioning."

"Don't say that! — What seems to be the trouble?"

"The same old trouble, — liver and kidneys, I suppose. Perhaps I 've never said quite enough about it to you. Never fear, it is n't going to finish me this time. I thought, one while, it was. There 's one simple little straightforward thing, though, that 's got to be done, and that 's why I 've sent for you."

"Let us do this simple little straightforward thing at once, then, by all means," returned the younger partner smilingly.

"I have got to give up business. You must run the factory alone."

"What?" cried Barclay, astounded to find his own proposition taken out of his mouth in the reverse sense, and used against him. "I cannot think of it."

"You must. There is no alternative. It 's either a dissolution of the partnership or a dissolution of the senior partner. The doctors told me to stop work long ago, or it would stop me. I didn 't do it, and this is what it has come to."

"I leave all my interests in your hands," he went on presently. "You shall give me what you please. All we have in the world, any way, comes from you, and why should we not trust it with you to the most unlimited extent?"

"You magnify a very small matter," protested his hearer modestly.

"It 's *so*, and I want you to be willing to hear it. I have no fear but the business will prosper, and all of us with it. You have got to prosper; you are too good not to, if there 's any justice. I have no fear of your not being able to run the factory alone. You are a born manager; you 're a great success, and the very man for it."

Careful inquiry and conference in detail with the medical advisers and the family but served to confirm the truth of the state of things here outlined. Retirement from the partnership was no mere whim of Maxwell's, but an inexorable necessity. Barclay saw that he would be obliged to remain in the place until a proper winding up of the new responsibilities thus falling to his charge could be effected. He would not have hesitated to sacrifice his own financial interests by hasty action, but those of others could not be lightly treated. He must remain till there could be a sale and transfer of the business to other hands, and an equitable division of the proceeds.

As he left the house, his heart partly sank with an added depression, partly fluttered with a strange elasticity, at the thought of his enforced change of plan, and what might happen during the new period of his stay. Another change of temperature had occurred; the brief, unseasonable touch of spring weather was already over. The wind now blew

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from the northeast, driving all the ethereal mildness before it, and bearing some cutting snow-flakes on its wings. While still at Maxwell's house, Barclay had heard the din of the fire tocsin in the muffled way in which it is conveyed to closed interiors. He now heard the brazen clangor taken up by one bell after another, till it reached the dimensions of a general alarm, and he saw many persons running wildly towards the river. He followed in the same direction, which was on his homeward way. When he reached a rising ground he saw that fire had broken out at a number of points along the river. The focus of the whole was surely at or near his own property on Barclay's Island. He remembered the events of the morning, suspected incendiarism on the part of the dissuaded strikers, and hurried in hot haste towards the scene.

This is what had happened. The bark Ocean Wanderer had come into the harbor with everything drawing, and something so abnormal in her handling, so nervous in her haste, that calamity seemed announced in advance. She did not lower any sail, but tore through the Straight Cut at her greatest pace. Her steering was so wild that the light-house keeper thought it a miracle she was not dashed to pieces against the piers. He saw a part of her small crew lying on her decks, as if utterly exhausted, while others furiously worked the deck pumps. A speed of four miles an hour was decorously prescribed as the maximum for vessels moving in the river, but this, together with all other marine regulations, she disregarded. The harbor master's deputies marked her with wondering eyes, and, recovering themselves, followed after her along the docks, to arrest her at the first opportunity, and subject her to condign penalties for such infringement. But she was not easily overtaken; she seemed to have no idea of stopping. Some small craft in her way avoided her with much difficulty, and their amazed crews, when safe, hurled imprecations after her. The lower bridges flew open before her, to avoid collision, and she entered the wide, open expanse, or basin, by Barclay's Island, in the very heart of the city. Where vessels were so frequent, to escape entanglement with her was impossible. She barely missed a schooner, carrying away a yawl from its davits, and the next moment struck a brigantine, head on, and sent this luckless craft to the bottom. Some of her men, meanwhile, danced about, called and signaled in a wild way, and ended by jumping overboard.

The mystery of her strange conduct was soon disclosed. From the yawning seams, opened by the shock, leaped forth tongues of flame, which licked up the sides of the hull, and quickly seized the shrouds and sails. The enigma was solved: the Ocean Wanderer was on fire. The hatches had been battened down, to keep the air from it, and the crew had fought it bravely, hoping to save the cargo, and bring their vessel within reach of efficacious assistance; but at the last moment they were too exhausted even to shorten sail, or properly direct her course.

A patrol from a harbor fire-boat got aboard, and let go an anchor; but, the flames so wreathing the tackles that the sails could not be interfered with, the bark still drove onward, with such a momentum as caused the chain to snap. A hawser was then hurriedly made fast, and an enterprising tug undertook to draw her away from further mischief, and detain her where she could be effectually dealt with, but this burned off almost immediately. The heat now became so intense that all hands were obliged at last to seek their own safety, and leave her to her disastrous fate.

When Barclay arrived in the vicinity he found that the coal-yards of Miller & Blake, with the disputed vessel of the morning, and his own principal build-

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ings as well, had been kindled by sparks from the floating fire-bug, and were well-nigh consumed. Foreman Akins, with a few assistants, was passing buckets of water to save a few of the minor outlying structures of the factory, but the whole essential part was blazing beyond repair. Old Fahnenstock, to whom calamities and notable happenings of every kind were portents connected with the approaching destruction of the world, was muttering, as he worked, apt quotations from Daniel and the Apocalypse.

The singular agent of destruction grew momentarily more dangerous. The sheets of flame streamed yet higher and more wildly about from her inflammable cargo. Her sails still drew, and the breeze that filled them, made the more capricious by the very heat of the conflagration, caused her to tack and veer about the basin as with a kind of malignant deliberation. One would have said a crew of demons on board directed her movements to where she might do the greatest possible harm. The fire-bells on shore were ringing continuously; all the fire-engines were out and in active use. The citizens thronged to the water-side in thousands, to witness so unheard-of a spectacle.

The news had been brought to William Alfsen by vessels hastily changing their moorings and escaping up the river. Lieutenant Gregg, as has been said, was serving as groomsman at a wedding. About this very time he was going up the central aisle, at St. Jude's. The beautiful bridesmaid on his manly arm was no less a person than Justine DeBow. Whether it was only pique on her part, or whether it was genuine liking for the lieutenant, suddenly developed, and that she was reconciled to her disappointment, — as we all become reconciled to the inevitable, — it is certain that she had never treated the commander of the cutter so well as now. And again, whether springing from an idea that had already entered her head, or only one that was to mature there by slow degrees, it may perhaps be added here as well as anywhere that she was to walk beside him as principal in another similar procession before the year was out.

The wedding march pealed forth from the organ at St. Jude's. A modish bride in white satin and orange blossoms, beside a groom who looked a trifle stiff and embarrassed, paced back again down the aisle; four handsome bridesmaids in tea-rose and pink, with four gallant groomsmen, — Justine DeBow was making a mental note of the whole, and resolving that her own wedding should be very nearly like it, — followed them; and four pretty children, with baskets of flowers, brought up the rear of the procession. In the church porch itself, Lieutenant Gregg was accosted by a messenger, sent by Alfsen to apprise him of what was taking place on the river. The messenger had waited a little time, it appeared, not having dared interrupt him at an earlier stage of the proceedings. There were great festivities still to take place at the house of the bride; rice and old shoes were to be thrown after her as she stepped into her carriage to start on her wedding journey; but the honest lieutenant knew that his duty lay elsewhere, and he hastened away. If his vessel were lost, it would be no excuse to make to the government that he had been assisting even at the most distinguished of marriage ceremonies.

When he reached the place of the cutter's moorings, however, she had gone. Alfsen, in fact, finding him long in coming, had not waited for him. As the terror in the river increased, he had put on a full head of steam, to be prepared for emergencies. Information was brought him that the destruction below was appalling; all efforts to check it were vain; the whole town might be burned. A startling inspiration suddenly took possession of him. He hastily

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recruited a small force from the shore to aid that on board, cast off his lines, put out into the river, and turned his bow down the stream.

Ludwig Trapschuh opened his bridge for him, staring very hard indeed; lively curiosity mingling both with his dislike and the excitement of the moment.

"What he 's goin' down stream instead of up for?" he wondered. "And what he 's goin' to do with them guns?"

The Florence Lane was a side-wheel steamer, of some four hundred tons burden, carrying two light deck guns forward and two aft. Alfsen shifted all these guns to the same side, and prepared as for action. The multitude of other witnesses around the margin of the basin when the cutter first appeared shared the curiosity of Trapschuh. Why was she actually coming down to court the danger, instead of seeking safety for herself in flight? But all occasion for uncertainty was soon dispelled. The Florence Lane, after passing the bridge, wore round, manœuvred to windward, then ran down daringly close to the burning vessel, and delivered a telling broadside into her. An enthusiastic cheering from the shores filled the air: the plan was understood; a form of deliverance had at last appeared.

A singular naval battle now ensued on this quiet stream, in the midst of the town. The pieces were but of small calibre, and the marauder, though staggered and checked in her headway, was not yet disposed of. Barclay, among others, saw her reel towards her assailant, as if actuated by a conscious purpose of revenge. The cutter glibly evaded her, and again manœuvred for a place of vantage. The fickle current of air that had caused the fire-ship to seem to follow the other abandoned her, and, appearing to disdain to chase further so cowardly an antagonist, she veered off once more towards the shore. She gathered speed as she went. She seemed to threaten in a direct line the most dangerous point yet selected, — one of the great imposing wheat elevators. One touch of her fiery beak, one blast of her burning breath, and it was gone beyond hope of rescue.

At this time Lieutenant Gregg arrived, having followed his missing cutter down the river. He shouted to Alfsen some hoarse orders through his coupled hands, and ran about in search of a boat in which to put off. The subordinate, in command, however, made no apparent change in his purposes. He steamed after the receding bark, and fired into her another broadside, this time astern. She reeled under it even more than before, but still kept threateningly on, and the distance between her and the shore was rapidly diminished.

Once more Alfsen ran boldly down to windward, and trained his guns, loaded with pieces of chain cable, on her quarter. The roar of this final report went forth from all the brazen throats at once. The death wound was inflicted; the bark's side was stove in. She gave a violent lurch downward; the waters poured over her; and with dense, suffocating clouds of steam from the contact of fire and water, she sank heavily out of sight. Only a small portion of her spars and cordage still remained above the surface, and these crackled and snapped awhile till they were consumed.

The danger and great further loss of property averted, William Alfsen, to whom it was considered due, became the hero of the hour. A purse was started for his benefit. This, not being completed under the inspiration of the moment, languished, after the manner of such subscriptions, and amounted to nothing important. A more tangible reward from Washington, in the shape of promotion, was also kept back for some time by the opposition of Lieutenant Gregg. That commander could not quite reconcile himself to having allowed another to reap the principal

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glory, and was even inclined to make charges against his subordinate. But this ill-will was eventually withdrawn, and Alfsen came to be estimated as a man in the way of yet higher advancement.

Paul Barclay, having seen the Stamped-Ware Works reduced to ashes, turned away. Little time now was needed for cumbrous adjustments of affairs. It was but a question of collecting the insurance money. His experience and his quandary had been ended in the most effectual of ways; he was free to go when he would.

He put some minor matters that might need attention into the hands of a reliable agent. He made provision for the hands thrown out of work, that they might not suffer till they had had ample time to find employment elsewhere. Then, when all was completed, and the preparations for his departure were made, at the very last moment, he went to pay his final respects to Mrs. Varemberg.

William Henry Bishop.

THE LAW'S PARTIALITY TO MARRIED WOMEN.

Mr. Joel Prentiss Bishop in his Law of Married Women makes the following comments on the Act of 1874, one of a series of Massachusetts statutes for the amendment of the law of married women: "It leaves but little, as respects property and personal rights, to be complained of by the most ardent advocates of the policy which yields to wives the double advantages of matrimony and single bliss, and lifts from the shoulders of their husbands none of the burdens borne when the law gave them compensatory advantages. It remains only to add a provision compelling every young man to marry instantly the girl who chooses him, and the end of domestic woe will have come in Massachusetts."

As Mr. Bishop is here criticising recent legislation, it will be necessary briefly to compare these statutes with the common law which they amended before we shall be prepared either to admit or to deny his conclusions.

Up to about forty years ago the common law of married women, essentially unchanged from what it was in the times of Blackstone, Coke, and Littleton, prevailed in England and in most of the United States. The legal position of married women is described by Blackstone as follows: "The husband and wife are one person in law; the legal existence of the woman is incorporated into that of the husband, under whose wing, protection, and cover she performs everything." This unity of the husband and wife was the fundamental principle about which was built up a nicely adjusted system of law. For example, by the marriage all the personal property owned by the wife before the marriage or acquired by her during it, including her private earnings, vested absolutely in the husband; that is, in the absence of any ante-nuptial agreement to the contrary. Her choses in action — her property not in her possession, and the possession of which could be obtained only by an action at law — also became the husband's, if during the marriage he reduced them to his possession. He was entitled also to the rents and profits of her real estate during the marriage; and if issue were born capable of inheriting, and the husband survived the wife, he had a life estate in all her lands.

On the other hand, as compensation

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to the wife, the husband was liable for all her ante-nuptial debts, and had to supply her and her children with the necessaries of life suitable to their station. If she survived him, she was entitled to a life estate in one third of all real estate owned by him at any time during the marriage. The wife's legal capacity being merged in that of her husband, she could make neither a contract nor a will, nor could she control her own person. In the family the husband's will was law. Even Prince Albert maintained his legal rights as head of the royal family; and when Queen Victoria was advised to regard and to rule him as one of her subjects, she replied that she had promised to obey as well as to love and cherish.

To be sure, in some cases rights thus denied married women at common law were obtained in equity. For example, equity permitted the wife to receive direct gifts, whether of land or of goods and chattels, to contract with her husband, and even to sue him. But for the most part the common law, as above stated, prevailed, and bore with unjust severity upon married women. The latter fact is well set forth in a report to the English Law Amendment Society: "Among the higher and wealthier classes, parents rarely allow their daughters to marry without securing for them some provision by the interference of trustees. . . . But in all cases where parties marry without any ante-nuptial contract, and where property is bequeathed to or acquired by the wife, without the technical words which create separate property, such property and acquisitions fall into the possession and absolute power of the husband. The operation of the law is that the rich are enabled, in many cases, to avoid the harshness of the common law, from which the middle class and those too poor to encounter the expenses of courts of equity are unable to escape."

Between 1850 and 1860 there was much agitation for the amendment of the law of married women, both in England and in the United States. The society above mentioned recommended a uniform rule of law which should provide for all relations of the marriage state, apply to all classes, and prevail in all courts. Petitions with as many as 24,000 signatures, including the names of such eminent women as Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Gaskell, were presented to Parliament by Lord Brougham and Sir Erskine Perry. Several measures of reform were introduced in Parliament, but none were passed, and very little immediate relief was obtained.

In the United States, however, the movement was more successful. For here the English custom of marriage settlements, by which women contemplating marriage stipulated for the reservation and protection of certain property rights, never prevailed to so great an extent, and hence was felt a more urgent need of reform. The cause was taken up with zeal by the advocates of women's rights. By setting forth flagrant examples of the wrongs permitted by the laws, they aroused public sentiment and obtained immediate legislative action. The agitation spread over most of the States, and of the amendatory statutes enacted those passed in Massachusetts may be taken as examples.

In Massachusetts, as early as 1787, the power had been given to the Supreme Judicial Court to authorize a wife, when her husband had abandoned her or had been confined in state prison, to convert to her own use her real estate and the personal property held by the husband through the marriage. The Statute of 1845 allowed a wife to hold property for her separate use by an ante-nuptial contract, or to become the owner of property by conveyance or devise without the customary interference of a trustee, and with the same rights and liabilities as if she were unmarried.

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The Statute of 1855 permitted a wife to carry on a trade or business and perform labor or service on her separate account and to her sole profit, and enacted further that all property which a woman might own at the time of marriage, the profits of the same, and whatever property came to her during the marriage, whether by descent or devise, bequest or gift, from any person other than her husband, should be her separate property, independent of her husband's control and not liable for his debts. By the General Statutes of 1860, a married woman was authorized to "bargain, sell, and convey her separate real and personal property, enter into any contracts in reference to the same, carry on any trade or business, and perform any labor or services on her sole and separate account, and sue and be sued in all matters having relation to her separate property, business, trade, services, labor and earnings, in the same manner as if she were sole." By the Act of 1874, supplementary of the preceding, she was allowed to "make contracts, oral and written, sealed and unsealed, in the same manner as if she were sole, . . . but her separate conveyance of real estate shall be subject to her husband's contingent interest therein, and nothing in this act shall authorize a married woman to convey to or make contracts with her husband."

In short, a married woman may now hold as her separate property, free from the control and interference of her husband, whatever property she has at the time of marriage, whatever comes to her during marriage, and whatever she acquires by business or labor on her separate account, with the rents and income of all such property; and that, too, with the same rights and subject to the same rules, responsibilities, and liabilities as a single woman. Except as regards her husband, she may make contracts, make her will, and may sue or be sued, as if she were unmarried. Such is the law in Massachusetts, and such, substantially, is the law in most of the States. England, too, has finally yielded to the reform. Married Women's Property Acts passed Parliament in 1870, in 1874, and in 1882; and as a result the fact of marriage no longer effects any alteration in a woman's right to, or power over, her property.

Thus gradually have the statutes transferred from the husband to the wife the control, the responsibility, and the ownership of her separate property, breaking up the former unity of property between them, and recognizing in the wife a distinct legal existence and capacity. But the theory of the common law was that the wife should contribute toward the support of the family; and hence it gave the husband her labor, her goods and chattels, and the profits of her realty. Has the statute law, in withholding this gift, afforded him any equivalent compensation? Has the wife assumed a part of the burden, as well as taken a part of the means, of supporting the family?

To be sure, the husband is, in general, no longer liable for debts of his wife contracted before the marriage, nor for such of her debts, taxes, or other liabilities incurred during the marriage as refer to her separate property, trade, business, labor, or services. Moreover, he still remains the head of the family, can fix the place of residence, and can regulate the household. But in these respects there is no adequate compensation, and in England and in most of the United States the separate property of the wife is in no way liable for the common support. The husband alone is bound to maintain his wife and children in a manner suitable to his station and condition in life, although she has property of her own; and he is responsible for any ordinary contracts or purchases made by her in his name, unless it can be shown that he has expressly forbidden others to supply her on his

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account. But even then he is answerable for the reasonable, necessary expenses of herself and of such of their children as live with her; and the term "necessaries" in this use is interpreted by the courts to include not food and clothing merely, but also "such articles of utility as are suitable to maintain her according to the estate and degree of her husband."

A recent speaker in Tremont Temple, Boston, stated it as his belief that there had been too much transcendentalism in our legislation during the past one hundred years, and he could not have found a better illustration of the idea than in the preceding statutes. The common law of married women required to be changed to meet the needs of advancing society. But some of the changes that have been made seem to be the product of sentiment unbalanced by common sense. That marriage is a union between two persons, a combination of their effort and resources for the promotion of common interests, apparently has been forgotten, and in the seeking to obtain justice for the wife injustice has been done the husband. Perhaps it will be said that, although the husband must support the family, the wife fills an equally important position in supervising the domestic service and in training the children. No doubt these functions are essential, and the wife's *moral* obligations to home and children are, as a rule, recognized and performed. But this supervision of the home and training of the children are not required of her as a *legal* duty; and it is the wife's legal, not moral, obligations which we are considering. Mr. Bishop again states the facts when he says: "If she chooses, she may leave her babes for him [her husband] to look after and nurse, and her meals for him to prepare with his own, while she engages in business on her own separate account, and accumulates money, not a cent of which or its increase is she required to appropriate to the support of her family or even of herself." Is it, then, far from the truth that the law "yields to wives the double advantages of matrimony and single bliss"? It is plainly unjust that a married woman, even though she be a faithful wife and mother, should not be required, when able, to share the common expenditure; but how much more unjust it is that the law permits her, in addition, to neglect her husband and children that she may enrich herself with the profits of trade, and does not require her in the least to contribute from those profits either to the support of herself or of the family, or to the education of the children!

It is to be presumed that in most cases nature supplies the deficiency of the law, and the mother's love for home and children makes her generous toward them. So under the common law the husband was seldom so unkind and ungenerous as to seize as his own the gifts to his wife from parents or friends. Nevertheless, such act would have been lawful, and was based on a right which was occasionally exercised; and it was to prevent even the possibility of such flagrant injustice that the advocates of women's rights began, some forty years ago, the agitation for the amendment of the law of married women, and obtained statute after statute in their favor. Those reformers aimed to emancipate the wife from the domination of the husband by giving her the control of her property. They were not seeking to make married women a privileged class. Nor could this have been the intention of the legislature. For while giving the wife direct recognition and protection, the statutes have in general made her directly amenable to the laws; and while securing for her the control and income of her property, they have made her chargeable for all taxes and dues assessed upon it. If, then, the property of the wife is chargeable for the support of the State, should

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it not contribute to the maintenance of the family?

The English common law is perhaps the only considerable system of law that does not require some contribution from the wife to the expenses of the marriage. Under the civil law the husband had the management and income of a definite part of the wife's separate property, called the *dos*, or dowry, as her gift "*ad sustinenda onera matrimonii.*" This law still exists in Italy, and, as *le régime dotal* in France, may govern the marriage if it be so stipulated beforehand. This principle is seen also in the three systems of community of property, which are based upon the Roman law. Under the Communauté Universelle, which prevails in Holland, in parts of Germany, and in Neuchâtel, all property owned by either party at the marriage or acquired during it becomes common property, under the management of the husband, and is liable for the debts of the community. By the Communauté des Meubles et 'dAcquêts, the movable property that either party owns at the marriage or acquires during it, all profits of the same, and all realty acquired for a consideration during the marriage form the common property, which is managed by the husband and is primarily answerable for the common support. This was adopted by the Code Civil as the common or universal law of France, to govern marriages not made under ante-nuptial contract; in a modified form, it existed in Scotland until recently assimilated to the English law, and it is still the law in some of the cantons of Switzerland. Lastly, under the Communauté d'Acquêts, the income of all property owned by either party at the marriage or acquired during it in exchange for such property, all earnings and savings, and all profits of trade carried on jointly or separately belong to the community, is managed by the husband, and is liable for the community debts. This is the law in parts of Germany and in Spain. By the law of Louisiana, which is based on the Code Civil, the right of Communauté d'Acquêts exists in all marriages in which there is no stipulation to the contrary. But by ante-nuptial contract the parties may agree to keep their property separate, and may fix the amount that each shall contribute to the marriage expenses; and in case of no agreement upon the latter point the wife contributes to the half of her income. The law of Louisiana has influenced that of other sections, and in Texas, California, Nevada, Washington, Idaho, and Arizona exists a similar community of gains, though largely modified by common law principles.

But even in European countries where there is separation, not community, of property, namely in Russia, Austria, and in parts of Germany and of Switzerland, the husband is legal manager of that part of his wife's property not reserved to her own control, and if required to surrender his charge, he need not account for its income; this he is presumed to have expended for the wife's benefit or for the expenses of the household.

In some portions of the United States, however, the common law has already been modified by statute. In Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, Oregon, Washington, Alabama, and New Mexico, husband and wife are equally liable for the expenses of the family and the education of the children, and either or both may be sued. In Pennsylvania and Alabama a debt for necessaries for the family may be enforced against the wife's property after an execution against the husband is returned unsatisfied; and in Vermont, Missouri, and Arkansas a judgment or execution against the husband for a debt for necessaries furnished to the wife or to the family may be enforced against her separate property, real or personal. But this legislation is presented rather to show a widely spread demand for a modification of the common law than to afford a model upon which the change

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should be made. The States mentioned are mostly in the West and Southwest; and the measures themselves, however just and expedient where society is forming on new principles and under new conditions, might, in older communities, be so radical or so abrupt as to work hardship and injustice. The marriage relation is established upon legal tradition, and any reform should come with the utmost respect for the past that is consistent with the demands of the present.

In England and in most of the States of the Union the husband is solely liable not only for his own support, but for that of his wife and children. Should the wife be required to share with the husband the necessary expenses of herself and their children only, or of the whole family, those of the husband included? There is room here for difference of opinion, but to limit her contribution to the support of herself and children seems impracticable. For since many chief means of subsistence are enjoyed by all members of the family in common, it would be impossible to estimate what portion of the common expense should be assigned to any one member.

If, then, the wife should share the necessary expenses of the whole family, should her part be equal with that of her husband? It seems not. Her separate property at present contributes nothing toward the common expenditure, and it would be unwise at one step to require it to become responsible for one half. Let a statute be passed substantially recognizing the principle that the wife shall share the burden of support, though her portion at first be small. Then let experience under the statute indicate how and when her part of the burden shall be increased.

Moreover, for the present, to make the wife's liability equal with that of the husband would be unjust. For though the wife possess property equal in value to that of the husband, she is not ordinarily in a position to obtain from it an equally large income. Her own instincts, the economy of the household, and the sentiment of the community require her to devote the best of her time and energy to the home and to her children. That she should engage actively in the management or acquisition of property is as a rule both contrary to her desires and detrimental to the welfare of the family. The husband, on the other hand, is expected to leave to the wife the care of home and children, and to enter business or professional life. Such a life is not only congenial to his tastes and adapted to his capacities, but it also gives opportunity for the investment of capital and the accumulation of property.

The disadvantage of the wife is even more noticeable if, giving over to others the care of her household, she engages in manual or mental labor. Not only are some of the more desirable and more lucrative pursuits practically closed to her, but even where her labor is accepted, either from her inferior endurance and power of application or from unjust discriminations, it receives but poor reward.

These remarks, however, apply with less force to those exceptional cases in which married women take up a business, a trade, or a profession on their own account and on equal terms with men. In such cases it is evident that the wife's contribution should more nearly, if not quite, equal that of the husband. But as a rule, let an unequal part, say one fourth or one third, of all necessary family expenditure be chargeable to the separate property of the wife. Let all suits for necessaries, whether of husband, of wife, or of children, be brought jointly against husband and wife; and upon judgment rendered, let separate executions issue, one against the property of the wife for one fourth or one third of the judgment, and the other against the

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property of the husband for the remaining three fourths or two thirds. In case no separate property of the wife is found, let fresh execution issue against the husband for the share for which the wife was primarily liable. Thus, at the last resort, the husband would be, as he is now, liable for the whole debt. But in no case should the wife be liable for more than her one fourth or one third, even though the husband be insolvent and his share of the debt remain unsatisfied.

This plan seems not only just to the parties, but also commended by public policy. It would discourage extravagance and fraud: for, the wife being exempted from the debts of the husband, it has become a common and disgraceful practice, favored by the difficulty of obtaining evidence, for the husband to place his property in the name of his wife, and thus to escape the payment of his just debts; and this evil would be largely diminished by making the wife jointly liable with the husband for the necessary expenses of the family.

But if the creditor be disregarded, and the relief of the husband alone be contemplated, it might be better to give the husband the option of claiming or of waiving the contribution of his wife. Then, if the wife have separate property, and the husband deem himself aggrieved at her refusal to share the necessary family expenses, he should be permitted to petition the probate or surrogate court; and the court should have power, after a hearing of the parties, to determine in its discretion both the nature and the extent of the liability, if any, which the wife should assume.

It cannot be expected at once and by a single statute to secure an equitable adjustment of the burdens of the marriage state. But there is urgent need of some measure, either along the line above suggested or after a wiser plan, to be followed later, if it shall seem expedient, by an adequate settlement of the question.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

THE SHELL AND THE WORLD.

The world was like a shell to me, —
Its voice with distant song was low:
But now its mysteries I know;
I hear the turmoil of the sea.

The whirling, soft, and tender sound
That meant I knew not what of lore, —
I dream its mystery now no more;
Its reckless meaning I have found.

O shell, I held thee to my ears
When I was young, and smiled with pride
To stand aglow at marvel's side!
O world, thy voice is wild with tears!

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

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FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

SECOND PAPER.

VII.

ON THE PETTY DEPRECIATION OF GREAT NATIONAL MOVEMENTS.

DURING all the difficult time of the French passage from real monarchy to real democracy, the English had a way of treating the French democratic evolution which was peculiarly their own. They refused to see anything natural or regular in the remarkable process that was going on before their eyes, and perceived only a series of accidents combined with spasmodic human efforts in one direction or another. They did not discern that through the accidents and the efforts a great natural force was acting with real, though not always visible, constancy, — the great force which is impelling modern societies to work for democratic objects and assume democratic forms.

I have been struck by a passage in one of Mr. W. R. Greg's well-known essays in Enigmas of Life, where he speaks with a total absence of sympathy for the growth of democratic institutions in France, and betrays the curious but common English belief that, if somebody had done something that was easy at a particular time, such institutions might have been prevented from taking root in the country.

"In France," Mr. Greg wrote, "as is every year becoming more recognized by all students of her history, the ochlocracy, which is now driving her to seemingly irretrievable downfall, is traceable to the fatal weakness of monarch and ministers alike in February, 1848, when a parliamentary demand for a very moderate extension of a very restricted franchise was allowed to become, first a street riot, and then a mob revolution, though ordinary determination and consistency of purpose among the authorities might have prevented it from ever growing beyond the dimensions of a mere police affair, and have crushed it at the outset."

This, I should say, is an extremely English way of looking at French affairs. The "ochlocracy" (why not simply have said "popular government"?) is driving France to irretrievable downfall, — a result not wholly displeasing to her neighbors, — and the democratic development might have been prevented if the bourgeois king and his ministers had only shown "ordinary determination." A wiser king than Louis Philippe would, no doubt, have made the change to complete democracy gentler and easier by timely concessions; but the ultimate establishment of democratic institutions was inevitable in any case, and inevitable long before Louis Philippe ascended his precarious throne. It was inevitable from the hour when Mirabeau gave his immortal answer to the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé: "Nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple, et nous n'en sortirons que par la puissance des baïonnettes." From that hour, on the 23d of June, 1789, when the "will of the people" was openly recognized in a French parliament as superior to the will of the king, the establishment of what Mr. Greg called an ochlocracy, in its complete development, was simply a question of time.

It is not an easy transition to democratic government in an old country like France, where the monarchy, in such comparatively recent times as those of Louis XIV., had been the strongest and most splendid monarchy in the

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world, the realization of that ideal monarchy in which the king is not simply a figure-head, but a governor, whom all in his realm obey, they being his real, not nominal, *subjects*, thrown under his feet by a destiny outside of choice. Neither was Louis XIV. simply a governor; he was at the same time a kind of demi-god, who dwelt in the midst of a ceremonious cultus, whereof he was the centre and the object. And although this great prince had degraded the nobility into courtiers, the noble class was still a numerous and a coherent caste, which had to be pulverized by democratic legislation before the democratic principle could be finally established. Surely, it is not surprising that every step in advance should have been followed by a reaction. Restorations, periods of lassitude, experiments, mistakes, — all these were the natural concomitants of a transition for which French history shows no precedent; yet so long as the transition was actually in progress how few Englishmen understood it, — how few of them perceived that the modern democratic idea was always, in spite of appearances, steadily making its way! The received English fashion of talking about the French was to attribute every oscillation to their fickleness, to their lack of settled opinions and fixed tendencies. When the old and new parties were more evenly balanced than they are now, the oscillations were most disturbing in their magnitude, and it was easily, though unphilosophically, assumed that the French could never again have stable institutions. This view was uncivilly expressed by Tennyson (who loves not France), in verses that asked the French why they changed the names of their streets, and told them they were fools for doing so, as they would want all the old names again. It was easy for the English to assume this tone towards their neighbors, as they had themselves gone through their own revolutionary period, and secured the means of altering everything in the future by a vote of the House of Commons. The revolutionary period occurred later in French history, but there are so many points of resemblance between the two that history has almost repeated itself. Our ancestors decapitated a king, and the French decapitated theirs; the difference being that the axe was used in one case, and a more ingenious mechanical contrivance in the other. After the execution of Charles I. the English were not yet ripe for liberty, so they fell under the dictatorship of a soldier. After the execution of Louis XVI. the French were in too crude a state for a parliament to work smoothly, so, after some experiments, they fell under the dictatorship of a soldier. When the English were not disposed to endure the Stuarts any longer, they sent them across the Channel. When the French were not disposed to endure the Bourbons any longer, they sent them across the Channel. The constant tendency in both countries has been to increase the power of the representative chamber and diminish that of the nominal head of the state, with this final result: that in France the National Assembly (the two chambers meeting as one) is declared to be sovereign, and in England the Marquis of Hartington has openly attributed sovereignty to the House of Commons, quoting Professor Dicey in reply to an old-fashioned member, who stood aghast at what seemed to him an almost treasonable employment of the word.[1]

[1] For the reader's convenience I quote four passages from Dicey on the subject of sovereignty in England. The references are to the first English edition.

"If the true ruler or political sovereign of England were, as was once the case, the king, legislation might be carried out in accordance with the king's will by one of two methods." (The Law of the Constitution, page 354.)

"Parliament is, from a merely legal point of view, the absolute sovereign of the British Empire." (Id., page 354.)

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There is, however, one very real and essential difference between the English and the French progress towards democracy. The point of departure is the same, the sovereignty of the king; the point of arrival is the same, the sovereignty of the people; but the intermediate stage is not the same. Thanks to the strength of her aristocracy, and especially to its fine energy and spirit, England has been able to pass through a highly convenient intermediate stage, that of an aristocratic republic preserving monarchical appearances. France has not been able to do this, because she had not the kind and quality of aristocracy that was necessary for such a work. In all very disturbing changes there is nothing so convenient, nothing so conducive to prudent deliberation, as a shelter whilst the change is going on. If you destroy your old house to build a new one on its site, you will be glad to hire a temporary residence in the neighborhood. The English were most fortunate in this, that they had a fine, substantial-looking mansion to retire to, a dignified building, that looked as if it would last forever; the French were out in the cold, and had to dwell in tents, by which figure of speech I mean their temporary written constitutions.

Ah, those temporary constitutions, — what occasions for the enemy to rejoice! How many there have been of them I cannot exactly inform the reader. Dicey gives a minimum of sixteen; there may have been more. The number of them is of no importance; the state of mind that produced them is alone of any real consequence.

It has commonly been assumed by the English that a state of mind which could produce so many constitutions was animated by the love of change. This is exactly the opposite of the truth. Those who love change provide for it by the most elastic arrangements, in order to leave everything open. The state of feeling that induces men to bind themselves, or try to bind themselves, by written rules for their future guidance is a desire for order and permanence. All that can be truly said against the French is that their hopes of orderly arrangements were premature. During many years they failed to perceive that their political life was still too much unsettled to be cast into fixed forms. At last, without abandoning the safeguard of a written constitution, which they still believe to be necessary in their case, they have provided for future changes by making revision possible under conditions that have hitherto completely assured the maintenance of order.

The comparison with England is unfair in two ways. The English critic takes France during her revolutionary period and compares her with England at another stage, when she has got through her revolutionary period and is in her reforming period. A more just comparison would be to take England between 1630 and 1730, and France between 1780 and 1880. The other injustice in the comparison with England is due to the fact that in England it has not been customary to make written constitutions. In that country, changes which elsewhere would be considered revolutionary can be quietly accomplished with all the external appearances of conservatism. The enormous change by which cabinet government was instituted was equal to any revolution, but it took place silently under the old external forms, and only students are aware of it. The other change, by which

"The electorate is, in fact, the sovereign of England. It is a body which does not, and from its nature hardly can, itself legislate, and which, owing chiefly to historical causes, has left in existence a theoretically supreme legislature." (Id., page 355.)

"Our modern code of constitutional morality secures, though in a roundabout way, what is called abroad 'the sovereignty of the people.'" (Id., page 355.)

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the modern House of Commons has gradually absorbed all power into its own hands, is far more fundamental and portentous than the mere deposition of one royal family to replace it with another, yet it has made so little noise that we are only just opening our eyes to the accomplished fact.[1] There have, no doubt, been equally great changes in France, but in that country they have been both visible and noisy.

Although Sir Henry Maine is a severe critic of popular government, he recognizes its tendency to fix things by custom and be ultimately conservative. My belief about the French is that their real tendency is decidedly not revolutionary, but towards a democratic conservatism, and that they move towards this end by gradually including first one thing and then another in the catalogue of fixed usages. Of the novelties proposed by the first republic, the calendar has been dropped as unnecessary (though it was both beautiful and rational); but others, such as the decimal system of coinage and weights and measures, and the division of the country into departments, are now as definitively parts of fixed custom as if they had existed for a thousand years. The same may be said of the university system organized by Napoleon I., and in a general way of the departmental administration. Since its introduction, for good or for evil, universal suffrage has entered into the fixed habits of the country, and is now as firmly established as the tricolor. I see no reason for supposing that the form of government itself may not be fixed by custom in the same way, and my belief is that the fixing process has already begun.

"'T is hard to settle order once again," but the French have always been trying to settle order. They are far from being a disorderly people, naturally. What can be more orderly than the elections in France, even in the most exciting times? Those who vote go to the polling without any noisy demonstration, put their voting papers in the "urns," and go home again without more ado; those who abstain from voting pass election Sunday just as usual. In other matters the people submit most patiently to form which they believe to be conducive to order, as may be seen at any railway station, and when there is a *queue* at the door of a theatre on the day of a popular, or, still better, of a gratuitous, performance.

VIII.

WHETHER THE ENGLISH OR THE FRENCH ARE LIKELY TO ENJOY MORE STABILITY IN THE FUTURE.

It is customary with the reactionary parties in France to look to England as the model of everything that is stable; and as their ignorance of English affairs prevents them from seeing what is going on beneath the surface, they conclude that what they believe to be the British constitution is invested with indefinite durability, whilst the French republican constitution is always about to perish.

In calculating thus, the French reactionists omit one consideration of immense importance. They fail to see that the very presence of old institutions, unless they are so perfectly adapted to modern wants as to make people forget that they are old, is in itself a provocative to the spirit of change, and that it

[1] "In spite of appearances," said Mr. Frederic Harrison on the 1st of January, 1886, "and conventional formulas, habits, and fictions to the contrary, the House of Commons represents the most absolute autocracy ever set up by a great nation since the French Revolution. Government here is now merely a committee of that huge democratic club, the House of Commons, without any of the reserves of power in other parts of the constitution which are to be found in the constitutions of France and the United States." Only the most intelligent English people are beginning to perceive the possible future inconveniences of this cameral autocracy.

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excites a desire for novelty which has never been more common than it is now. The old thing may quicken the impulse to modernize, when a new thing would have left that special passion unawakened.

In many European towns old buildings have been destroyed, not because they were either ugly or in the way, but simply because they were *old*, and because the modern spirit did not like what was old, and wanted to put it out of sight. Changes have therefore been made in these towns that would not have been thought of in some new American town, where there is nothing to irritate the modern spirit.

It cannot be denied that the presence of some old institutions in England does just now excite the desire for change. Great numbers of the English electors and many of their representatives are animated by the same tendency to destroy and reconstruct which used to be very active in France. It does not require any special clearness of vision to perceive that, so far from having closed the era of great changes, Great Britain and Ireland have only entered upon it.

In France, on the other hand, there is a visible desire for rest, after the most disturbed century of her existence. The one wish of the people is to pursue their vocations in peace, and, if the exact truth must be told, they have no longer the old capacity for political enthusiasm. The true royalist sentiment is almost extinct; if it lingers at all, it is only in a few aristocratic families, and hardly even in these since the death of Henri V. deprived it alike of object and aliment. On the other hand, the republican sentiment, though resolute as to the preservation of republican forms, has certainly become wonderfully cool. The epoch of Gambetta already belongs to the past almost as completely as that of Mirabeau. The coolness of the young men is especially remarkable and significant. They are mostly republicans, it is true, and have no belief in the possibility of a monarchical restoration; but the more intelligent of them see the difficulties and the defects of a republican government very plainly, and they have a tendency to dwell upon those difficulties and defects in a manner that would astonish the militant republicans of the past. This composed and rational temper is the state of mind that comes upon all of us after the settled possession of an object, and it is a *sign* of settled possession. "Modern France," said an able French lawyer, "has got the political system that answers to her needs."

In England, the indications of future change become more numerous and more visible every day. This year Mr. Labouchere had so powerful a minority in favor of his resolution against the hereditary principle in the House of Lords that a sign from Mr. Gladstone would have immediately converted it into a majority, and Mr. Gladstone's support of the resolution was refused in terms scarcely more consolatory for hereditary legislators than those of the resolution itself. The House did not listen to Mr. Labouchere's speech with indignation, but with amusement, and the only incident of any solemnity was the exclamation of a member who cried out, "The Writing on the Wall!" when the formidable minority was made known. Now, although the English have no written constitution, all foreigners have hitherto been accustomed to believe in the dignity and permanence of the House of Lords, and they have believed it to be a part of that great reality which was called "La Constitution Anglaise." How is it possible to retain these old beliefs after such a parliamentary incident as this?

With regard to the church, there is no greater prospect of permanence in England than in France itself. England has, for the present, the advantage of being more in advance; of having got through the conflict with Rome, with

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the powerful help of Protestantism. The enemy is the same in both cases, but England has had the luck to have a national form of Protestantism, connected with patriotism, on her side. As Protestantism is weak in France, its alliance is of little practical value, and the conflict is between the secular state, simply, and the sacerdotal power. This conflict is in its nature eternal, being between two irreconcilable principles; and it can have only one end, the separation of the churches from the state. But in England, also, the separation of church and state is in the programme of the advancing and popular party, so that there is no greater appearance of stability, on this ground, in one country than in the other. In England the real motive of the agitation against established churches is not religious, but social: it is simply because Dissenters dislike being treated as inferiors; they are weary of being put "under the ban." [1] In France the opposition to the sacerdotal power is a fight for political independence, because the church is a great political institution which aims at supremacy over all others, and has never yet been contented with anything less. Now, the condition of affairs between church and state in both France and England has this in common, that religion has little or nothing to do with the matter in either case. In England it is a social, and in France a political question; consequently in both countries the real and genuine religious hatred which belonged to the old spirit of enmity between Catholic and Protestant has given place to a newer and less virulent kind of antagonism. It seems likely, therefore, that the separation of religion from the state will be accomplished in both countries by the ordinary processes of legislation, probably about the same time, or with the interval of only a few years; and there is no reason to apprehend any civil war about it except the war of speeches and newspaper articles.

I now approach a much more delicate question, — the probable duration of the presidency in France and the monarchy in England. The difference between the two terms of this question is that there is nothing conventionally sacred about the presidency, so that the utility of it and its chances of lasting are discussed with the utmost freedom, whilst the monarchy is a sacred institution, and is therefore not much discussed, except in private. I think, however, that all who have lived in England, or even visited England frequently, during the last twenty years will agree with me in the opinion that the strength of the monarchy is now far less than it used to be in the institution itself, and far more in the personal character of the occupant of the throne. The Queen, as we all know, is as safe as any monarch ever was or could be, but the temper of the country would certainly not now tolerate a tyrannical king, out of mere respect for his office. It remains a question, too, whether the country would endure a king who, without being what might be called a tyrant, was simply determined to make his position a reality. Suppose, for example, that, instead of being a minister, Lord Salisbury, with his governing instincts, had been king. He would have attempted to control many things, but would the loyalty of the country have borne the strain? What thoughtful English people say now in private amounts to this: that the Queen will certainly remain undisturbed, that her eldest son will

[1] I remember reading a letter from a Dissenter who had visited America, describing the (to him) novel and delightful sensation of being in a country where he was not put "under the ban" on account of his religious opinions, and the sensation he had felt on returning to England, where, as a Dissenter, he felt at every step that he was placed in an inferior caste. These social experiences of Dissenters are the origin of the unceasing warfare that is now sapping the foundations of the establishment.

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probably have a quiet reign, but that beyond him nothing is known. The old positive certainty about the duration of monarchy in England, whatever the quality of the monarch, has given place to personal considerations. Some go so far as to predict a division of the country between two extreme parties: the advocates of a really strong monarchy, with an active, ruling king, and a powerful republican party in the House of Commons. If ever this should come to pass, it is hard to see how civil disturbance can be avoided; yet, on the other hand, the present state of things cannot last indefinitely, as it depends upon the personal regard which the English people have for Queen Victoria, mingled with their chivalrous feeling towards a monarch of her sex who ascended the throne in her girlhood. On the whole, then, the future must be considered insecure, — far less secure than it appeared to our fathers, for whom the throne, the church establishment, and the House of Lords appeared not less durable than parliamentary representation itself, and ten thousand times more august.

I was brought up in a Tory family of the old school, and I well remember how *fixed* the constitution appeared to my friends, and the calm, contemptuous pity with which they looked upon the French for not having a fixed constitution like the British. Certainly to them and to all other old-fashioned Tories of that time, the constitution included as essential parts both a state church and hereditary legislators. One of the last letters I received from one of these old Tory friends, a short time before his death, expressed the firm belief that if Gladstone attempted to disestablish the Church of England God would interfere to prevent him, probably by taking away the aged statesman's life. That temper of reverence which regarded the more august parts of the constitution as sacred and inviolable was, in fact, their best and surest protection; and if they are in some danger now, it is not because the church is worse, for it is better than it was; not because the House of Lords has become less respectable, for the aristocracy is more sober and better educated; certainly not because the Queen is less refined than Queen Elizabeth or Queen Anne; but simply because the old faith in august institutions is on the wane, and the leaders of thought, instead of having that faith *themselves*, only suppose that it may be good for the common people. In our day, everything is criticised and asked to show cause why it should not be annihilated. The feeling of permanence and security is gone. The constitution, being unwritten, provides no special safeguards against revolutionary reform, like those in America and France. The youngest radical member may propose to abolish any institution, and if he can get supporters the institution will be saved only by the intervention of a minister who will deprecate present action as premature.

"The President of the second French republic," says Sir Henry Maine, "was directly elected by the French people, in conformity with the modern practice of the Americans; and the result was that, confident in the personal authority witnessed to by the number of his supporters, he overthrew the republic, and established a military despotism. The President of the third French republic is elected in a different and a safer way; but the ministers whom he appoints have seats in the French legislature, mix in its debates, and are responsible to the Lower House, just as are the members of an English cabinet. The effect is that there is no living functionary who occupies a more pitiable position than a French President. The old kings of France reigned and governed. The constitutional king, according to M. Thiers, reigns, but does not govern. The President of the United States governs, but he does not reign. It has

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been reserved for the President of the French republic neither to reign nor yet to govern."

All this is said with epigrammatic neatness, but, notwithstanding the deference due to an eminent writer, I find myself unable to realize the idea that the position of the French President is a "pitiable" one. I do not quite understand — perhaps nobody quite clearly understands — what reigning without governing may mean. If it means representing the state officially in ceremonial matters, the President certainly does that, but he has more important though less visible functions. He frequently presides over cabinet councils; he is a sort of permanent minister, with unnumbered opportunities for exercising a moderating influence. There is nothing sacred in his position, but it has sufficient dignity to be regarded by all French republicans as the first prize in the state. The country looks to him with satisfaction as the nearest approach to permanence which a democratic constitution can admit. What Bagehot said of the Queen twenty years ago is in a great measure true of the French President to-day. Amidst the frequent changes of ministers he is comparatively stable. The peasants follow with difficulty the names of successive ministers, but they all know the name of the President, and his portrait is seen everywhere. Their belief about the President is that he is a respectable, trustworthy man: "C'est un brave homme, Mossieu Grévy, je le crois b'en, moi." Is that nothing? It is not the Russian's adoration of the Czar, but it is an element of tranquillity in the state.

President Grévy, especially since his reëlection, represents that desire for stability which is prevalent all over France, except in the Chamber of Deputies. In his important message on reëlection (all the more important from the rarity of such documents from him) he read Parliament a lesson, in the name of the country and in the plainest terms, on the necessity for greater stability in cabinets. Certainly a President who can send such a message to Parliament, in his own words, is in a more dignified position, so far, than if he were a constitutional sovereign reading paragraphs composed for him by ministers, — paragraphs containing, perhaps, the most decided declarations, which the next cabinet will refuse to carry out, and which will be criticised openly and mercilessly in Parliament itself as the work of their real authors.

We know nothing of the future, but there are several reasons for thinking it probable that the presidential office will be maintained for a long time in France, and pass, perhaps, into a fixed custom. It will be maintained as a function by all men of eminence, who themselves aspire to it as the crown of their own careers; it will be maintained by all lovers of stability as the most stable of the high offices; and it will be maintained, unless an improbable royalty takes its place, by all who feel the necessity for a stately ceremonial representative of the entire nation.

As with all offices of dignity, its dignity will increase with age. It is already a more respected office since M. Grévy completed his first term.

IX.

THE ANTAGONISM BETWEEN POOR AND RICH.

The distrust that English people feel with regard to French institutions is much increased by the conviction that in France the classes of society are hostile, and especially that the poor detest the rich. I find, for instance, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's article in the Nineteenth Century for February, 1885, the statement about France that "wealth creates the most savage enmity there,

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because it is conceived as a means for gratifying appetites of the most selfish and vile kind." When I read such comprehensive statements I refer to my own experience, if it happens to be of a nature to throw any light upon the subject; so with regard to this particular statement, I call to mind a considerable number of more or less poor French people, and ask myself in what way they exhibit their savage enmity towards wealth. I am not a rich man, — far from it; but as French people know nothing about my professional income, they think it comes from money in the funds, and take me for a comfortable *rentier*. Now, I have never once been insulted or rudely spoken to in any way in France for being tolerably well dressed: on the contrary, numbers of people, whose names I do not know, are in the habit of lifting their hats to me; and if I drive along the road on a market day, when the peasants are returning to their homes, I have to keep my right hand free to answer their salutations by lifting my own hat, according to the courteous French custom. One of my friends, a Frenchman, is really a rich man, and when we walk out together in the town where he is best known, he is constantly raising his hat. I find this practice to be much the same in other towns with well-to-do men who are local notables; and I know an important village where any one who looks like a gentleman will be saluted by every inhabitant he meets. Now let me compare this state of things with a well-remembered English experience. I do not wish to say anything harsh or unkind of the Lancashire people, and very likely they have improved in this respect, but I distinctly recall the time when well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were often openly criticised by the lower classes, whose tongues were both sharp and merciless, and entirely free from any restraint of deference. One occasion I particularly remember. I happened to be wearing a new top-coat, and was passing near some houses in course of erection. One of the masons shouted out from his ladder something very coarse and ill-natured about my top-coat; so I stopped to reason with him, and said, "Why cannot you let my coat alone? I came by it honestly; it is paid for." "*Paid for, is't?*" he answered, with a sneer of ineffable contempt. "*It wodd n't 'a bin if th' 'ad 'ad t' addle th' brass.*"[1] So I went away defeated, amidst the jeers of the other workmen. I was once wearing a gold breastpin (men wore gold pins in those days), and a tenant of my own told me that if I did not wear such things I could spend her rent in improvements. A lady, who was a neighbor of ours in Lancashire, happened to be walking in a muddy street, so she lifted her skirts a little. This, unluckily, occurred near a group of factory girls, whose sharp eyes, of course, noticed the lady's stockings, which were of some unbleached material. Thereupon one factory girl cried out, "Well, afore *Oi'd* don stockin's na better weshed nur them theere!"[2] and there was a general explosion of laughter, before which the lady was glad to drop the curtain of her skirts. In those days the easy, natural impudence and the aggressive disposition of the Lancashire population, sometimes mingled with anger against the comfortable classes, and sometimes with contemptuous humor, afforded an endless abundance of anecdotes such as these. I may, perhaps, trouble the reader with another, in which there is more real hostility. When I was a boy, an old Lancashire mason was making an alteration in a room that was to be my bedroom. This involved the blocking-up of an old window; and, instead of building a wall of the full thickness, the mason contented himself with a thin wall,

[1] "Paid for, is it? It would not have been if thou hadst had to earn the money."

[2] "Well, before *I'd* put on stockings no better washed than those!"

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leaving a recess. "I shall be glad of this recess," I said; "it will do to put the washing-stand in." The mention of such a luxury irritated the man's democratic sentiments, and he swore at the washing-stand and at me with many a bitter oath, although he was working for my uncle.

Even when the Lancashire people did not intend to be uncivil, their manners often asserted a sense of equality that I have never met with from the corresponding class in France. I have often stayed in Lancashire with a friend, now no more, who was one of the richest men in his neighborhood, and in Lancashire this means great wealth. As there was an old intimacy between us, we called each other by our Christian names: he was Henry, and I was Philip. This was natural in our case; but what seemed less explicable was that when we walked out together, and met the wage-earning people in the neighborhood, the men would keep their hands in their pockets, and sometimes, as a sort of special favor, cock their heads on one side by way of a bow, and say, "Well, 'Ennery!" in token of friendly recognition. Assuredly, there was not, in such a salutation, any trace of "savage enmity" against wealth, but neither was there any especial respect for it. Either because rich men were common in Lancashire, or because the people were extremely independent, wealth used to get but a very moderate amount of deference there.

I lived at one time close to Towneley Park, and remember that although we always called the then representative of that very wealthy and very ancient family Mr. Towneley, till he became colonel of the local militia regiment, after which we gave him his military title, the peasantry spoke of him either as "Tayunly" or as "Charles," and his brother they called "John." In a French neighborhood this familiarity would be simply inconceivable. The greatest land-owner is always either called by his title, or at least gets the usual "Monsieur." He is Monsieur le Marquis, or Monsieur de Quelquechose, and often, with a mixture of local feeling and respect, he is "Notre Monsieur," to distinguish him from other people's Messieurs. I never in my life heard a French peasant call a country gentleman by his bare name, or by his Christian name only. I know all the tenants on an estate where the rents were raised in a manner that created the greatest dissatisfaction, but, whilst expressing this dissatisfaction in just and straightforward language, the tenants never infused any hatred into their talk, as Irish tenants would probably have done, nor did they abandon the usual respectful forms in speaking of the landlord, or adopt anything like Lancashire familiarity. They said that Monsieur de B. was hard with them, and that he was acting against his own interest, which he did not seem to understand, as it was impossible for a tenant to work the farms permanently on the new terms. This is the whole substance of what they said, the complete expression of their "savage enmity." The worst I wish them is that a day may come when they will no longer be obliged to pay additional rent as interest on their own improvements.

I have sometimes heard peasants say rather severe things of gentlefolks, but not in a malignant way, and rather in amusement at their own sharpness than in hostility to the rich. On the other hand, when a rich man is really kind to them and good to the poor, how readily and willingly his kindness is acknowledged! "C'est un bon monsieur," they say; or, if they include his family, "Ce sont de braves gens, c'est du bon monde." I know an honest French country gentleman and his wife, who are always ready with kindness and money when there is any case of real distress, and I do not believe that there is any country

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in the world where they would be more esteemed than they are in their own neighborhood.

At election times I never found that it was a ground of objection to a republican candidate that he was a rich man. Social hostility becomes intense only when it is excited by political hostility. There has been a sort of understanding amongst many reactionary rich people in France, since the last elections, to give as little employment as possible to the wage-earning classes, in order to punish them for voting in favor of republican candidates. This has excited much natural indignation amongst the working-classes, who think they have as good a right to vote according to their own judgment as any other electors, and who consider that wealth has its duties as well as its pleasures; but when those duties are even partially and incompletely fulfilled, when there is even any visible desire to fulfill them, there is no hostility against riches, except amongst anarchists and agitators.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

MADEMOISELLE JOAN.

SEVERAL years ago, my doctor ordered me to break up all old associations, find my way into some quiet place, and there rest for a year or two. Accordingly, I left the United States, hurry, and money-making behind me, crossed the St. Lawrence, and, after long and lazy loiterings through French Canada, settled down in the obscure little hamlet of St. Robideaux. My chief business was to think of nothing, and to sleep. I lived there, if you choose to call it living, for a year. St. Robideaux was quiet and hushed as any moor-hen's nest in the reeds. Nothing more active than dreams was ever there hatched into life.

The village, a cluster of gray cottages with steep red and yellow roofs, lay in a hollow of the hills, up the sides of which wheat-fields and orchards stretched, trying to warm themselves in the chilled sunlight. The river, cool and dark, flowed lazily alongside of the grassy road, which we called Rue Honoré. Sometimes a lumberman floated down on his raft from the great pine forests above. You could hear him shouting to the boys, or singing, "Ay! ay! Douce sœur Doré!" until he was out of sight.

The little *auberge*, with Repos des Voyageurs thrust out upon a creaking sign from the sycamore in front, stood close to the river. Vain hospitality! No *voyageur* except myself came to St. Robideaux in that year. Madame Baltarre, when she had finished her work and mixed her *pot-au-feu*, sat, with her knitting, on the gallery of the house, like the other women, and watched the sun from day to day as it ripened the peas in her garden below, or tinged and purpled the pale green grapes on the wall. She had abundance of leisure. She would look for hours at the low, bellying clouds swooping down all day long over the ramparts of the hills, to disappear in the gorge below.

The old curé and M. Demy came up every afternoon to bear me company on my end of the gallery. We were all, I think, of good accord: hence we talked but little.

I had brought several different kinds of tobacco with me. It was a solemn event when we opened a new package. We puffed our pipes in silence awhile, and, if the flavor was good, we nodded to each other and loved the world better than before.

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"There were two live people in St. Robideaux before you came, monsieur," Père Drouôt would say, — "our friend Olave Demy, here, and myself. Now there are three. When we talk with you on literature and affairs, I feel that my hand is on the wheel of the great machine yonder."

The "literature" which we discussed was an occasional two months old copy of the London Times which the curé produced to enliven my exile.

"I have a friend in Quebec who sends me this great sheet," he would say. "You will have heard, perhaps, that it is called the Thunderer in England? Ah, *ça, ça!* What a world we live in! The sweep of it quite takes away my breath!" and he would gaze with awe at the yellow page, fold it carefully, put it into his pocket, and light his pipe again.

The "affairs" which occupied us were the ripening of the curé's corn or the condition of the hay in St. Robideaux parish. In the morning we usually sat under the great cedar in the curé's garden, to discuss the effect of that day's weather on these crops; and in the afternoon, when the sun came around to the gallery of the inn, we migrated to it and talked it all over again. No one was offended if the others occasionally dropped into a doze.

The brief hot summer crept thus slowly away, and the briefer high-colored autumn began to be whitened with frost. M. Labadie now came sometimes to smoke a pipe with us. His summer's work was over; his harvest having gone down the river in two great cases on the last raft. All the village assembled to see it go, and most of the lookers-on fervently threw the sign of the cross after it for good luck. Everybody was a friend to M. Labadie.

"There is no such honey in America," said Madame Baltarre. "Pure juice of the flowers."

The little farm of the bee-grower lay a mile or two north of the village: its only crops were white clover and violets. The old gray house with its steep red roof rose out of the gardens. The sun always shone there, and the air was heavy with perfume; there was no sound but the buzzing of the black, gold-banded Italian bees, darting here and there through the sweet clover. Nature in St. Robideaux slept, with long, full, quiet breaths; but in the old bee-farm she woke with a cheerful smile.

M. Labadie, according to Père Drouôt, was the only one of the habitants "of education." He was even more silent than the other slow-speaking villagers; but in the matter of bees, at least, I found him learned, full of facts and humorous, keen observations. His bees were entirely human to him, always spoken of as "Messieurs;" a shrewd, intelligent race, with whom he had been allied by business relations and friendship for forty years.

On Sundays I used to watch for the tall, stooping figure of the bee-grower, clothed in a brown frogged surtout made twenty years ago, as he came down the road to church, leading his little girls, Rose and Josephine, by the hand. After mass was over the three would stop to shake hands and chatter with their neighbors, and then they would betake themselves to a sunny corner of the churchyard, where a grave, apart from all others, was covered with white clover and violets. The bees hummed over it all day long. They would kneel there to say a prayer; and then seat themselves on a low stone bench, near by, to eat their little *gâteaux* for the noon meal.

I joined them one warm afternoon, and observed that when anything of interest was said they glanced eagerly to the grave, as if some unseen listener hid there. Little Josephine, with whom I had an old friendship, whispered to me, nodding downward, —

"Voilà ma chère mère. She expects us on the Sunday afternoon."

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Then M. Labadie, his gnarled face a shade paler, explained to me in laborious English that it would have been their comfort to keep *her* at home: in the garden, *par exemple*, which was her joy, or in the orchard, where were her seat and work-table under the great plum-tree for thirty years. But that was not ground consecrated. "So it is that she lies here, monsieur," waving both hands downward. "But it is her own violets and clover that grow here; and *mes amis*," looking at the bees and lowering his voice, "they do not forget; they are always with her."

A few weeks after this, one cold November day, M. Labadie consented to remain with my other friends, to share my supper of a fricassee of bacon, potatoes, and chives, and brown bread. Madame Baltarre's coffee was hot and delicious, and we sat about the table, which she had drawn up to the great open fire after supper, sipping it thoughtfully, while she removed the dishes and set the apartment to rights. There was another fireplace in the long, low room, and when she had finished she pinned a fresh white apron over her snuff-colored gown, and sat down beside it, at her sewing. The red glow of the firelight twinkled on the white floor, the old mahogany *armoire*, the picture of the Child Jesus with a bleeding heart, and the shelves full of red cups and plates. A heavy snow had fallen that day, and the lonely white stretches outside of the window and the flat graying sky made the warmth and snugness within more cheerful. We all felt it. The curé flung another log on the fire, opening up red deeps of heat; we pulled our chairs closer. Olave Demy was persuaded to tell about the October bear-hunt again; the curé sang a plaintive ballad in Canadian *patois*, with a voice like a fine cracked flute; and I adroitly turned the talk so as to bring in some of my own best stories. They had immense success. The French habitant has a hungry curiosity about everything belonging to "the States." It is to him what Europe is to the untraveled American.

"M. Labadie," said the curé, "is the only person in St. Robideaux who has been to the States. Before you came, monsieur, he used every day to give us of his experience in that great country."

M. Labadie adjusted his waistcoat and looked into his cup with a vain attempt at unconsciousness.

"You traveled in the West, monsieur, — in the South?"

"I did not penetrate so far as I had purposed," he said gravely, for the subject was too weighty to be approached carelessly. After sipping his coffee critically awhile, he continued: "It was not I, monsieur. Madame Labadie, my little Jeannette, she had ambitions for me. She said when we were first married, 'You must visit the States. You must see the world, Georges.' But the children came fast, — one, four, six, eleven. I had then but few colonies of Messieurs my friends, to keep soup in the pot. Sometimes there was no soup. But Jeannette still cries, 'You must go to see the world. There are bee-farms in Massachusetts, in Cincinnati, in California. You must visit them all.

"*Bien*, the children, they grow, they leave us, they sicken and come home, some of them, to die. We have only Rose and Josephine left. But in all these years Jeannette lays by money secretly, sou by sou. Then she gives it to me. 'Go, mon ami,' she says, — 'go to California, to Florida. See all the bee-farms in that great country.' I could not balk her, monsieur. She had worked for it for thirty years. I went."

"To California?"

"No; I did not even reach Le Niagarra, which I had hoped much to see." He set down his cup nervously. "Traveling is more expensive than we supposed. I was careful, most careful. But when I reached Utica, on the second day, I found my money would just take me

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back home again. But I had already seen much in the States to please and benefit my family."

"And your neighbors!" exclaimed the curé zealously.

"That you did, monsieur. How many winter nights have we sat here, hearing of that journey!" added Olave.

M. Labadie stood up to go, still smiling and pleased with these compliments. The night had fallen while we talked. As he drew on his old shawl and tied it it about him, an odd thing happened. Since nightfall the wind had risen, fitful and gusty. It blew now suddenly through the gorge with a shrill cry.

M. Labadie, at the sound, stopped, listening. His pleased face became strained and ghastly. The curé and M. Demy, too, hearing this most commonplace natural noise, had started forward to the old bee-grower, as if to protect him. They stood breathless a moment, watching the window, which was now but a square patch of gray darkness, as though they expected to see a face there.

While I looked on, astonished, the wind boisterously rattled the window-panes and the creaking sign outside. The curé and M. Demy gave uneasy, foolish laughs, and sat down, apparently relieved. But M. Labadie was greatly shaken. His lower jaw trembled like that of a paralytic.

"It is only the wind, ha? It had — it had the effect of a call. I thought I heard my name."

"Ah, bah, monsieur! You heard no call. It was that villainous norther. I will walk home with you, if you will allow me. Only to stretch my legs," said Olave Demy. After they had said adieu, he tucked the old man's arm under his own, and led him away.

"What does it all mean?" I asked, after the curé and I had puffed away at our pipes awhile in silence.

He answered reluctantly: "It is an old story, a singular occurrence."

Madame Baltarre, who was close beside us, began closing the window shutters hastily. Her fat, placid face was pinched and blue, as with cold.

"You had better leave your stories and singular occurrences until daylight," she snapped angrily; "nobody knows who hears you now."

Père Drouôt shot one uncomfortable glance at the window, and then asserted his position.

"Go to rest, my daughter. Be tranquil. We will await M. Demy's return."

Madame meekly bade us good-night, and, gathering up her sewing, went quickly clattering up the stairs.

We smoked on without speaking, the curé reflectively watching the smoke from his pipe as it drifted into the chimney; and it was not until M. Demy had returned and taken his seat that he broke the silence, speaking, as he always did when much moved, in Canadian French.

"It certainly was a singular occurrence, monsieur; possibly, easy to explain by some scientific law, but *I* never have been able to explain it. I should like to lay it before you for your opinion. It happened in this way: —

"Six years ago, in April, a voyageur arrived, like yourself, in St. Robideaux, from the States, — a woman, a widow, of about forty or fifty years; an unpleasantly white woman, with puffy fair skin which looked as if water was below it, light gray eyes, faded yellow hair. La Veuve Badleigh lodged here with Madame Baltarre. She was soon known to all the village. In every house I would find this fat person, in her unclean yellow gown, with big paste diamonds in her ears, pouring out flatteries to women and men with the gestures of an excitable young girl, while her cold eyes kept a keen watch from under their thick, half-shut lids. All my people cried out, 'Oh, how pious, how friendly, she is, this Veuve Bad-

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leigh!' But, monsieur, when I see the finger-nails of a woman not clean, and her shoe-laces untied," — the good father shook his head, — "something is wrong in her soul. Bien! The one place where I found her most often was on the gallery of M. Labadie's house. There she sat in the sun. She was enraptured with the sun, with the old house, with the fields of white clover and violets; she lapped up honey as a cat does cream; she caressed Rose and Josephine. I protest, monsieur, my flesh crept when I saw her thick fingers paddling with the little hands of the children. M. Labadie sat beside her, telling her of Messieurs the bees, of the witty sayings of Rose and Josephine, and of his wife, poor Jeannette, with tears streaming from his eyes. Well, well, monsieur, you know what occurs when a man talks to another woman of his wife, with the tears streaming! In September they were married." Père Drouôt shrugged his shoulders, spreading out both hands. "Ah-a! No sooner was Veuve Badleigh established in the easy-chair on the porch, in the sun, mistress of the house, the bees, the little girls, and poor M. Labadie, than presto! all is changed!

"I know not what went on there. Nobody has ever known. M. Labadie was poor, as all we others. One does not raise and clothe and feed and nurse and bury so many little ones by the help only of a few bees, and meantime live on meat and white bread, like a governor-general. My faith, no! The table and clothes of our friend had always been scant and poor. But he was never in debt, not a penny. Yet in six months after his second marriage he had mortgaged his farm to raise money for the new yellow gowns and rich *plats* of madame! Ah, monsieur, it was execrable! St. Robideaux was convulsed with rage and pity. But we kept silent, such regard have we for M. Labadie.

"Alas! this was nothing to that which was to come. A young man appeared in the village, a vulgar fellow, lean, pimpled, loud-talking, dressed in the New York fashion. His oaths and his jokes made the very air of the street filthy. He was Paul Badleigh, son of madame. She had not told M. Labadie of this son until he appeared. He swaggers about the bee-farm, he makes servants of Rose and Josephine, he swears at their father. Was he her son? Ah, monsieur, how can I tell? Sometimes I think he is a thief, a *vaurien*. I know him to be a drunkard and a gambler, and she, perhaps, is an accomplice. But how can I tell?

"So the autumn goes, and the winter comes. Paul Badleigh had been drinking hard, and was not able to leave the farm. The Veuve Badleigh (I never could bring myself to call her Madame Labadie) came into the village at times, more unclean, more watchful, than ever. She did not take the trouble now to flatter the poor villagers; she had reaped her harvest.

"Rose and Josephine came in to mass, the thin, scared little creatures. When they met their old friends, they ran past like guilty things. The shame of that woman and of her foul son was upon the children."

"As to M. Labadie," interrupted Olave Demy, "he never came into the village, not even for mass. The humiliation was too heavy upon him."

"I met him once on the road, near the church," said Père Drouôt; "but he crept out of sight, as if he were the thief and gambler. When he passed the churchyard he turned his head, that he might not see his poor Jeannette's grave." He sighed, sipped his coffee, and continued: —

"It was about this time, monsieur, that my friend Olave and myself were sitting here by the fire, just as now, one cold evening. The wind was blowing a hurricane. Suddenly it sounded, as to-night, with a shriek down the gorge,

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and then came a sharp tap on the window, another and another, as of a person in great haste. Then the door was pushed open, and a woman entered, throwing quick, keen glances before her. She was a dark, lean little body" —

"Clean," said M. Demy emphatically, between the puffs of his pipe.

"Yes, noticeably clean and trig. She always looked like an officer buckled up for action. She ordered supper and a room, and then she stood by the fire knocking off the snow, sharply scanning M. Demy and myself.

"'You are a priest,' she said presently. 'You know the people among these hills. Have you by chance met a woman named Badleigh, in your journeys?'

"Madame Baltarre carried the word from me. 'She is here,' said she, nodding with meaning.

"'Ah! here?' The woman looked from one to the other. She waited as if she expected bad news, a charge or accusation.

"'She is married,' said madame, 'to M. Labadie, one of the oldest and foremost citizens of St. Robideaux.'

"'God pity him!' cried the stranger. 'Married! This is too much!'

"As she stood looking into the fire, I noted her closely. She had the expression of an honest, right-minded woman. But the obstinacy, the determination, in her insignificant features! Monsieur, she could have driven a hundred men before her into battle.

"She coughed violently now and then. I am something of a mediciner, and I saw that her hold on life was weak and would be short.

"Olave went home presently, and Madame Baltarre left the room. Then she turned on me.

"'You are a man of God,' she said. 'You ought to help me. What has she done? There is no time for mincing matters. I am her sister Joan. I am responsible for her.' She rubbed her wrists nervously as she talked, exposing her thin, bloodless arms. 'I have not much time left in which to control her.'

"I answered her gently that I knew nothing definite of the Veuve Badleigh, but that I feared the marriage had not been a happy one for M. Labadie and his little girls.

"'There are children? And little girls!' she cried, starting up. 'Come! I must go at once. You will show me the way?'

"It was a cold night, but the road was free from snow. She hurried on in silence, but the quick motion brought on a racking cough. 'You are not fit for this work, mademoiselle,' I said, kindly.

"The poor creature was touched. She began to cry, like any sick, tired woman. 'It is all I have to do now. But I shall be done with it all and go soon,' she said. We did not speak again until we reached the gate before M. Labadie's house. A man's voice was howling out some drunken song within. She stopped. 'Who is that?'

"'It is her son, M. Paul Badleigh,' I said.

"She stood quite still a moment. 'I must go in alone. It is worse than I thought,' she said.

"I watched until the door shut behind her, and came home, sure of but one thing, — that whatever she had to do must be done quickly. She was marked with death.

"The next day Madame Baltarre sent up her portmanteau, which came with her on the boat, and we heard nothing more from the bee-farm for a month. Then, one evening, little Rose came for me. Mademoiselle Joan was dying. The child cried: the woman had been kind to her, and she needed kindness. 'She is not Catholic, but she will see you, father,' the little one said, holding my hand as she trotted along by my side.

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"The Veuve Badleigh sat at one side of the bed, and her son at the other, watching every breath of the dying woman with ill-suppressed triumph. She pulled her life together to speak to me. 'They think they will be free now,' she whispered, pointing to them. 'My sister has done great harm in the world, but I'—

"Veuve Badleigh thrust a cup to her mouth. 'Drink this medicine,' she said. The flabby white creature trembled with fear of exposure.

"I put her back, and lifted her sister, that she might get her breath. 'God, forgive them!' she cried.

"This was an hour before she died. In that time I gathered from her that for ten years she had held these two in check; that after she was gone it was their purpose to bring some nameless disaster on the children, Rose and Josephine; that she had sent for me to warn me of their danger. She lay still for some moments; she had almost ceased to breathe. A look of satisfaction and relief, terrible to see, came into both the faces bent over her. Her eyes opened; she saw it.

"Monsieur, she was a small, insignificant woman, but the soul going out of her body was inexorable. It was that of a great fighter. She held them with her eyes; she raised herself slowly in the bed.

"'You shall not hurt those children. You shall come with me.'

"Before the words passed she was cold and pulseless. It was as if the soul had spoken out of a dead body."

"Is that the end"? I asked; for the curé had stopped, and was mechanically puffing his pipe, which had gone out.

"No," said M. Demy, "it is not all, monsieur. But that which follows is so strange, so incredible, that one fears to tell of it. All the village know it to be true, yet it is never mentioned among us."

I waited in silence, and after a while the curé said:—

"I will tell you briefly the facts, monsieur, and you must make from them your opinion. I interfered on behalf of the children, but M. Labadie was obstinate. No harm was coming to them, he averred. His wife wanted their companionship. I had no proof against her or her son; only the vague accusations of a dying woman, which, after all, might be prejudice. Two weeks passed when— M. Demy, you will correct me if I mistake in the facts?"

M. Demy rose nervously, and stood in front of the fire. "You are correct so far, father. It was just two weeks,—a cold, still night."

"Not a breath of wind blowing," said the curé. "We were sitting about the fire here with two or three other neighbors. Paul Badleigh lay on that bench yonder. He had been drinking heavily, and was asleep. Suddenly a high, keen wind swept down the gorge, with a shrill sound like a cry. Badleigh stopped snoring, and sat up, staring. Then, monsieur, there was a stroke on the window; another, and another, sharp,—decisive. We all heard it"—

"And words," amended M. Demy.

"And words. What they were none of us could make out, but Badleigh understood them. He got up, and went staggering to the door.

"'I am coming,' he said.

"We never saw him alive again. The next morning he was found at the foot of the Peak Jené, miles from the village, dead."

"It appears to me," I ventured, after a pause, "that this could be explained without any reference to a supernatural cause. The man was terrified by the noise made by the wind, and, stupid from drink, lost his way."

The curé bowed his head gravely. "I have not finished, monsieur. Four days after Paul Badleigh's death, M. Labadie came to the village, like a man

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whose reason was shattered. His children were gone! His wife had enticed them out for a walk, and had boarded a boat which was descending the river. She had taken her jewels and all the money she could find. They had been gone some hours.

"Monsieur, every man in the village went to work as though his own child had been stolen. The three boats in St. Robideaux were manned by the strongest oarsmen. I was in the first, with Olave, here, and M. Labadie. We overtook the fugitives at nightfall. They had landed, and the woman and children were in an auberge, in the village of Pont de Josef. She was very quiet and cool, smiled and jested, saying she had but meant to give the little demoiselles a glimpse of the world, and would have returned to-morrow. M. Labadie had not a word for her. He clung to his children as if they had come back safe out of hell to him; he would not loose his hold on them, — no, not for a minute.

"It was impossible that we could return that night. We must remain at the auberge, where the Veuve Badleigh had ordered for herself the only chamber. The others were inside. I went out to the gallery, and walked up and down. I could see through the windows M. Labadie with his little girls on his knees, Olave and the other men, and quite apart, by herself, the fat white woman, with her cheap jewelry shining in her ears, leering stupidly about her. The sun had just gone down, and the snow lay white on the ground. The moon hung low in the red sky. It was still so clear that I could have seen a moth in the air. But, monsieur, as I stood for a moment, something passed me by that I did not see. It had a rushing force like the wind, but it was not the wind. It was nothing which I had ever felt before. I cried out on God, and my heart died in me. I looked to the lighted room within. What had happened I knew not. But they were standing, haggard, waiting, like men who had heard the call of death."

"It was a sound that we heard," said M. Demy, "like a cry, and then there were three sharp strokes on the window and a voice. But no one understood the words but the Veuve Badleigh. She got up and walked to the door, as one that is dragged, step by step."

"I saw her," continued the curé, "as she passed me, going across the gallery into her own chamber. She had the face of one who had been fighting a battle all through her life, and was defeated at last, forever. Yet the miserable, leering smile was there still. She went in and shut the door." He stopped abruptly.

"In the morning," said M. Demy, breaking the silence, "she was found there dead. She had taken an overdose of opium. She was buried at Pont de Josef." He added, after a pause, "Only think, monsieur, what a will that little woman had! She could thrust her hand out of the grave and drag those two creatures after her. I am truly glad," knocking the ashes out of his pipe reflectively, "that I know no one who is dead that has a will like that."

We smoked in silence a while longer. Then the curé, glancing at the clock, which told midnight, rose to go.

"That is the end of the history, monsieur," he said. "M. Labadie came back to his happy, quiet life again, gradually paid off his debts, and has almost forgotten his sore trouble. He has but one fear. There are times when he thinks that his call to go may come in the same manner, and that he will find the Veuve Badleigh, her son Paul, and Mademoiselle Joan waiting for him beyond."

The next Sunday was one of those clear, balmy days which come in November, even in Canada.

After mass I waited near the church,

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watching the villagers as they leisurely climbed the rocky street and disappeared in the vine-covered cottages. The balsam scent from the neighboring forests was heavy on the sunlit air; a soft strain from the organ still came fitfully through the silence; around the close horizon the tender blue of the sky melted into the blue of the mountains. It was surely but a thin veil which hid heaven from earth to-day.

I saw M. Labadie, with his little Rose and Josephine, seated on the stone bench beside the grave, as usual; they had eaten their *goûter*, and were talking and laughing together, as if their dead had really come back to them, and made them the happier for coming.

They made room for me beside them.

"It seems to me, monsieur," said M. Labadie, presently, "as if to-day those who are gone come closer to us than at other times. The soft air and the clear light give to one that thought."

"It may be so, monsieur."

"My children," he said gently, after a silence, "are scattered in their graves over all Canada. But I think they have found each other there beyond. We always know that the mother is with us here every Sunday, but to-day it seems as if they were with her, — all of us here together."

He softly patted Josephine's hand on his knee, looking beyond her to those whom she could not see.

A rising wind rustled the trees over our heads. He half rose, looking about uneasily.

"Run away, *mes petites*. See if the good father is still in the church." When they were out of hearing, he leaned forward, and said to me, "There are some others besides Jeannette and my children whom I know yonder. Do you think I shall have to go to them? Can they claim me?"

"It is a wide country, M. Labadie," I ventured to say, "and they are not of your kind. They have no claim on you."

He nodded gravely two or three times, the light kindling again in his eyes as he looked over the grave into the far, soft haze. "You are right," he said at last. "But Jeannette and the children are of my kind. Something tells me that those others will never find me. It is a wide country, monsieur, — a wide country. But we go there to our own."

Rebecca Harding Davis.

CONFESSIONS OF A BIRD'S-NEST HUNTER.

LET it be said at the outset that the seeker after bird's-nests is never without plenty of company, of one sort and another. For instance, I was out early one cloudy morning last spring, when I caught sight of a black and white animal nosing his way through the bushes, not many rods distant. Evidently he had come forth on the same errand as myself; but though he was an extremely pretty creature, I felt no great degree of pride in our community of interest. I did not offer to exchange the compliments of the morning with him, nor, indeed, make any overtures whatever toward a more intimate acquaintance. I knew him by name and reputation, — *Mephitis mephitica* the scientific folk call him, with felicitous reverberative emphasis, — and that sufficed. It was not pleasant to think of him as in any sense a rival; yet such he undoubtedly was, and I very much feared that he would anticipate me in finding a certain veery's nest, which I had been looking for in vain, but which I believed to be

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not far from either of us. At another time, a few weeks later than this, I overheard an unusual commotion among the birds in our apple orchard. "Some rascally cat!" I thought; and, picking up a stone, I hastened to put a stop to his depredations. But there was no cat in sight; and it was not till I stood immediately under him that I discovered the marauder to be a snake, which was just then slowly making toward the ground, with a young bird in his jaws. Watching my opportunity, while he was engaged in the delicate operation of lowering himself from one branch to another, I shook the trunk vigorously, and down he tumbled at my feet. Once and again I set my heel upon him; but the tall grass was in his favor, and he succeeded in getting off, leaving his dead victim behind him.[1]

It is noble society in which we find ourselves, is it not? In the front rank are what we may call the *professional* oölogists, — such as follow the business for a livelihood: snakes, skunks, weasels, squirrels, cats, crows, jays, cuckoos, and the like. Then come the not inconsiderable number of persons who, for a more or less strictly scientific purpose, take here and there a nest with its contents; while these are followed by hordes of schoolboys, whom the prevalent mania for "collecting" drives to scrape together miscellaneous lots of eggs, — half-named, misnamed, and nameless, — to put with previous accumulations of postage-stamps, autographs, business cards, and other like precious rubbish.

Alas, the poor birds! These "perils of robbers" and "perils among false brethren" are bad enough, but they have many others to encounter; "journeyings often" and "perils of waters" being among the worst. Gentle and innocent as they seem, it speaks well for their cunning and endurance that they escape utter extermination.

This phase of the subject is especially forced upon the attention of observers like myself, who search for nests, not mischievously, nor even with the laudable design of the scientific investigator, but solely as a means of promoting friendly acquaintance. We may not often witness the catastrophe itself; but as we go our daily rounds, now peeping under the bank or into the bush, and now climbing the tree, to see how some timid friend of ours is faring, we are only too certain to come upon first one home and then another which has been rifled and deserted since our last visit; till we begin to wonder why the defenseless and persecuted creatures do not turn pessimists outright, and relinquish forever their attempt to "be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth."

Thinking of these things anew, now that I am reviewing my last spring's experiences, it is doubly gratifying to recall that I robbed only one nest during the entire season, and that not of malice, but by accident. It happened on this wise. A couple of solitary vireos had taken up their abode on a wooded hillside, where they, or others like them, had passed the previous summer, and one day I proposed to a friend that we make it our business to search out the nest. It proved to be not very difficult of discovery, though, when we put our eyes upon it, it appeared that we had walked directly by it several times, all in sight as it was, suspended from near the end of an oak-tree branch, perhaps nine feet from the ground. It

[1] The birds at once became quiet, and I went back complacently to my book under the linden-tree. Who knows, however, whether there may not have been another side to the story? Who shall say what were the emotions of the snake, as he wriggled painfully homeward after such an unprovoked and dastardly assault? Myself no vegetarian, by what right had I belabored him for liking the taste of chicken? It were well, perhaps, not to pry too curiously into questions of this kind. Most likely it would not flatter our human self-esteem to know what some of our "poor relations" think of us.

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contained five eggs, including one of the cow-bird; but just as my companion was about to let go the branch, which he had been holding down for my convenience, the end snapped, up went the nest, and out jumped four of the eggs. We were sorry, of course, but consoled ourselves with the destruction of the parasite, which otherwise would very likely have been the death of the vireos' own offspring. Meanwhile, the birds themselves took matters coolly. One of them fell to singing as soon as we withdrew, while the other flew to the nest, looked in, and without a word resumed her seat. After all, the accident might turn out to be nothing worse than a blessing in disguise, we said to each other. But before many days it became evident that the pair had given up the nest, and I carried it to a friend whom I knew to be in want of such a specimen for his cabinet.

It is worth noticing how widely birds of the same species differ among themselves in their behavior under trial. Their minds are no more run in one mould than human minds are. In their case, as in ours, innumerable causes have worked together to produce the unique individual result. Much is due to inheritance, no doubt, but much likewise to accident. One mother has never had her nest invaded, and is therefore careless of our presence. Another has so frequently been robbed of her all that she has grown hardened to disaster, and she also makes no very great ado when we intrude upon her. A third is still in a middle state, — alive to the danger, but not yet able to face it philosophically, — and she will become hysterical at the first symptom of trouble.

At the very time of the mishap just described I was keeping watch over the household arrangements of another and much less stoical pair of solitary vireos. These, as soon as I discovered their secret (which was not till after several attempts), became extremely jealous of my proximity, no matter how indirect and innocent my approaches. Even when I seated myself at what I deemed a very respectful distance the sitting bird would at once quit her place, and begin to complain in her own delightfully characteristic manner, — chattering, scolding, and warbling by turns, — refusing to be pacified in the least until I took myself off. Once I remained for some time close under the nest, on purpose to see how many of the neighbors would be attracted to the spot. With the exception of the wood wagtails, I should say that nearly all the small birds in the immediate vicinity must have turned out: black-and-white creepers, redstarts, chestnut-sided warblers, black-throated greens, a blue golden-wing, red-eyed vireos, and a third solitary vireo. If they were moved with pity for the pair whose lamentations had drawn them together, they did not manifest it, as far as I could see. Perhaps they found small occasion for so loud a disturbance. Possibly, moreover, as spectators who had honored me with their presence (and that in the very midst of their busy season), they felt themselves cheated, and, so to speak, outraged, by my failure to finish the tragedy artistically, by shooting the parent birds and pulling down the nest. Creatures who can neither read novels nor attend upon dramatic performances may be presumed to suffer at times for lack of a pleasurable excitement of the sensibilities. At all events, these visitors contented themselves with staring at me for a few minutes, and then one by one turned away, as if it were not much of a show after all. To the interested couple, however, it was a matter of life and death. The female especially (or the sitter, for the sexes are indistinguishable) hopped close about my head, sometimes uttering a strangely sweet, pleading note, which might have melted a heart much harder than mine. Her associate kept at a more cautious remove, but made amends by

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continuing to scold after the danger was all over. By the bye, I noticed that in the midst of the commotion, as soon as the first agony was past, the one who had been sitting was not so entirely overcome as not to be able to relish an occasional insect, which she snatched here and there between her vituperative exclamations. Faithful and hungry little mother! her heart was not broken, let us hope, when within a week or so some miscreant, to me unknown, ravaged her house and left it desolate.

Not many rods from the vireos' cedar-tree was a brown thrasher's nest in a barberry bush. It had an exceedingly dilapidated, year-old appearance, and I went by it several times without thinking it worth looking at, till I accidentally observed the bird upon it. She did not budge till I was within a few feet of her, when she tumbled to the ground, and limped away with loud cries. Perceiving that this worn-out ruse did not avail, she turned upon me, and actually seemed about to make an attack. How she did rave! I thought that I had never seen a bird so beside herself with anger.

Shortly after my encounter with this irate thrush I nearly stepped upon one of her sisters, brooding upon a ground nest; and it illustrates what has been said about variety of temperament that the second bird received me in a very quiet, self-contained manner; giving me to understand, to be sure, that my visit was ill-timed and unwelcome, but not acting at all as if I were some ogre, the very sight of which must perforce drive a body crazy.

In the course of the season I found three nests of the rose-breasted grosbeak. The first, to my surprise, was in the topmost branches of a tall sweet-birch, perhaps forty feet above the ground. I noticed the female flying into the grove with a load of building materials, and a little later (as soon as my engagement with an interesting company of gray-cheeked thrushes would permit) I followed, and almost at once saw the pair at their work. And a very pretty exhibition it was, — so pretty that I returned the next morning to see more of it. It must be admitted that the labor seemed rather unequally divided. The female not only fetched all the sticks, but took upon herself the entire business of construction, her partner's contribution to the enterprise being limited strictly to the performance of escort duty. When she had fitted the new twigs into their place to her satisfaction (which often took considerable time) she uttered a signal, and the pair flew out of the wood together, talking sweetly as they went. The male was aware of my presence from the beginning, I think, but he appeared to regard it as of no consequence. Probably he believed the nest well out of my reach, as in fact it was. He usually sang a few snatches while waiting for his wife, and, as he sat within a few feet of her and made no attempt at concealment, it could hardly be supposed that he refrained from offering to assist her for fear his brighter colors should betray their secret. Some different motive from this must be assigned for his seeming want of gallantry. To all appearance, however, the parties themselves took the whole proceeding as a simple matter of course. They were but minding the most approved grosbeak precedents; and after all, who is so likely to be in the right as he who follows the fashion? Shall one bird presume to be wiser than all the millions of his race? Nay; as the Preacher long ago said, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be." Nothing could have been more complacent and affectionate than the lady's voice and demeanor as often as she gave the finishing touches to a twig, and called to her companion, "Come, now, let's go for another." Naturally, the female is the one most concerned about the stability and comfortable shape

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of the nest, and possibly she does not count it prudent to entrust her spouse with any share in so delicate and important an undertaking; but, if so, she must know him for an arrant bungler, since the structure which she herself puts together is a most shabby-looking affair, scarcely better than the cuckoo's.

Such happiness as that of these married lovers was perhaps too perfect to last. At any rate, it was only a week before their idyl all at once turned to tragedy. A sharp *click, click* attracted my attention, as I passed under their birch (on my way to call upon a pair of chickadees, who were keeping house in a low stump close by), and, glancing up, I saw the bushy tail of a red squirrel hanging over the edge of the nest. The male grosbeak was dashing wildly about the invader, while a wood thrush, a towhee bunting (who looked strange at such a height), a red-eyed vireo, and a blue golden-winged warbler were surveying the scene from the adjacent branches, — though the thrush withdrew in the midst of the tumult, and fell to singing (as one may see happy young couples going merrily homeward after witnessing the murder of Duncan or Desdemona). Meanwhile, the squirrel, having finished his work, descended leisurely toward the ground, snickering and chuckling, as if he felt immensely pleased with his achievement. Probably his emotions did not differ essentially from those of a human sportsman, but it was lucky for him, nevertheless, that I had no means of putting an end to his mirth. I could have blown his head off without compunction. When he had gone, and the visiting birds with him, the grosbeak returned to his nest, and in the most piteous manner hovered about the spot, — getting into the nest and out again, — as if completely dazed by the sudden disaster. Throughout the excitement the female did not show herself, and I wondered whether she could have submitted to be killed rather than desert her charge. To the honor of her kind be it said that the supposition is far from incredible.

My second nest of this species was within twenty rods of the first, and was in use at the same time; but it met with no better fate, though I was not present to see it robbed. The third was more prosperous, and, unless something befell the young at the last moment, they were safely launched upon the wing. This nest was situated in a clump of witch-hazel bushes, at a height of eight or nine feet. I remarked a grosbeak singing near the spot, and, seeing him very unwilling to move away, concluded that his home could not be far off. It was soon found, — a slight, shapeless, frail-looking bundle of sticks, with the female upon it. I took hold of the main stem, just below her, and drew her towards me; but she would not rise, although I could see her moving uneasily. I had no heart to annoy her; so I called her a good, brave bird, and left her in peace. Her mate, while this was going on, continued to sing only a few rods away. To judge from his behavior, I might have been some honored guest, to be welcomed with music. The simple-hearted — not to say simple-minded — fearlessness of this bird is really astonishing; especially in view of the fact that his showy plumage makes him a favorite mark for every amateur taxidermist. He will even warble while brooding upon the eggs, a delicious piece of absurdity, which I hope sooner or later to witness for myself.

While watching my first couple of grosbeaks I suddenly became aware of a wood thrush passing back and forth between the edge of a brook and a certain oak, against the bole of which she was making ready her summer residence. She seemed to be quite unattended; but just as I was beginning to contrast her case with that of the feminine grosbeak overhead, her mate broke into song from a low branch directly be-

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hind me. *She* had all the while known where he was, I dare say, and would have been greatly amused at my commiseration of her loneliness. The next morning she was compelled to make longer flights for such stuff as she needed; and now it was pleasant to observe that her lord did not fail to accompany her to and fro, and to sing to her while she worked.

The wood thrush has the name of a recluse, and, as compared with the omnipresent robin, he may deserve the title; but he is seldom very difficult of approach, if one only knows how to go about it, while his nest is peculiarly easy of detection. I remember one which was close by an unfenced road, just outside the city of Washington; and two or three years ago I found another in a barberry bush, not more than fifteen feet from a horse-car track, and so near the fence as to be almost within arm's-length of passers-by. This latter was in full view from the street, and withal was so feebly supported that some kind-hearted neighbor had taken pains to tie up the bush (which stood by itself) with a piece of dangerously new-looking rope. And even as I write I recall still a third, which also was close by the roadside, though at the very exceptional elevation of twenty-five or thirty feet.

It is one of the capital advantages of the ornithologist's condition that he is rarely called upon to spend his time and strength for naught. If he fails of the particular object of his search, he is all but sure to be rewarded with something else. For example, while I was unsuccessfully playing the spy upon a pair of my solitary vireos, a female tanager suddenly dropped into her half-built nest in a low pine-branch, at the same time calling softly to her mate, who at once came to sit beside her. Unfortunately, one of the pair very soon caught sight of me, and they made off in haste. I lingered about, till finally the lady appeared again, with her beak full of sticks, standing out at all points of the compass. She was so jealous of my espionage, however, that it looked as if she would never be rid of her load. No sooner did she alight in the tree than she began to crane her neck, staring this way and that, and *chipping* nervously; then she shifted her perch; then out of the tree she went altogether; then back again; then off once more; then back within a yard of the nest; then away again, till at last my patience gave out, and I left her mistress of the field. All this while the male was in sight, flitting restlessly from tree to tree at a safe distance. I have never witnessed a prettier display of connubial felicity than this pair afforded me during the minute or two which elapsed between my discovery of them and their discovery of me. I felt almost guilty for intruding upon such a scene; but, if they could only have believed it, I intended no harm, nor have I now any thought of profaning their innocent mysteries by attempting to describe what I saw.

The male tanager, with his glory of jet black and flaming scarlet, is in curious contrast with his mate, with whose personal appearance, nevertheless, he seems to be abundantly satisfied. Possibly he looks upon a dirty greenish-yellow as the loveliest of tints, and regards his own dress as nothing better than commonplace, in comparison. Like the rose-breasted grosbeak and the wood thrush, however, he is brought up with the notion that it belongs to the female to be the carpenter of the family; a belief in which, happily for his domestic peace, the female herself fully concurs.

As a general thing, handsomely dressed people live in handsome houses (emphasis should perhaps be laid upon the word *dressed*), and it would seem natural that a like congruity should hold in the case of birds. But, if such be the rule, there are at least some glaring exceptions. I have alluded to the rude

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structure of the rose-breast, and might have used nearly the same language concerning the tanager's, which latter is often fabricated so loosely that one can see the sky through it. Yet these two are among the most gorgeously attired of all our birds. On the other hand, while the wood pewee is one of the very plainest, there are few, if any, that excel her as an architect. During the season under review I had the good fortune to light upon my first nest of this fly-catcher; and, as is apt to be true, having found one, I immediately and without effort found two others. The first two were in oaks, the third in a hornbeam; and all were set upon the upper side of a horizontal bough ("saddled" upon it, as the manuals say), at the junction of an offshoot with the main branch. Two of them were but partially done when discovered, and I was glad to see one pair of the birds in something very like a frolic, such a state as would hardly be predicted of these peculiarly sober-seeming creatures. The builder of the second nest was remarkably confiding, and proceeded with her labors, quite undisturbed by my proximity and undisguised interest. It was to be remarked that she had trimmed the outside of her nest with lichens before finishing the interior; and I especially admired the very clever manner in which she hovered against the dead pine-trunk, from which she was gathering strips of bark. Concerning her unsuspiciousness, however, it should be said that the word applies only to her treatment of myself. When a thrasher had the impertinence to alight in her oak she ordered him off in high dudgeon, dashing back and forth above him, and snapping spitefully as she passed. She knew her rights, and, knowing, dared maintain. When a bird builds her nest in any part of a tree she claims every twig of it as her own. I have even seen the gentle-hearted chickadee resent the intrusion of a chipping sparrow, though it appeared impossible that the latter could be suspected of any predatory or sinister design.

The shallowness of the wood pewee's saucer-shaped nest, its position upon the branch, and especially its external dress of lichens, all conspire to render it inconspicuous. It is an interesting question whether the owner herself appreciates all this, or has merely inherited the fashion, without thought of the reasons for it. The latter supposition, I confess, looks to me the more probable. It must often be true of other animals, as it is of men, that they build better than they know. Their wisdom is not their own, but belongs to a power back of them, — a power which works, if you will, in accordance with what we designate as the law of natural selection, and which, so to speak, enlightens the race rather than the individual.

After all, it is the ground birds that puzzle the human oölogist. Crossing a brook, I saw what I regarded as almost infallible signs that a pair of Maryland yellow-throats had begun to build beside it. Unless I was entirely at fault, the nest must be within a certain two or three square yards, and I devoted half an hour, more or less, to ransacking the grass and bushes, till I thought every inch of the ground had been gone over; but all to no purpose. Continuing my walk, I noticed after a while that the male warbler was accompanying me up the hillside, apparently determined to see me safely out of the way. Coming to the same brook again the next morning, I halted for another search; and lo! all in a moment my eye fell upon the coveted nest, not on the ground, but perhaps eight inches from it, in a little clump of young golden-rods, which would soon overgrow it completely. The female proprietor was present, and manifested so much concern that I would not tarry, but made rather as if I had seen nothing, and passed on. It was some time before I observed that she was

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keeping along beside me, precisely as her mate had done the day before. The innocent creatures, sorely pestered as they were, could hardly be blamed for such precautions; yet it is not pleasant to be "shadowed" as a suspicious character, even by Maryland yellow-throats.

This was my first nest of a very common warbler, and I felt particularly solicitous for its safety; but alas! no sooner was the first egg laid than something or somebody carried it off, and the afflicted couple deserted the house on which they had expended so much labor and anxiety.

Not far beyond the yellow-throats' brook, and almost directly under one of the pewees' oaks, was a nest which pretty certainly had belonged to a pair of chewinks, but which was already forsaken when I found it, though I had then no inkling of the fact. It contained four eggs, and everything was in perfect order. The mother had gone away, and had never come back; having fallen a victim, probably, to some collector, human or inhuman. The tragedy was peculiar; and the tragical effect of it was heightened as day after day, for nearly a fortnight at least (I cannot say for how much longer), the beautiful eggs lay there entirely uncovered, and yet no skunk, squirrel, or other devourer of such dainties happened to spy them. It seemed doubly sad that so many precious nests should be robbed, while this set of worthless eggs was left to spoil.

I have already mentioned the housekeeping of a couple of chickadees in a low birch stump. Theirs was one of three titmouse nests just then claiming my attention. I visited it frequently, from the time when the pair were hard at work making the cavity up to the time when the brood were nearly ready to shift for themselves. Both birds took their share of the digging, and on several occasions I saw one feeding the other. After the eggs were deposited, the mother (or the sitter) displayed admirable courage, refusing again and again to quit her post when I peered in upon her, and even when with my cane I rapped smartly upon the stump. If I put my fingers into the hole, however, she followed them out in hot haste. Even when most seriously disturbed by my attentions the pair made use of no other notes than the common *chickadee, dee*, but these they sometimes delivered in an unnaturally sharp, fault-finding tone.

My two other titmouse nests were both in apple-trees, and one of them was in my own door-yard, though beyond convenient reach without the help of a ladder. The owners of this last were interesting for a very decided change in their behavior after the young were hatched, and especially as the time for the little ones' exodus drew near. At first, notwithstanding their door opened right upon the street, as it were, within a rod or two of passing horse-cars, the father and mother went in and out without the least apparent concern as to who might be watching them; but when they came to be feeding their hungry offspring, it was almost laughable to witness the little craftinesses to which they resorted. They would perch on one of the outer branches, call *chickadee, dee*, fly a little nearer, then likely enough go further off, till finally, after a variety of such "false motions," into the hole they would duck, as if nobody for the world must be allowed to know where they had gone. It was really wonderful how expert they grew at entering quickly. I pondered a good deal over their continual calling on such occasions. It seemed foolish and inconsistent; half the time I should have failed to notice their approach, had they only kept still. Toward the end, however, when the chicks inside the trunk could be heard articulating *chickadee, dee* with perfect distinctness, it occurred to me that possibly all this persistent repetition of the

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phrase by the old birds had been only or mainly in the way of tuition. At all events, the youngsters had this part of the chickadese vocabulary right at their tongues' end, as we say, before making their *début* in the great world.

But it was reserved for my third pair of tits to give me a genuine surprise. I had been so constant a visitor at their house that I had come to feel myself quite on terms of intimacy with them. So, after their brood was hatched, I one day climbed into the tree (as I had done more than once before), the better to overlook their parental labors. I had hardly placed myself in a comfortable seat before the couple returned from one of their foraging expeditions. The male — or the one that I took for such — had a black morsel of some kind in his bill, which, on reaching the tree, he passed over to his mate, who forthwith carried it into the hollow stub, in the depths of which the hungry little ones were. Then the male flew off again, and presently came back with another beakful, which his helpmeet took from him at the door, where she had been awaiting his arrival. After this performance had been repeated two or three times, curiosity led me to stand up against the stub, with my hand resting upon it; at which the female (who was just inside the mouth of the cavity) slipped out, and set up an anxious *chickadee, dee, dee.* When her mate appeared, — which he did almost immediately, — he flew into what looked like a downright paroxysm of rage, not against me, but against the mother bird, shaking his wings and scolding violently. I relieved the situation of its embarrassment by dropping to the ground, and within a few minutes the pair again approached the stub in company; but when the female made a motion to take the food from her husband's bill, as before, he pounced upon her spitefully, drove her away, and dived into the hole himself. Apparently he had not yet forgiven what he accounted her pusillanimous desertion of her charge. All in all, the scene was a revelation to me, a chickadee family quarrel being something the like of which I had never dreamed of. Perhaps no titmouse ever before had so timorous a wife. But however that might be, I sincerely hoped that they would not be long in making up their difference. I had enjoyed the sight of their loving intercourse so many weeks that I should have been sorry indeed to believe that it could end in strife. Nor could I regard it as so unpardonable a weakness for a bird to move off, even from her young, when a man put his fingers within a few inches of her. Possibly she ought to have known that I meant no mischief. Possibly, too, her doughty lord would have behaved more commendably in the same circumstances; but of that I am by no means certain. To borrow a theological term, my conception of bird nature is decidedly anthropomorphic, and I incline to believe that chickadees as well as men find it easier to blame others than to do better themselves.

Here these reminiscences must come to an end, though the greater part of my season's experiences are still untouched. First, however, let me relieve my conscience by putting on record the bravery of a black-billed cuckoo, whom I was obliged fairly to drive from her post of duty. Her nest was a sorry enough spectacle, — a flat, unwalled platform, carpeted with willow catkins and littered with egg-shells, in the midst of which latter lay a single callow nestling, nearly as black as a crow. But as I looked at the parent bird, while she sat within ten feet of me, eying my every movement intently, and uttering her wrath in various cries (some cat-like mewings among them), my heart reproached me that I had ever written of the cuckoo as a coward and a sneak. Truth will not allow me to take the

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words back entirely, even now; but I felt at that moment, and do still, that I might have been better employed mending my own faults than in holding up to scorn the foibles of a creature who, when worst came to worst, could set me such a shining example of courageous fidelity. It is always in order to be charitable; and I ought to have remembered that, for those who are themselves subject to imperfection, generosity is the best kind of justice.

Bradford Torrey.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE.

It takes many years after an author's death to award to him a decisive allotment of fame; but literary history prizes some men as landmarks, when they are not permanently recorded as light-houses, still less as fixed stars. It is a comfort to think that many a modest author, and indeed many a mediocre one, may have an unquestioned value in relation to his time, without awaiting the result of any *appel à l'impartiale postérité*, like that which Madame Roland so laboriously prepared. In such a case as that of the late Mr. Whipple, this preliminary estimate may be made at once and without hesitation. He was an essential part of the literary life of Boston at a time when that city probably furnished a larger proportion of the literary life of the nation than it will ever again supply. He was unique among the authors of that time and place in his training, tastes, and mental habit; the element that he contributed was special and valuable; he duplicated nobody, while at the same time he antagonized nobody, and the controversial history of that period will find no place for his name. How much more than this can be claimed for him it is too early to determine; but nothing can take from him the position of an essential and noticeable landmark in our American literary history.

It is an important feature in his early career that he constituted a link between the literary and commercial Boston of forty years ago. As Dr. Holmes derived, at the beginning, a certain well-defined prestige from being in literature the representative of the medical profession, — its hero, its one conspicuous bid for literary preëminence, — so Whipple had, in like manner, the mercantile community, a far larger constituency than the physicians, behind him. He was one of themselves: the Boston Mercantile Library had been his study, the lecture room of the same association his first field of prominence, his occupation that of secretary of the Merchants' Exchange. At a time when almost all New England authors came from Harvard College and the training of Edward Channing, he stepped into the arena with only the merchants' powerful guild behind him. These sponsors could justly claim that he stood already equipped with that clearness of thought and accuracy of statement which professors of rhetoric often vainly crave in their pupils; and it is no wonder that he in turn felt the value of his backing, and repaid it by courageous labors and undoubted successes. He was, indeed, the almost solitary instance, at that period, of the self-made man in American literature; and to represent this type, now familiar enough, was in those days a distinction. He had also the merit of having visibly modeled his style upon Macaulay, then at the height of his fame, and of having been complimented by Macaulay himself; and

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this, to a community just beginning the process of self-emancipation from colonial dependence, — a process still incomplete, but then inchoate, — was something. He partook too of that reaction which was just setting in from the rather grave and colorless literary style of Channing; and his crisp and often pungent sentences made this reaction palatable to many who could not yet inure themselves to Emerson. His even temperament saved him from extremes and his amiability from rancor, so that while Poe was dealing out bitter personalities in the Broadway Journal, and many younger writers were following in his track, Whipple, like Longfellow, passed along undisturbed.

By the mere exercise of these moral qualities, combined with great keenness of insight, he doubtless did a great deal for the American criticism of his day, and must rank with Margaret Fuller Ossoli and far above Poe in the total value of his work. It is certainly saying a great deal in his praise to admit that up to a certain time in his life there was probably no other literary man in America who had so thoroughly made the best of himself, — extracted so thoroughly from his own natural gifts their utmost resources. His memory was great, his reading constant, his acquaintance large, his apprehension ready and clear. He had no gift of extemporaneous oratory, but in conversation he excelled. What he said or wrote was so well grounded, so pithy, so candid, so neat, that you felt for the moment as if it were the final word; it was only upon the second reading that you became conscious of a certain limitation. After all, the thought never went very deep; the attraction of style was evanescent; there was no very wide outlook, no ideal atmosphere. There were wit and keenness and kindly frankness, but no subtle depths, no haunting quality, none of the "seeds of things." These restrictions may have been almost inseparable from the form of a popular lecture, which was that he commonly chose; but they were restrictions, all the same. In a time and place which had produced Emerson, this narrowness of range was a defect almost fatal. It did not harm his immediate success, and he is said, in those palmy days of lecturing, to have appeared a thousand times before audiences. But now that his lectures — or his essays which might have been lectures — are read critically, many years later, we can see that the same shrinkage which has overtaken the work of Bayard Taylor and Dr. Holland, his compeers upon the lecture platform, has also overtaken his. Whether it was that this platform, by its direct influence, restricted these men, or whether it was that a certain limitation of intellect was best fitted for producing the article precisely available for this particular market, it is clear that these three illustrate alike the successes and the drawbacks of the lecturing profession. Now that this vocation itself has nearly vanished, these comparisons have become instructive. The pursuit obviously had its perils; if it sometimes developed genius, it more often substituted for it mere talent. How insignificant seemed Thoreau, for instance, in his Concord shanty, beside the least of these three popular and successful men; yet the influence of Thoreau began to grow from the time of his death, and of the eight volumes of his writings demanded by the public six were posthumous. Already his fame surpasses that of these others, as the fame of William Blake has surpassed that of his almost forgotten patron, the one eminently popular and successful poet of his time, William Hayley. Thus tardily does the flavor of original genius vindicate itself. "The glorious emperor, the mighty potentate, has passed away, and of all his attributes there is remembered only this, — that he knew not the worth of Firdousi."

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The book in which Mr. Whipple set his highest mark was his Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. Here one sees him at his best, and for that reason perceives these barriers most clearly. All that industry can do is here done, and there is proof of ample literary inquiry as distinct from the severer task we call scholarly research. The characters pass before us, but not one of them is, in Jonson's phrase, "rammed with life," although Jonson himself is one of them. The precise value of the book is to be best seen by measuring it with that of Hazlitt on the same subject. Hazlitt is not one of the immortals, and yet it requires no very careful examination to show that he gives fresher, stronger, and deeper suggestions, that he teaches us far more, than Whipple. Again, the style of Whipple is more even, more carefully adjusted, than that of Lowell; he has fewer irrelevancies, fewer cumbrous sentences, fewer involved metaphors; and yet Lowell's Conversation on the Old Dramatists, his first crude prose work, still remains more fertile and suggestive to any cultivated mind than the comparatively neat and prosaic essays of Whipple. Lowell's exuberant wealth goes far to atone for his rhetorical sins; while Whipple's rhetorical virtues do not reconcile us to his lack of exuberance.

There was a good deal of the publicist in Whipple; and while he would never have had the presence or perhaps the nerve for public debate, he would have shone as private secretary to a statesman or clerk of some high commission. He had no vanity; and in such a position all his stores of knowledge and his trained skill in statement would have been placed unselfishly at his country's service. He enjoyed better, perhaps, what was in those days the cultivated decorum of English politics than the seething tumult of our own; he read the English journals, remembered past debates in Hansard, and could at any time have sent across the Atlantic a good leading article for the London Times. At home his lot fell in a period of revolution; the great anti-slavery movement touched him, though not at first profoundly; and, while never a recusant, he was never a leader in those early days. He had the literary temperament, and his willingness to accept for life a vocation then somewhat subordinate and underpaid was nothing less than admirable. In his youth, it was so much easier to be a business man than to be an author that there was really something of chivalry in his thus siding with the weaker party. Even now, when we observe how much more important to any of our universities appears the man who erects for it a great building than he who honors it by a great book, we can see how much more seductive are the paths leading to wealth than those which point toward learning. Of course one may never be rich enough to pay for the building, but so he may never be wise enough to write the book; the literary temperament is seen in the decision made by a young man as to which risk he shall incur. Whipple had no hesitation: literature was his first and last choice, and he did not swerve from it; and though he never attained to wealth, and perhaps not to an immortal fame, he doubtless never repented his decision. He unquestionably had a happy life, at least in his prime; he enjoyed his profession and found a steady demand for his work; he had a circle of warm friends and a delightful home; nor was he ever forced to that overwork found by some men so crushing. No pangs of envy ever saddened or disturbed him; he liked better to write or talk of others than of himself, and, like Leyden in Scott's description, "praised other names, but left his own unsung."

He was singularly free from all borrowed or second-hand qualities; his style was perhaps formed on Macaulay, as has been said, but it is far terser

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and less measured, while less pointed and brilliant; and after Macaulay he certainly had no personal master. Coleridge and Landor, Carlyle and Emerson, came and went, but left no trace upon him. Lowell in his Biglow Papers swerved sometimes into the most flagrant Carlylese, but in Whipple there is no sign of any passing or present mannerism. This too he owed to his happy equipoise of temperament, preserving him from many faults and from some merits. His latest writings were almost his best; the essay on George Eliot, for instance, was full of discrimination and sympathy. Though fond of illustration and anecdote, he was never garrulous in talk or writing; never diluted or spun out an essay, but wrote only so long as he had, or thought he had, something to say. He had a great deal of wit, and some of his phrases will long be current, at least in Boston: "the *effete* of society," "the gentlemen of wealth and pleasure," and so on. But the wit played and never wounded, in his case; when he left a club room there was no crowding together of guests who lingered to repeat his latest sarcasms, each admirer thrilling with pleasure that the bitter arrow had penetrated somebody else than himself.

Landor's one aspiration was to have a seat, however humble, upon the small bench that holds the really original authors of the world. No man can tell for himself, we can scarcely tell for another, whether any such dream has been fulfilled. A man can no more see his own genius than his own face; if he looks in the glass for the purpose, all other expression vanishes, and the face that his friends or foes see is not there. It was one of the fortunate traits of Whipple's temperament that he cared little about the mirror; he did his work industriously and conscientiously, letting it then stand as it was done. Where so large a portion of this work is criticism, such a habit is no slight merit. Never to write frivolously, or in malice, or with any exultation of power, or in any half-conscious spirit of retaliation for what your victim and his set have said about you and your set at some other time, — this is a rare point of superiority. But this was so essential a part of Whipple's equipment that it did not actually seem like superiority in him; nobody ever imagined that he could be anything else than dispassionate, fair-minded, and self-controlled. In this magazine, where much of his writing appeared, he contributed to the first volume a paper on Intellectual Character, of which the key-note is that all intellectual success is connected with personal manliness. His conclusion is "that virtue is an aid to insight; . . . that the austerities of conscience will dictate precision to statements and exactness to arguments; that the same moral sentiments and moral power which regulate the conduct of life will illumine the path and stimulate the purpose of those daring spirits eager to add to the discoveries of truth and the creations of art." And in making these broad statements he was but explaining the manner in which thought and character stood mutually related within his own career.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

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THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FOURTH.

XLI.

HYACINTH waited a long time, but when at last Millicent came to the door the splendor of her appearance did much to justify her delay. He heard an immense rustling on the staircase, accompanied by a creaking of that inexpensive structure, and then she brushed forward into the narrow, dusky passage, where he had been standing for a quarter of an hour. She looked flushed; she exhaled a strong, cheap perfume; and she instantly thrust her muff, a tight, fat, beribboned receptacle, at him, to be held while she adjusted her gloves to her large, vulgar hands. Hyacinth opened the door — it was so natural an assumption that they would not be able to talk properly in the passage — and they came out to the low steps, where they stood in the yellow Sunday sunshine. A loud ejaculation on the beauty of the day broke from Millicent, though, as we know, she was not addicted to facile admirations. The winter was not over, but the spring had begun, and the smoky London air allowed the baffled citizens, by way of a change, to see through it. The town could refresh its recollections of the sky, and the sky could ascertain the geographical position of the town. The essential dimness of the low perspectives had by no means disappeared, but it had loosened its folds; it lingered as a blur of mist, interwoven with pretty sun-tints and faint transparencies. There was warmth and there was light, and a view of the shutters of shops, and the church-bells were ringing. Miss Henning remarked that it was a "shime" she could n't have a place to ask a gentleman to sit down; but what were you to do when you had such a grind for your living, and a room, to keep yourself tidy, no bigger than a pill-box? She could n't, herself, abide waiting outside; she knew something about it when she took things home to ladies to choose (the time they spent was long enough to choose a husband!), and it always made her feel quite miserable. It was something cruel. If she could have what she liked, she knew what she would have; and she hinted at a mystic bower, where a visitor could sit and enjoy himself — with the morning paper, or a nice view out of the window, or something like that — so that, in an adjacent apartment, she could dress without getting in a fidget, which always made her red in the face.

"I don't know how I *'ave* pitched on my things," she remarked, presenting her magnificence to Hyacinth, who became aware that she had put a small, plump book into her muff. He explained that, the day being so fine, he had come to propose to her to take a walk with him, in the manner of ancient times. They might spend an hour or two in the Park, and stroll beside the Serpentine, or even paddle about on it, if she liked, and watch the lambkins, or feed the ducks, if she would put a crust in her pocket. The prospect of paddling Miss Henning entirely declined; she had no idea of wetting her flounces, and she left those rough pleasures, especially of a Sunday, to a lower class of young woman. But she did n't mind if she did go for a turn, though he did n't deserve any such favor, after the way he had n't been near her, if she had died in her garret. She was not one that was to be dropped and taken up at any man's convenience; she did n't keep a shop, where you could come in

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only if you wanted something. Millicent expressed the belief that if the day had not been so lovely she should have sent Hyacinth about his business; it was lucky for him that she was always forgiving (such was her sensitive, generous nature) when the sun was out. Only there was one thing — she could n't abide making no difference for Sunday; it was her personal habit to go to church, and she should have it on her conscience if she gave it up for a lark. Hyacinth had already been impressed, more than once, at the manner in which his blooming friend stickled for the religious observance: of all the queer disparities of her nature, her devotional turn struck him as perhaps the queerest. She held her head erect through the longest and dullest sermon, and came out of the place of worship with her fine face embellished by the publicity of her virtue. She was exasperated by the general secularity of Hyacinth's behavior, especially taken in conjunction with his general straightness, and was only consoled a little by the fact that if he did n't drink, or fight, or steal, at least he indulged in unlimited wickedness of opinion — theories as bad as anything that people got ten years for. Hyacinth had not yet revealed to her that his theories had somehow lately come to be held with less tension; an instinct of kindness had forbidden him to deprive her of a grievance which ministered so much to sociability. He had not reflected that she would have been more aggrieved, and consequently more delightful, if her condemnation of his godlessness had been deprived of confirmatory evidence.

On the present occasion she let him know that she would go for a walk with him if he would first accompany her to church; and it was in vain he represented to her that this proceeding would deprive them of their morning, inasmuch as after church she would have to dine, and in the interval there would be no time left. She replied, with a toss of her head, that she dined when she liked; besides, on Sundays, she had cold fare — it was left out for her; an argument to which Hyacinth had to assent, his ignorance of her domestic economy being complete, thanks to the maidenly mystery, the vagueness of reference and explanation, in which, in spite of great freedom of complaint, perpetual announcements of intended change, impending promotion, and high bids for her services in other quarters, she had always enshrouded her private affairs. Hyacinth walked by her side to the place of worship she preferred — her choice was made apparently from a large experience; and as they went he remarked that it was a good job he was n't married to her. Lord, how she would bully him, how she would "squeeze" him, in such a case! The worst of it would be that — such was his amiable, peace-loving nature — he would obey, like a showman's poodle. And pray, whom was a man to obey, asked Millicent, if he was not to obey his wife? She sat up in her pew with a majesty that carried out this idea; she seemed to answer, in her proper person, for the infallibility of the Church of England, and Hyacinth had never felt himself under such distinguished protection. When she was fine there was no one so fine; the Princess Casamassima came back to him, in comparison, as a Bohemian, a spangled adventuress. He had come to see her to-day not for the sake of her austerity (he had had too gloomy a week for that), but for that of her softer side; yet now that she treated him to the severer spectacle it struck him, for the moment, as really grand sport — a kind of magnification of her rich vitality. She had her phases and caprices, like the Princess herself; and if they were not the same as those of the lady of Madeira Crescent, they proved, at least, that she was as brave a woman. No one but a capital girl

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could give herself such airs; she would have a consciousness of the large reserve of amiability required for making up for them. The Princess wished to destroy society, and Millicent wished to uphold it; and as Hyacinth, by the side of his childhood's friend, listened to practiced intonings, he was obliged to recognize the liberality of a fate which had sometimes appeared invidious. He had been provided with the best opportunities for choosing between the beauty of the conventional and the beauty of the original.

Fortunately, on this particular Sunday, there was no sermon (fortunately, I mean, from the point of view of Hyacinth's heretical impatience), so that after the congregation dispersed there was still plenty of time for a walk in the Park. Our friends traversed that barely interrupted expanse of irrepressible herbage which stretches from the Bird-Cage Walk to Hyde Park Corner, and took their way to Kensington Gardens, beside the Serpentine. Once Millicent's devotions were over for the day (she as rigidly abstained from repeating them in the afternoon as she made a point of the first service), once she had lifted her voice in prayer and praise, she changed her *allure;* moving to a different measure, uttering her sentiments in a high, free manner, and not minding that it should be perceived that she had on her very best gown, and was out, if need be, for the day. She was mainly engaged, for some time, in overhauling Hyacinth for his long absence, demanding some account of what he had been "up to." He listened to her philosophically, liking and enjoying her chaff, which seemed to him, oddly enough, wholesome and refreshing, and absolutely declining to satisfy her. He remarked, as he had had occasion to do before, that if he asked no explanations of her the least he had a right to expect in return was that she should let him off as easily; and even the indignation with which she received this plea did not make him feel that an *éclaircissement* between them could be a serious thing. There was nothing to explain, and nothing to forgive; they were a pair of very fallible individuals, who were united much more by their weaknesses than by any consistency or fidelity that they might pretend to practice toward each other. It was an old acquaintance — the oldest thing, to-day, except Mr. Vetch's friendship, in Hyacinth's life; and strange as this may appear, it inspired our young man with a kind of indulgent piety. The probability that Millicent "kept company" with other men had quite ceased to torment his imagination; it was no longer necessary to his happiness to be certain about it in order that he might dismiss her from his mind. He could be as happy without it as with it, and he felt a new modesty in regard to prying into her affairs. He was so little in a position to be stern with her that her assumption that he recognized a right on her own part to chide him seemed to him only a part of her perpetual clumsiness — a clumsiness that was not soothing, but was, nevertheless, in its rich spontaneity, one of the things he liked her for.

"If you have come to see me only to make jokes at my expense, you had better have stayed away altogether," she said, with dignity, as they came out of the Green Park. "In the first place it 's rude, in the second place it 's silly, and in the third place I see through you."

"My dear Millicent, the motions you go through, the resentment you profess, is purely perfunctory," her companion replied. "But it does n't matter; go on — say anything you like. I came to see you for recreation, for a little entertainment without effort of my own. I scarcely ventured to hope, however, that you would make me laugh — I have been so dismal for a long time. In fact, I am dismal still. I wish I had your disposition! My mirth is feverish."

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"The first thing I require of any friend is that he should respect me," Miss Henning announced. "You lead a bad life. I know what to think about that," she continued irrelevantly.

"And is it out of respect for you that you wish me to lead a better one? To-day, then, is so much saved out of my wickedness. Let us get on the grass," Hyacinth continued; "it is innocent and pastoral to feel it under one's feet. It's jolly to be with you; you understand everything."

"I don't understand everything you say, but I understand everything you hide," the young woman returned, as the great central expanse of Hyde Park, looking intensely green and browsable, stretched away before them.

"Then I shall soon become a mystery to you, for I mean, from this time forth, to cease to seek safety in concealment. You'll know nothing about me then, for it will be all under your nose."

"Well, there's nothing so pretty as nature," Millicent observed, surveying the smutty sheep who find pasturage in the fields that extend from Knightsbridge to the Bayswater Road. "What will you do when you're so bad you can't go to the shop?" she added, with a sudden transition. And when he asked why he should ever be so bad as that, she said she could see he *was* in a fever; she had n't noticed it at first, because he never had had any more complexion than a cheese. Was it something he had caught in some of those back slums, where he went prying about with his wicked ideas? It served him right, for taking as little good into such places as ever came out of them. Would his fine friends — a precious lot *they* were, that put it off on him to do all the nasty part! — would they find the doctor, and the port wine, and the money, and all the rest, when he was laid up perhaps for months, through their putting such rubbish into his head, and his putting it into others that could carry it even less? Millicent stopped on the grass, in the watery sunshine, and bent on her companion an eye in which he perceived, freshly, an awakened curiosity, a friendly, reckless ray, a pledge of substantial comradeship. Suddenly she exclaimed, quitting the tone of exaggerated derision which she had used a moment before, "You little rascal, you've got something on your heart! Has your Princess given you the sack?"

"My poor girl, your talk is a queer mixture," Hyacinth murmured. "But it may well be. It is not queerer than my life."

"Well, I'm glad you admit that!" the young woman cried, walking on with a flutter of her ribbons.

"Your ideas about my ideas!" Hyacinth continued. "Yes, you should see me in the back slums. I'm a bigger Philistine than you, Miss Henning."

"You've got more ridiculous names, if that's what you mean. I don't believe that half the time you know what you do mean, yourself. I don't believe you even know, with all your thinking, what you do think. That's your disease."

"It's astonishing how you sometimes put your finger on the place," Hyacinth rejoined. "I mean to think no more — I mean to give it up. Avoid it yourself, my dear Millicent — avoid it as you would a baleful vice. It confers no true happiness. Let us live in the world of irreflective contemplation — let us live in the present hour."

"I don't care how I live, nor where I live," said Millicent, "so long as I can do as I like. It's them that are over you — it's them that cut it fine. But you never were really satisfactory to me — not as one friend should be to another," she pursued, reverting irresistibly to the concrete, and turning still upon her companion that fine fairness which had no cause to shrink from a daylight exhibition. "Do you remember that day I came back to Lomax

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Place, ever so long ago, and called on poor dear Miss Pynsent (she could n't abide me; she did n't like my form), and waited till you came in, and went out for a walk with you, and had tea at a coffee-shop? Well, I don't mind telling you that you were n't satisfactory to me then, and that I consider myself remarkably good-natured, ever since, to have kept you so little up to the mark. You always tried to carry it off as if you were telling one everything, and you never told one nothing at all."

"What is it you want me to tell, my dear child?" Hyacinth inquired, putting his hand into her arm. "I'll tell you anything you like."

"I dare say, you 'll tell me a lot of trash! Certainly, I tried kindness," Miss Henning declared.

"Try it again; don't give it up," said her companion, strolling along with her in close association.

She stopped short, detaching herself, though not with intention. "Well, then, has she — *has* she chucked you over?"

Hyacinth turned his eyes away; he looked at the green expanse, faintly misty in the sunshine, dotted with Sundayfied figures which made it seem larger; at the wooded boundary of the Park, beyond the grassy moat of Kensington Gardens; at a shining reach of the Serpentine on one side, and the far façades of Bayswater, brightened by the fine weather and the privilege of their view, on the other. "Well, you know I rather think so," he replied, in a moment.

"Ah, the nasty brute!" cried Millicent, as they resumed their walk.

Upwards of an hour later they were sitting under the great trees of Kensington Gardens, those scattered over the slope which rises gently from the side of the water most distant from the old red palace. They had taken possession of a couple of the chairs placed there for the convenience of that part of the public for which a penny is not, as the French say, an affair, and Millicent, of whom such speculations were highly characteristic, had devoted considerable conjecture to the question whether the individual charged with collecting the said penny would omit to come and ask for his fee. Miss Henning liked to enjoy her pleasures *gratis*, as well as to see others do so, and even that of sitting in a penny chair could touch her more deeply in proportion as she might feel that nothing would be paid for it. The man came round, however, and after that her pleasure could only take the form of sitting as long as possible, to recover her money. This question had been settled, and two or three others, of a much weightier kind, had come up. At the moment we again participate in the conversation of the pair Millicent was leaning forward, earnest and attentive, with her hands clasped in her lap and her multitudinous silver bracelets tumbled forward upon her wrists. Her face, with its parted lips and eyes clouded to gentleness, wore an expression which Hyacinth had never seen there before, and which caused him to say to her, "After all, dear Milly, you 're a good old fellow!"

"Why did you never tell me before — years ago?" she asked.

"It 's always soon enough to commit an imbecility! I don't know why I tell you to-day, sitting here in a charming place, in balmy air, amid pleasing suggestions, without any reason or practical end. The story is hideous, and I have held my tongue for so long! It would have been an effort, an impossible effort, at any time, to do otherwise. Somehow, to-day it has n't been an effort; and indeed I have spoken just *because* the air is sweet, and the place ornamental, and the day a holiday, and your company exhilarating. These circumstances have had the effect that an object has if you plunge it into a cup of water — the water overflows. Only in my case it 's not water, but a very foul liquid indeed. Excuse the bad odor!"

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There had been a flush of excitement in Millicent's face while she listened to what had gone before; it lingered there, and as a color heightened by emotion is never unbecoming to a handsome woman, it enriched her exceptional expression. "I would n't have been so rough with you," she presently remarked.

"My dear lass, *this* is n't rough!" her companion exclaimed.

"You 're all of a tremble." She put out her hand and laid it on his own, as if she had been a nurse feeling his pulse.

"Very likely. I 'm a nervous little beast," said Hyacinth.

"Any one would be nervous, to think of anything so awful. And when it 's yourself!" And the girl's manner represented the dreadfulness of such a contingency. "You require sympathy," she added, in a tone that made Hyacinth smile; the words sounded like a medical prescription.

"A tablespoonful every half hour," he rejoined, keeping her hand, which she was about to draw away.

"You would have been nicer, too," Millicent went on.

"How do you mean, I would have been nicer?"

"Well, I like you now," said Miss Henning. And this time she drew away her hand, as if, after such a speech, to recover her dignity.

"It 's a pity I have always been so terribly under the influence of women," Hyacinth murmured, folding his arms.

He was surprised at the delicacy with which Millicent replied: "You must remember that they have a great deal to make up to you."

"Do you mean for my mother? Ah, *she* would have made it up, if they had let her! But the sex in general *have* been very nice to me," he continued. "It 's wonderful, the kindness they have shown me, and the amount of pleasure I have derived from their society."

It would perhaps be inquiring too nicely to consider whether this reference to sources of consolation other than those that sprang from her own bosom had an irritating effect on Millicent; at all events, after a moment's silence, she answered it by asking, "Does *she* know — your abominable Princess?"

"Yes, but she does n't mind it."

"That 's most uncommonly kind of her!" cried the girl, with a scornful laugh.

"It annoys me very much to hear you apply invidious epithets to her. You know nothing about her."

"How do you know what I know, please?" Millicent asked this question with the habit of her natural pugnacity, but the next instant she dropped her voice, as if she remembered that she was in the presence of a great misfortune. "Has n't she treated you most shamefully, and you such a regular dear?"

"Not in the least. It is I that, as you may say, have rounded on hers. She made my acquaintance because I was interested in the same things as she was. Her interest has continued, has increased, but mine, for some reason or other, has declined. She has been consistent, and I have been fickle."

"Your interest has declined, in the Princess?" Millicent questioned, following imperfectly this somewhat complicated statement.

"Oh, dear, no. I mean only in some views that I used to have."

"Ay, when you thought everything should go to the lowest! That 's a good job!" Miss Henning exclaimed, with an indulgent laugh, as if, after all, Hyacinth's views and the changes in his views were not what was most important. "And your grand lady still holds for the costermongers!"

"She wants to take hold of the great question of material misery; she wants to do something to make that misery less. I don't care for her means, I don't like her processes. But when I think of what there is to be done, and

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of the courage and devotion of those that set themselves to do it, it seems to me sometimes that with my reserves and scruples I 'm a very poor creature."

"You *are* a poor creature — to sit there and put such accusation on yourself!" the girl flashed out. "If you have n't a spirit for yourself, I promise you I 've got one for you! If she has n't chucked you over, why in the name of common sense did you say just now that she has? And why is your dear old face as white as my stocking?"

Hyacinth looked at her awhile without answering, as if he took a placid pleasure in her violence. "I don't know — I don't understand."

She put out her hand and took possession of his own; for a minute she held it, as if she wished to check herself, finding some influence in his touch that would help her. They sat in silence, looking at the ornamental water and the landscape gardening beyond, which was reflected in it; until Millicent turned her eyes again upon her companion, and remarked, "Well, that 's the way I 'd have served him, too!"

It took him a moment to perceive that she was alluding to the vengeance wrought upon Lord Frederick. "Don't speak of that; you 'll never again hear a word about it on my lips. It 's all darkness."

"I always knew you were a gentleman," the girl went on.

"A queer variety, *cara mia*," her companion rejoined, not very candidly, as we know the theories he himself had cultivated on this point. "Of course you had heard poor Pinnie's incurable indiscretions. They used to exasperate me when she was alive, but I forgive her now. It 's time I should, when I begin to talk myself. I think I 'm breaking up."

"Oh, it was n't Miss Pynsent; it was just yourself."

"Pray, what did I ever say, in those days?"

"It was n't what you said," Millicent answered, with refinement. "I guessed the whole business — except, of course, what she got her time for, and you being taken to that death-bed — that day I came back to the Place. Could n't you see I was turning it over? And did I ever throw it up at you, whatever high words we might have had? Therefore what I say now is no more than I thought then; it only makes you nicer."

She was crude, she was common, she even had the vice of unskillful exaggeration, for he himself honestly could not understand how the situation he had described could make him nicer. But when the faculty of affection that was in her rose, as it were, to the surface, it diffused a sense of rest, almost of protection, deepening, at any rate, the luxury of the balmy holiday, the interlude and the grind of the week's work; so that, though neither of them had dined, Hyacinth would have been delighted to sit with her there the whole afternoon. It seemed a pause in something bitter that was happening to him, making it stop awhile or pushing it off to a distance. His thoughts hovered about that with a pertinacity of which they themselves were weary; but they regarded it now with a kind of wounded indifference. It would be too much, no doubt, to say that Millicent's society appeared a compensation, but it seemed at least a resource. She too, evidently, was highly content; she made no proposal to retrace their steps. She interrogated him about his father's family, and whether they were going to let him go on like that always, without ever holding out so much as a little finger to him; and she declared, in a manner that was meant to gratify him by the indignation it conveyed, though the awkwardness of the turn made him smile, that if she were one of them she could n't "abear" the thought of a relation of hers being in such a poor way. Hyacinth already knew what Miss Henning

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thought of his business at old Crookenden's, and of the perversity of a young man of his parts contenting himself with a career which was after all a mere getting of one's living by one's 'ands. He had to do with books; but so had any shop boy who should carry such articles to the residence of purchasers; and plainly Millicent had never discovered wherein the art he practiced differed from that of a plumber or glazier. He had not forgotten the shock he once administered to her by letting her know that he wore an apron; she looked down on such conditions from the summit of her own intellectual profession, for *she* wore mantles and jackets and shawls and the long trains of robes exhibited in the window on dummies of wire, and taken down to be transferred to her own undulating person, and had never a scrap to do with making them up, but just with talking about them, and showing them off, and persuading people of their beauty and cheapness. It had been a source of endless comfort to her, in her arduous evolution, that she herself never worked with her 'ands. Hyacinth answered her inquiries, as he had answered his own of old, by asking her what those people owed to the son of a person who had brought murder and mourning into their bright sublimities, and whether she thought he was very highly recommended to them. His question made her reflect for a moment; after which she returned, with the finest spirit, "Well, if your position was so miserable, ain't that all the more reason they should give you a lift? Oh, it 's something cruel!" she cried; and she added that in his place she would have found a way to bring herself under their notice. *She* would n't have drudged out her life in Soho, if she had had gentlefolks' blood in her veins! "If they had noticed you, they would have liked you," she was so good as to remark; but she immediately remembered, also, that in that case he would have been carried away quite over her head. She was not prepared to say that she would have given him up, little good as she had ever got of him. In that case he would have been thick with real swells, and she emphasized the "real" by way of a thrust at the fine lady of Madeira Crescent — an artifice which was wasted, however, inasmuch as Hyacinth was sure she had extracted from Sholto a tolerably detailed history of the personage in question. Millicent was tender and tenderly sportive, and he was struck with the fact that his base birth really made little impression upon her; she accounted it an accident much less grave than he had been in the habit of doing. She was touched and moved; but what moved her was his story of his mother's dreadful revenge, her long imprisonment, and his childish visit to the jail, with the later discovery of his peculiar footing in the world. These things produced a generous agitation — something the same in kind as the impressions she had occasionally derived from the perusal of the Family Herald. What affected her most, and what she came back to, was the whole element of Lord Frederick and the misery of Hyacinth's having got so little good out of his affiliation to that nobleman. She could n't get over her friend's not having done something, though her imagination was still vague as to what he might have done. It was the queerest thing in the world, to Hyacinth, to find her apparently assuming that if he had not been so perverse he might have "worked" the whole dark episode as a source of distinction, of glory. *She* would n't have been a nobleman's daughter for nothing! Oh, the left hand was as good as the right; her respectability, for the moment, did n't care for that! His long silence was what most astonished her; it put her out of patience, and there was a strange candor in her wonderment at his not having bragged about his grand relations. They had become vivid and

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concrete to her now, in comparison with the timid shadows that Pinnie had set into spasmodic circulation. Millicent pumped about in the hushed past of her companion with the oddest mixture of sympathy and criticism, and with good intentions which had the effect of profane voices holloaing for echoes.

"Me only — me and her? Certainly, I ought to be obliged, even though it is late in the day. The first time you saw her I suppose you told her — that night you went into her box at the theatre, eh? She 'd have worse to tell you, I 'm sure, if she was equally frank. And do you mean to say you never broke it to your big friend in the chemical line?"

"No, we have never talked about it."

"Men are rare creatures!" Millicent cried. "You never so much as mentioned it?"

"It was n't necessary. He knew it otherwise — he knew it through his sister."

"How do you know that, if he never spoke?"

"Oh, because he was jolly good to me," said Hyacinth.

"Well, I don't suppose that ruined him," Miss Henning rejoined. "And how did his sister know it?"

"Oh, I don't know; she guessed it."

Millicent stared. "It was none of her business." Then she added, "He *was* jolly good to you? Ain't he good to you now?" She asked this question in her loud, free voice, which rang through the bright stillness of the place.

Hyacinth delayed for a minute to answer her, and when at last he did so it was without looking at her: "I don't know; I can't make it out."

"Well, I can, then!" And Millicent jerked him round toward her, and inspected him with her big bright eyes. "You silly baby, has *he* been serving you" — She pressed her question upon him; she asked if that was what disagreed with him. His lips gave her no answer, but apparently, after an instant, she found one in his face. "Has he been making up to her ladyship — is that his game?" she broke out. "Do you mean to say she 'd look at the likes of him?"

"The likes of him? He 's as fine a man as stands!" said Hyacinth. "They have the same views, they are doing the same work."

"Oh, he has n't changed *his* opinions, then — not like you?"

"No, he knows what he wants; he knows what he thinks."

"Very much the same work, I 'll be bound!" cried Millicent, in large derision. "He knows what he wants, and I dare say he 'll get it."

Hyacinth got up, turning away from her; but she also rose, and passed her hand into his arm. "It 's their own business; they can do as they please."

"Oh, don't try to be a saint; you put me out of patience!" the girl responded, with characteristic energy. "They 're a precious pair, and it would do me good to hear you say so."

"A man should n't turn against his friends," Hyacinth went on, with desperate sententiousness.

"That 's for them to remember; there 's no danger of *your* forgetting it." They had begun to walk, but she stopped him; she was suddenly smiling at him, and her face was radiant. She went on, with caressing inconsequence: "All that you have told me — it *has* made you nicer."

"I don't see that, but it has certainly made you so. My dear girl, you 're a comfort," Hyacinth added, as they strolled on again.

XLII.

Hyacinth had no intention of going in the evening to Madeira Crescent, and that is why he asked his companion, before they separated, if he might not see her again, after tea. The evenings were

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bitter to him now, and he feared them in advance. The darkness had become a haunted element; it had visions for him, that passed even before his closed eyes — sharp doubts and fears and suspicions, suggestions of evil, revelations of suffering. He wanted company, to light up his gloom, and this had driven him back to Millicent, in a manner not altogether consistent with the respect which it was still his theory that he owed to his nobler part. He felt no longer free to drop in at the Crescent, and tried to persuade himself, in case his mistrust should be overdone, that his reasons were reasons of magnanimity. If Paul Muniment were seriously occupied with the Princess, if they had work in hand for which their most earnest attention was required (and Sunday was very likely to be the day they would take; they had spent so much of the previous Sunday together), it would be delicate on his part to stay away, to leave his friend a clear field. There was something inexpressibly representative to him in the way that friend had abruptly decided to reënter the house, after pausing outside with its mistress, at the moment he himself stood peering through the fog with the Prince. The movement repeated itself, innumerable times, to his mental vision, suggesting to him things that he could n't bear to learn. Hyacinth was afraid of being jealous, even after he had become so, and to prove to himself that he was not he had gone to see the Princess one evening in the middle of the week. Had n't he wanted Paul to know her, months and months before, and now was he to entertain a vile feeling at the first manifestation of an intimacy which rested, in each party to it, upon aspirations that he respected? The Princess had not been at home, and he had turned away from the door without asking for Madame Grandoni; he had not forgotten that on the occasion of his previous visit she had excused herself from remaining in the drawing-room. After the little maid in the Crescent had told him the Princess was out, he walked away with a quick curiosity — a curiosity which, if he had listened to it, would have led him to mount upon the first omnibus that traveled in the direction of South Lambeth. Was Paul Muniment, who was such a rare one, in general, for stopping at home of an evening — was he also out, and would Rosy, in this case, be in the humor to mention (for of course she would know) where he had gone? Hyacinth let the omnibus pass, for he suddenly became aware, with a throb of horror, that he was in danger of playing the spy. He had not been near Muniment since, on purpose to leave his curiosity unsatisfied. He allowed himself, however, to notice that the Princess had now not written him a word of consolation, as she had been so kind as to do once or twice before, when he had knocked at her door without finding her. At present he had missed her twice in succession, and yet she had given no sign of regret — regret even for him. This determined him to stay away awhile longer; it was such a proof that she was absorbingly occupied. Hyacinth's glimpse of the Princess in earnest conversation with Muniment as they returned from the excursion described by the Prince, his memory of Paul's relenting figure crossing the threshold once more, could leave him no doubt as to the degree of that absorption.

Millicent hesitated when Hyacinth proposed to her that they should finish the day together. She smiled, and her handsome eyes rested on his with an air of indulgent interrogation; they seemed to ask whether it were worth her while, in face of his probable incredulity, to mention the *real* reason why she could not have the pleasure of acceding to his delightful suggestion. Since he would be sure to deride her explanation, would not some trumped-up excuse do as well, since he could knock that about without

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hurting her? I know not exactly in what sense Miss Henning decided; but she confessed at last that there *was* an odious obstacle to their meeting again later — a promise she had made to go and see a young lady, the forewoman of her department, who was kept in-doors with a bad face, and nothing in life to help her pass the time. She was under a pledge to spend the evening with her, and it was not her way to disappoint an expectation. Hyacinth made no comment on this speech; he received it in silence, looking at the girl gloomily.

"I know what's passing in your mind!" Millicent suddenly broke out. "Why don't you say it at once, and give me a chance to contradict it? I ought n't to care, but I do care!"

"Stop, stop — don't let us fight!" Hyacinth spoke in a tone of pleading weariness; she had never heard just that accent before.

Millicent considered a moment. "I've a mind to play her false. She is a real lady, highly connected, and the best friend I have — I don't count men," the girl interpolated, smiling — "and there is n't one in the world I'd do such a thing for but you."

"No, keep your promise; don't play any one false," said Hyacinth.

"Well, you *are* a gentleman!" Miss Henning murmured, with a sweetness that her voice occasionally took.

"Especially" — Hyacinth began; but he suddenly stopped.

"Especially what? Something impudent, I'll engage! Especially as you don't believe me?"

"Oh, no! Don't let's fight!" he repeated.

"Fight, my darling? I'd fight *for* you!" Miss Henning declared.

Hyacinth offered himself, after tea, the choice between a visit to Lady Aurora and a pilgrimage to Lisson Grove. He was in a little doubt about the former alternative, having an idea that her ladyship's family might have returned to Belgrave Square. He reflected, however, that he could not recognize that as a reason for not going to see her; his relations with her were not clandestine, and she had given him the kindest general invitation. If her unjust relations were at home, she was probably at dinner with them; he would take that risk. He had taken it before, without disastrous results. He was determined not to spend the evening alone, and he would keep the Poupins as a more substantial alternative, in case her ladyship should not be able to receive him.

As soon as the great portal in Belgrave Square was drawn open before him, he perceived that the house was occupied and animated — if the latter term might properly be applied to so severe and stately an establishment. The place was pervaded by subdued light and tall domestics. Hyacinth found himself looking down a kind of colonnade of colossal footmen, an array more imposing even than the retinue of the Princess at Medley. His inquiry died away on his lips, and he stood there struggling with dumbness. It was manifest to him that some high festival was taking place, at which his presence could only be deeply irrelevant; and when a large official, out of livery, bending over him for a voice that faltered, suggested, not unencouragingly, that it might be Lady Aurora he wished to see, he replied in a low, melancholy accent, "Yes, yes, but it can't be possible!" The butler took no pains to controvert this proposition verbally; he merely turned round, with a majestic air of leading the way, and as at the same moment two of the footmen closed the wings of the door behind the visitor Hyacinth judged that it was his cue to follow him. In this manner, after traversing a passage where, in the perfect silence of the servants, he heard the shorter click of his plebeian shoes upon a marble floor, he found himself ushered into a small apartment, lighted by a veiled lamp, which, when he had

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been left there alone, without further remark on the part of his conductor, he recognized as the scene — only now more amply decorated — of one of his former interviews. Lady Aurora kept him waiting a few moments, and then fluttered in with an anxious, incoherent apology. The same transformation had taken place in her own appearance as in the aspect of her parental halls: she had on a light-colored, crumpled-looking, faintly-rustling dress; her head was adorned with a kind of languid plume, terminating in little pink tips; and in her hand she carried a pair of white gloves. All her repressed eagerness was in her face, and she smiled, as if she wished to anticipate any scruples or embarrassments on the part of her visitor; frankly recognizing the brilliancy of her attire and the startling implications it might convey. Hyacinth said to her that, no doubt, on perceiving her family had returned to town, he ought to have backed out; he knew that must make a difference in her life. But he had been marched in, in spite of himself, and now it was clear that he had interrupted her at dinner. She answered that no one who asked for her at any hour was ever turned away; she had managed to arrange that, and she was very happy in her success. She did n't usually dine — there were so many of them, and it took so long. Most of her friends could n't come at visiting-hours, and it would n't be right that she should n't ever receive them. On that occasion she *had* been dining, but it was all over; she was only sitting there because she was going to a party. Her parents were dining out, and she was just in the drawing-room with some of her sisters. When they were alone it was n't so long, though it was rather long afterwards, in the dressing-room. It was n't time yet; the carriage would n't come for nearly half an hour. She had n't been to an evening thing for months and months, but — did n't he know? — one sometimes had to do it. Lady Aurora expressed the idea that one ought to be fair all round, and that one's duties were not all of the same kind; some of them would come up, from time to time, that were quite different from the others. Of course it was n't just, unless one did all, and that was why she was going to a thing this evening. It was something very small — a sort of family thing, at some of their relations'. Since they had given her that room, for any hour she wanted (it was really tremendously convenient), she had determined to do a party now and then, like a respectable young woman, because it pleased them — though why it should, to see *her* at a place, was more than she could imagine. She supposed it was because it would perhaps keep some people, a little, from thinking she was mad, and not safe to be at large — which was of course a sort of thing that people did n't like to have thought of their belongings. Lady Aurora explained and expatiated with a kind of nervous superabundance; she talked more continuously than Hyacinth had ever heard her do before, and the young man saw that she was not in her natural equilibrium. He thought it scarcely probable that she was excited by the simple prospect of again dipping into the great world she had forsworn, and he presently perceived that he himself had an agitating effect upon her. His senses were fine enough to make him feel that he revived certain associations and quickened certain wounds. She suddenly stopped talking, and the two sat there looking at each other, in a kind of occult community of suffering. Hyacinth made several mechanical remarks, explaining, insufficiently, why he had come, and in the course of a very few moments, quite independently of these observations, it seemed to him that there was a deeper, a measurelessly deep, confidence between them. A tacit confession passed and repassed,

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and each understood the situation of the other. They would n't speak of it — it was very definite that they would never do that; for there was something in their common consciousness that was inconsistent with the grossness of accusation. Besides, the grievance of each was an apprehension, an instinct of the soul — not a sharp, definite wrong, supported by proof. It was in the air and in their restless pulses, and not in anything that they could exhibit or complain of. Strange enough it seemed to Hyacinth that the history of each should be the counterpart of that of the other. What had each done but lose that which he or she had never had? Things had gone ill with them; but even if they had gone well, if the Princess had not combined with his friend in that manner which made his heart sink, and produced an effect exactly corresponding upon that of Lady Aurora — even in this case, what would prosperity, what would success, have amounted to? They would have been very barren. He was sure the singular creature before him would never have had a chance to take the unprecedented social step for the sake of which she was ready to go forth from Belgrave Square forever; Hyacinth had judged the smallness of Paul Muniment's appetite for that complication sufficiently to have begun really to pity her ladyship long ago. And now, even when he most felt the sweetness of her sympathy, he might wonder what she could have imagined for him in the event of his not having been supplanted — what security, what completer promotion, what honorable, satisfying sequel. They were unhappy because they were unhappy, and they were right not to rail about that.

"Oh, I like to see you — I like to talk with you," said Lady Aurora, simply. They talked for a quarter of an hour, and he made her such a visit as any gentleman might have made to any lady. They exchanged remarks about the lateness of the spring, about the loan exhibition at Burlington House — which Hyacinth had paid his shilling to see — about the question of opening the museums on Sundays, about the danger of too much coddling legislation on behalf of the working-classes. He declared that it gave him great pleasure to see any sign of her amusing herself; it was unnatural never to do that, and he hoped that now she had taken a turn she would keep it up. At this she looked down, smiling, at her frugal finery, and then she replied, "I dare say I shall begin to go to balls — who knows?"

"That 's what our friends in Audley Court think, you know — that it 's the worst mistake you can make, not to drink deep of the cup while you have it."

"Oh, I 'll do it, then — I 'll do it for them!" Lady Aurora exclaimed. "I dare say that, as regards all that, I have n't listened to them enough." This was the only allusion that passed on the subject of the Muniments.

Hyacinth got up — he had stayed long enough, as she was going out; and as he held out his hand to her she seemed to him a heroine. She would try to cultivate the pleasures of her class if *they* thought it right — try even to be a woman of fashion, in order to console herself. Paul Muniment did n't care for her, but she was capable of considering that it might be her duty to regulate her life by the very advice that made an abyss between them. Hyacinth did n't believe in the success of this attempt; there passed before his imagination a picture of the poor lady coming home and pulling off her feathers forever, after an evening spent in watching the agitation of a ball-room, from the outer edge of the circle, with a white, elongated face. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," he said, laughing.

"Oh, I don't mind dying."

"I think I do," Hyacinth declared,

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as he turned away. There had been no mention whatever of the Princess.

It was early enough in the evening for him to risk a visit to Lisson Grove; he calculated that the Poupins would still be sitting up. When he reached their house he found this calculation justified; the brilliancy of the light in the window appeared to announce that Madame was holding a *salon*. He ascended to this apartment without delay (it was free to a visitor to open the house-door himself), and, having knocked, obeyed the hostess's invitation to come in. Poupin and his wife were seated, with a third person, at a table in the middle of the room, round a staring kerosene lamp, adorned with a globe of clear glass, of which the transparency was mitigated only by a circular pattern of bunches of grapes. The third person was his friend Schinkel, who had been a member of the little party that waited upon Hoffendahl. No one said anything as Hyacinth came in; but, in their silence, the three others got up, looking at him, as he thought, rather strangely.

BOOK FIFTH.

XLIII.

"My child, you are always welcome," said Eustache Poupin, taking Hyacinth's hand in both his own and holding it for some moments. An impression had come to our young man, immediately, that they were talking about him before he came in, and that they would rather have been left to talk at their ease. He even thought he saw in Poupin's face the kind of consciousness that comes from detection, or at least interruption, in a nefarious act. With Poupin, however, it was difficult to tell; he always looked so heated and exalted, so like a conspirator defying the approach of justice. Hyacinth's eyes turned to the others: they were standing as if they had shuffled something on the table out of sight, as if they had been engaged in the manufacture of counterfeit coin. Poupin kept hold of his hand; the Frenchman's ardent eyes, fixed, unwinking, always expressive of the greatness of the occasion, whatever the occasion was, had never seemed to him to protrude so far from his head. "Ah, my dear friend, *nous causions justement de vous*," Eustache remarked, as if this were a very extraordinary fact.

"Oh, nous causions — nous causions!" his wife exclaimed, as if to deprecate an indiscreet exaggeration "One may mention a friend, I suppose, in the way of conversation, without taking such a liberty."

"A cat may look at a king, as your English proverb says," added Schinkel, jocosely. He smiled so hard at his own pleasantry that his eyes closed up and vanished — an effect which Hyacinth, who had observed it before, thought particularly unbecoming to him, appearing as it did to administer the last perfection to his ugliness. He would have consulted his interests by always looking grave.

"Oh, a king, a king!" murmured Poupin, shaking his head up and down. "That's what it's not good to be, *au point où nous en sommes.*"

"I just came in to wish you good-night," said Hyacinth. "I'm afraid it's rather late for a call, though Schinkel is here."

"It's always too late, my very dear, when you come," the Frenchman rejoined. "You know if you have a place at our fireside."

"I esteem it too much to disturb it," said Hyacinth, smiling, and looking round at the three.

"We can easily sit down again; we are a comfortable party. Put yourself beside me." And the Frenchman drew a chair close to the one, at the table, that he had just quitted.

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"He has had a long walk, he is tired — he will certainly accept a little glass," Madame Poupin announced with decision, moving toward the tray containing the small gilded *liqueur* service.

"We will each accept one, *ma bonne;* it is a very good occasion for a drop of *fine*," her husband interposed, while Hyacinth seated himself in the chair his host had designated. Schinkel resumed his place, which was opposite; he looked across at Hyacinth, without speaking, but his long face continued to flatten itself into a representation of mirth. He had on a green coat, which Hyacinth had seen before; it was a garment of ceremony, and such as our young man judged it would have been impossible to procure in London or in any modern time. It was eminently German and of high antiquity, and had a tall, stiff, clumsy collar, which came up to the wearer's ears and almost concealed his perpetual bandage. When Hyacinth had sat down, Eustache Poupin did not take possession of his own chair, but stood beside him, resting his hand on his head. At that touch something came over Hyacinth, and his heart sprang into his throat. The idea that occurred to him, conveyed in Poupin's whole manner, as well as in the reassuring intention of that caress and in his wife's uneasy, instant offer of refreshment, explained the embarrassment of the circle, and reminded our young man of the engagement he had taken with himself to exhibit an extraordinary quietness when a certain crisis in his life should have arrived. It seemed to him that this crisis was in the air, very near — that he should touch it if he made another movement; the pressure of the Frenchman's hand, which was meant as a solvent, only operated as a warning, As he looked across at Schinkel he felt dizzy and a little sick; for a moment, to his senses, the room whirled round. His resolution to be quiet appeared only too easy to keep; he could n't break it even to the extent of speaking. He knew that his voice would tremble, and that is why he made no answer to Schinkel's rather honeyed words, uttered after an hesitation: "*Also*, my dear Robinson, have you passed your Sunday well — have you had an 'appy day?" Why was every one so endearing? His eyes questioned the table, but encountered nothing but its well-wiped surface, polished for so many years by the gustatory elbows of the Frenchman and his wife, and the lady's dirty pack of cards for "patience" (she had apparently been engaged in this exercise when Schinkel came in), which indeed gave a little the impression of gamblers surprised, who might have shuffled away the stakes. Madame Poupin, who had dived into a cupboard, came back with a bottle of green chartreuse, an apparition which led the German to exclaim, "Lieber Gott, you Vrench, you Vrench, how well you manage! What would you have more?"

The hostess distributed the liquor, but Hyacinth was scarcely able to swallow it, though it was highly appreciated by his companions. His indifference to this luxury excited much discussion and conjecture, the others bandying theories and contradictions, and even ineffectual jokes, about him, over his head, with a volubility which seemed to him unnatural. Poupin and Schinkel professed the belief that there must be something very curious the matter with a man who could n't smack his lips over a drop of that tap; he must either be in love, or have some still more insidious complaint. It was true that Hyacinth was always in love — that was no secret to his friends — and it had never been observed to stop his thirst. The Frenchwoman poured scorn on this view of the case, declaring that the effect of the tender passion was to make one enjoy one's victual (when everything went straight, *bien entendu;* and how could an ear be deaf to the whisperings of such a dear little *bonhomme* as Hyacinth?); in proof of which

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she deposed that she had never eaten and drunk with such relish as at the time — oh, it was far away now — when she had a soft spot in her heart for her rascal of a husband. For Madame Poupin to allude to her husband as a rascal indicated a high degree of conviviality. Hyacinth sat staring at the empty table, with the feeling that he was, somehow, a detached, irresponsible witness of the evolution of his fate. Finally he looked up, and said to his friends, collectively, "What on earth 's the matter with you all?" And he followed this inquiry by an invitation that they should tell him what it was they had been saying about him, since they admitted that he had been the subject of their conversation. Madame Poupin answered for them, that they had simply been saying how much they loved him, but that they would n't love him any more if he became suspicious and *grincheux*. She had been telling Mr. Schinkel's fortune on the cards, and she would tell Hyacinth's if he liked. There was nothing much for Mr. Schinkel, only that he would find something, some day, that he had lost, but would probably lose it again, and serve him right if he did! He objected that he had never had anything to lose, and never expected to have; but that was a vain remark, inasmuch as the time was fast coming when every one would have something — though indeed it was to be hoped that he would keep it when he had got it. Eustache rebuked his wife for her levity, reminded her that their young friend cared nothing for old women's tricks, and said he was sure Hyacinth had come to talk over a very different matter — the question (he was so good as to take an interest in it, as he had done in everything that related to them) of the terms which M. Poupin might owe it to himself, to his dignity, to a just though not exaggerated sentiment of his value, to make in accepting Mr. Crookenden's offer of the foremanship of the establishment in Soho; an offer not yet formally enunciated, but visibly in the air, and destined — it would seem, at least — to arrive within a day or two. The old foreman was going to set up for himself. The Frenchman intimated that before accepting any such proposal he must have the most substantial guarantees. "Il me faudrait des conditions très-particulières." It was singular to Hyacinth to hear M. Poupin talk so comfortably about these high contingencies, the chasm by which he himself was divided from the future having suddenly doubled its width. His host and hostess sat down on either side of him, and Poupin gave a sketch, in somewhat sombre tints, of the situation in Soho, enumerating certain elements of decomposition which he perceived to be at work there, and which he would not undertake to deal with unless he should be given a completely free hand. Did Schinkel understand, and was that what Schinkel was grinning at? Did Schinkel understand that poor Eustache was the victim of an absurd hallucination, and that there was not the smallest chance of his being invited to assume a lieutenancy? He had less capacity for tackling the British workman to-day than when he began to rub shoulders with him, and Mr. Crookenden had never in his life made a mistake, at least in the use of his tools. Hyacinth's responses were few and mechanical, and he presently ceased to try to look as if he were entering into the Frenchman's ideas.

"You have some news — you have some news about me," he remarked, abruptly, to Schinkel. "You don't like it, you don't like to have to give it to me, and you came to ask our friends here whether they would n't help you out with it. But I don't think they will assist you particularly, poor dears! Why do you mind? You ought n't to mind more than I do. That is n't the way."

"Qu'est-ce qu'il dit — qu'est-ce qu'il dit, le pauvre chéri?" Madame Poupin

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demanded, eagerly; while Schinkel looked very hard at her husband, as if to ask for direction.

"My dear child, *vous vous faites des idées!*" the latter exclaimed, laying his hand on him remonstrantly.

But Hyacinth pushed away his chair and got up. "If you have anything to tell me, it is cruel of you to let me see it, as you have done, and yet not to satisfy me."

"Why should I have anything to tell you?" Schinkel asked.

"I don't know that, but I believe you have. I perceive things, I guess things, quickly. That 's my nature at all times, and I do it much more now."

"You do it indeed; it is very wonderful," said Schinkel.

"Mr. Schinkel, will you do me the pleasure to go away — I don't care where — out of this house?" Madame Poupin broke out in French.

"Yes, that will be the best thing, and I will go with you," said Hyacinth.

"If you would retire, my child, I think it would be a service that you would render us," Poupin returned, appealing to his young friend. "Won't you do us the justice to believe that you may leave your interests in our hands?"

Hyacinth hesitated a moment; it was now perfectly clear to him that Schinkel had some sort of message for him, and his curiosity as to what it might be had become nearly intolerable. "I am surprised at your weakness," he observed, as sternly as he could manage it, to Poupin.

The Frenchman stared at him an instant, and then fell on his neck. "You are sublime, my young friend — you are sublime!"

"Will you be so good as to tell me what you are going to do with that young man?" demanded Madame Poupin, glaring at Schinkel.

"It 's none of your business, my poor lady," Hyacinth replied, disengaging himself from her husband. "Schinkel, I wish you would walk away with me."

"Calmons-nous, entendons-nous, expliquons-nous! The situation is very simple," Poupin went on.

"I will go with you, if it will give you pleasure," said Schinkel, very obligingly, to Hyacinth.

"Then you will give me that letter first!" Madame Poupin, erecting herself, declared to the German.

"My wife, you are an imbecile!" Poupin groaned, lifting his hands and shoulders and turning away.

"I may be an imbecile, but I won't be a party — no, God help me, not to that!" protested the Frenchwoman, planted before Schinkel as if to prevent his moving.

"If you have a letter for me, you ought to give it to me," said Hyacinth to Schinkel. "You have no right to give it to any one else."

"I will bring it to you in your house, my good friend," Schinkel replied, with a little wink that seemed to say that Madame Poupin would have to be considered.

"Oh, in his house — I 'll go to his house!" cried the lady. "I regard you, I have always regarded you, as my child," she declared to Hyacinth, "and if this is n't an occasion for a mother!"

"It 's you that are making it an occasion. I don't know what you are talking about," said Hyacinth. He had been questioning Schinkel's eye, and he thought he saw there a little twinkle of assurance that he might really depend upon him. "I have disturbed you, and I think I had better go away."

Poupin had turned round again; he seized the young man's arm eagerly, as if to prevent his retiring before he had given a certain satisfaction. "How can you care, when you know everything is changed?"

"What do you mean — everything is changed?"

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"Your opinions, your sympathies, your whole attitude. I don't approve of it — *je le constate.* You have withdrawn your confidence from the people; you have said things in this spot, where you stand now, that have given pain to my wife and me."

"If we did n't love you, we should say that you had betrayed us!" cried Madame Poupin, quickly, taking her husband's idea.

"Oh, I shall never betray you," said Hyacinth, smiling.

"You will never betray us — of course you think so. But you have no right to act for the people when you have ceased to believe in the people. Il faut être conséquent, nom de Dieu," Poupin went on.

"You will give up all thoughts of acting for me — *je ne permets pas ça!*" exclaimed his wife.

"It is probably not of importance — only a little fraternal greeting," Schinkel suggested, soothingly.

"We repudiate you, we deny you, we denounce you!" shouted Poupin, more and more excited.

"My poor friends, it is you who have broken down, not I," said Hyacinth. "I am much obliged to you for your solicitude, but the inconsequence is yours. At all events, good-night."

He turned away from them, and was leaving the room, when Madame Poupin threw herself upon him, as her husband had done a moment before, but in silence, and with an extraordinary force of passion and distress. Being stout and powerful, she quickly got the better of him, and pressed him to her ample bosom in a long, dumb embrace.

"I don't know what you want me to do," said Hyacinth, as soon as he could speak. "It 's for me to judge of my convictions."

"We want you to do nothing, because we *know* you have changed," Poupin replied. "Does n't it stick out of you, in every glance of your eye and every breath of your life? It 's only for that, because that alters everything."

"Does it alter my engagement? There are some things in which one can't change. I did n't promise to believe; I promised to obey."

"We want you to be sincere — that is the great thing," said Poupin edifyingly. "I will go to see them — I will make them understand."

"Ah, you should have done that before!" Madame Poupin groaned.

"I don't know whom you are talking about, but I will allow no one to meddle in my affairs." Hyacinth spoke with sudden vehemence; the scene was cruel to his nerves, which were not in a condition to bear it.

"When it is Hoffendahl, it is no good to meddle," Schinkel remarked, smiling.

"And pray, who is Hoffendahl, and what authority has he got?" demanded Madame Poupin, who had caught his meaning. "Who has put him over us all, and is there nothing to do but to lie down in the dust before him? Let him attend to his little affairs himself, and not put them off on innocent children, no matter whether they are with us or against us."

This protest went so far that, evidently, Poupin felt a little ashamed of his wife. "He has no authority but what we give him; but you know that we respect him, that he is one of the pure, ma bonne. Hyacinth can do exactly as he likes; he knows that as well as we do. He knows there is not a feather's weight of compulsion; he knows that, for my part, I long since ceased to expect anything from him."

"Certainly, there is no compulsion," said Schinkel. "It 's to take or to leave. Only *they* keep the books."

Hyacinth stood there before the three, with his eyes on the floor. "Of course I can do as I like, and what I like is what I *shall* do. Besides, what are we talking about, with such sudden passion?" he asked, looking up. "I have

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no summons, I have no sign. When the call reaches me, it will be time to discuss it. Let it come, or not come: it 's not my affair."

"Certainly, it is not your affair," said Schinkel.

"I can't think why M. Paul has never done anything, all this time, knowing that everything is different now!" Madame Poupin exclaimed.

"Yes, my dear boy, I don't understand our friend," her husband remarked, watching Hyacinth with suspicious, contentious eyes.

"It 's none of his business, any more than ours; it 's none of any one's business!" Schinkel declared.

"Muniment walks straight; the best thing you can do is to imitate him," said Hyacinth, trying to pass Poupin, who had placed himself before the door.

"Promise me only this — not to do anything till I have seen you first," the Frenchman begged, almost piteously.

"My poor old friend, you are very weak." And Hyacinth opened the door, in spite of him, and passed out.

"Ah, well, if you *are* with us, that 's all I want to know!" the young man heard him say, behind him, at the top of the stairs, in a different voice, a tone of sudden, exaggerated fortitude.

XLIV.

Hyacinth hurried down and got out of the house, but he had not the least intention of losing sight of Schinkel. The odd behavior of the Poupins was a surprise and annoyance, and he had wished to shake himself free from it. He was candidly astonished at the alarm they were so good as to feel for him, for he had never perceived that they had gone round to the hope that the note he had signed (as it were) for Hoffendahl would not be presented. What had he said, what had he done, after all, to give them the right to fasten on him the charge of apostasy? He had always been a free critic of everything, and it was natural that, on certain occasions, in the little parlor in Lisson Grove, he should have spoken in accordance with that freedom; but it was only with the Princess that he had permitted himself really to rail at the democracy, and given the full measure of his skepticism. He would have thought it indelicate to express contempt for the opinions of his old foreign friends, to whom associations that made them memorable were attached; and, moreover, for Hyacinth, a change of heart was, in the nature of things, much more an occasion for a hush of publicity and a kind of retrospective reserve; it could n't prompt one to aggression or jubilation. When one had but lately discovered what could be said on the opposite side one did n't want to boast of one's sharpness — not even when one's new convictions cast shadows that looked like the ghosts of the old.

Hyacinth lingered in the street, a certain distance from the house, watching for Schinkel's exit, and prepared to remain there, if necessary, till the dawn of another day. He had said to his friends, just before, that the manner in which the communication they looked so askance at should reach him was none of his business — it might reach him as it could. This was true enough in theory, but in fact his desire was overwhelming to know what Madame Poupin had meant by her allusion to a letter, destined for him, in Schinkel's possession — an allusion confirmed by Schinkel's own virtual acknowledgment. It was indeed this eagerness that had driven him out of the house, for he had reason to believe that the German would not fail him, and it galled his suspense to see the foolish Poupins try to interpose, to divert the mission from its course. He waited and waited, in the faith that Schinkel was dealing with them in his slow, categorical Teutonic

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way, and only objurgated the cabinet-maker for having in the first place dallied with his sacred trust. Why had n't he come straight to him — whatever the mysterious document was — instead of talking it over with the inconsequents? Passers were rare, at this hour, in Lisson Grove, and lights were mainly extinguished; there was nothing to look at but the vista of the low black houses, the dim, interspaced street-lamps, the prowling cats who darted occasionally across the road, and the terrible, mysterious, far-off stars, which appeared to him more than ever to see everything and to tell nothing. A policeman creaked along on the opposite side of the way, looking across at him as he passed, and stood for some minutes on the corner, as if to keep an eye on him. Hyacinth had leisure to reflect that the day was perhaps not far off when a policeman might have his eye on him for a very good reason — might walk up and down, pass and repass, as he mounted guard over him.

It seemed horribly long before Schinkel came out of the house, but it was probably only half an hour. In the stillness of the street he heard Poupin let his visitor out, and at the sound he stepped back into the recess of a doorway on the same side, so that, in looking out, the Frenchman should not see him waiting. There was another delay, for the two stood talking together interminably and in a low tone on the doorstep. At last, however, Poupin went in again, and then Schinkel came down the street towards Hyacinth, who had calculated that he would proceed in that direction, it being, as Hyacinth happened to know, that of his own lodging. After he had heard Poupin go in, he stopped, and looked up and down; it was evidently his idea that Hyacinth would be waiting for him. Our hero stepped out of the shallow recess in which he had been flattening himself, and came straight to him, and the two men stood there face to face, in the dusky, empty, sordid street.

"You did n't let them have the letter?"

"Oh no, I retained it," said Schinkel, with his eyes more than ever like invisible points.

"Then had n't you better give it to me?"

"We will talk of that — we will talk." Schinkel made no motion to satisfy his friend; he had his hands in the pockets of his trousers, and his appearance was characterized by an exasperating assumption that they had the whole night before them. He was intolerably deliberate.

"Why should we talk? Have n't you talked enough with those people, all the evening? What have they to say about it? What right have you to detain a letter that belongs to me?"

"*Erlauben Sie:* I will light my pipe," the German remarked. And he proceeded to this business, methodically, while Hyacinth's pale, excited face showed in the glow of the match that he ignited on the rusty railing beside them. "It is not yours unless I have given it to you," Schinkel went on, as they walked along. "Be patient, and I will tell you," he added, passing his hand into his companion's arm. "Your way, not so? We will go down toward the Park." Hyacinth tried to be patient, and he listened with interest when Schinkel said, "She tried to take it; she attacked me with her hands. But that was not what I went for, to give it up."

"Is she mad? I don't recognize them," Hyacinth murmured.

"No, but they lofe you."

"Why, then, do they try to disgrace me?"

"They think it is no disgrace, if you have changed."

"That 's very well for her; but it 's pitiful for him, and I declare it surprises me."

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"Oh, he came round, and he helped me to resist. He pulled his wife off. It was the first shock," said Schinkel.

"You ought n't to have shocked them, my dear fellow," Hyacinth replied.

"I was shocked myself — I could n't help it."

"Lord, how shaky you all are!"

"You take it well. I am very sorry. But it is a fine chance," Schinkel went on, smoking away. His pipe, for the moment, seemed to absorb him, so that after a silence Hyacinth resumed —

"Be so good as to reflect that all this while I don't in the least understand what you are talking about."

"Well, it was this morning, early," said the German. "You know in my country we don't lie in bed late, and what they do in my country I try to do everywhere. I think it is good enough. In winter I get up, of course, long before the sun, and in summer I get up almost at the same time. I should see the fine spectacle of the sunrise, if in London you could see. The first thing I do of a Sunday is to smoke a pipe at my window, which is at the front, you remember, and looks into a little dirty street. At that hour there is nothing to see there — you English are so slow to leave the bed. Not much, however, at any time; it is not important, my little street. But my first pipe is the one I enjoy most. I want nothing else when I have that pleasure. I look out at the new, fresh light — though in London it is not very fresh — and I think it is the beginning of another day. I wonder what such a day will bring; whether it will bring anything good to us poor devils. But I have seen a great many pass, and nothing has come. This morning, however, brought something — something, at least, to you. On the other side of the way I saw a young man, who stood just opposite to my house, looking up at my window. He looked at me straight, without any ceremony, and I smoked my pipe and looked at him. I wondered what he wanted, but he made no sign and spoke no word. He was a very nice young man; he had an umbrella, and he wore spectacles. We remained that way, face to face, perhaps for a quarter of an hour, and at last he took out his watch — he had a watch, too — and held it in his hand, just glancing at it every few minutes, as if to let me know that he would rather not give me the whole day. Then it came over me that he wanted to speak to me! You would have guessed that before, but we good Germans are slow. When we understand, however, we act; so I nodded to him, to let him know I would come down. I put on my coat and my shoes, for I was only in my shirt and stockings (though of course I had on my trousers), and I went down into the street. When he saw me come he walked slowly away, but at the end of a little distance he waited for me. When I came near him I saw that he was a very nice young man indeed — very young, with a very pleasant, friendly face. He was also very neat, and he had gloves, and his umbrella was of silk. I liked him very much. He said I should come round the corner, so we went round the corner together. I thought there would be some one there waiting for us; but there was nothing — only the closed shops and the early light, and a little spring mist, which told that the day would be fine. I did n't know what he wanted; perhaps it was some of our business — that 's what I first thought — and perhaps it was only a little game. So I was very careful; I did n't ask him to come into the house. Yet I told him that he must excuse me for not understanding more quickly that he wished to speak with me; and when I said that, he said it was not of consequence — he would have waited there, for the chance to see me, all day. I told him I was glad I had spared him that, at least, and we had some very polite conversation. He *was*

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a very nice young man. But what he wanted was simply to put a letter in my hand; as he said himself, he was only a kind of private postman. He gave me the letter — it was not addressed; and when I had taken it I asked him how he knew, and if he would n't be sorry if it should turn out that I was not the man for whom the letter was meant. But I did n't give him a start; he told me he knew all it was necessary for him to know — he knew exactly what to do and how to do it. I think he is a valuable member. I asked him if the letter required an answer, and he told me he had nothing to do with that; he was only to put it in my hand. He recommended me to wait till I had gone into the house again to read it. We had a little more talk — always very polite; and he mentioned that he had come so early because he thought I might go out, if he delayed, and because, also, he had a great deal to do, and had to take his time when he could. It is true that he looked as if he had plenty to do — as if he was in some very good occupation. I should tell you that he spoke to me always in English, but he is not English; he sounded his words like some kind of foreigner. I suppose he is not German, or he would have spoken to me in German. But there are so many, of all countries. I said if he had so much to do I would n't keep him; I would go to my room and open my letter. He said it was n't important; and then I asked him if he would n't come into my room, also, and rest. I told him it was n't very handsome, my room — because he looked like a young man who would have, for himself, a very nice lodging. Then I found he meant it was n't important that we should talk any more, and he went away without even offering to shake hands. I don't know if he had other letters to give, but he went away, as I have said, like a postman on his rounds, without giving me any more information."

It took Schinkel a long time to unfold this history; he proceeded with a good-humored deliberation which took no account of any painful acuteness of curiosity that Hyacinth might feel. He went from step to step, and treated his different points with friendly explicitness, as if each would have exactly the same interest for his companion. The latter made no attempt to hurry him, and indeed he listened, now, with a kind of intense patience; for he *was* interested, and, moreover, it was clear to him that he was safe with Schinkel; the German would satisfy him in time — would n't worry him with attaching conditions to their transaction, in spite of the mistake he had made in going for guidance to Lisson Grove. Hyacinth learned in due course that on returning to his apartment and opening the little packet of which he had been put into possession, Mr. Schinkel had found himself confronted with two separate articles: one a sealed letter superscribed with our young man's name, the other a sheet of paper containing in three lines a request that within two days of receiving it he would hand the letter to the "young Robinson." The three lines in question were signed D. H., and the letter was addressed in the same hand. Schinkel professed that he already knew the hand — it was that of Diedrich Hoffendahl. "Good, good," he said, pressing his hand, soothingly, upon Hyacinth's arm. "I will walk with you to your door, and I will give it to you there; unless you like better that I should keep it till to-morrow morning, so that you may have a quiet sleep — I mean in case it might contain anything that will be disagreeable to you. But it is probably nothing; it is probably only a word to say that you need think no more about your 'engagement.'"

"Why should it be that?" Hyacinth asked.

"Probably he has heard that you repent."

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"That I repent?" Hyacinth stopped him short; they had just reached the top of Park Lane. "To whom have I given a right to say that?"

"Ah well, if you have n't, so much the better. It may be, then, for some other reason."

"Don't be an idiot, Schinkel," Hyacinth returned, as they walked along. And in a moment he went on, "What the devil did you go and blab to the Poupins for?"

"Because I thought they would like to know. Besides, I felt my responsibility; I thought I should carry it better if they knew it. And then, I 'm like them — I lofe you."

Hyacinth made no answer to this profession; he asked the next instant, "Why did n't your young man bring the letter directly to me?"

"Ah, I did n't ask him that! The reason was probably not complicated, but simple — that those who wrote it knew my address, and did n't know yours. And was n't I one of your guarantors?"

"Yes, but not the principal one. The principal one was Muniment. Why was the letter not sent to me through him?"

"My dear Robinson, you want to know too many things. Depend upon it, there are always good reasons. I should have liked it better if it had been Muniment. But if they did n't send to him" — Schinkel interrupted himself; the remainder of his sentence was lost in a cloud of smoke.

"Well, if they did n't send to him" — Hyacinth persisted.

"You 're a great friend of his — how can I tell you?"

At this Hyacinth looked up at his companion askance, and caught an odd glance, accompanied with a smile, which the mild, circumspect German directed toward him. "If it 's anything against him, my being his friend makes me just the man to hear it. I can defend him."

"Well, it 's a possibility that they are not satisfied."

"How do you mean it — not satisfied?"

"How shall I say it? — that they don't trust him."

"Don't trust him? And yet they trust me!"

"Ah, my boy, depend upon it, there are reasons," Schinkel replied; and in a moment he added, "They know everything — everything. Oh, they go straight!"

The pair pursued the rest of their course for the most part in silence, Hyacinth being considerably struck with something that dropped from his companion in answer to a question he asked as to what Eustache Poupin had said when Schinkel, that evening, first told him what he had come to see him about. "Il vaut du galme — il vaut du galme:" that was the German's version of the Frenchman's words; and Hyacinth repeated them over to himself several times, almost with the same accent. They had a certain soothing effect. In fact, the good Schinkel was soothing altogether, as our hero felt when they stopped at last at the door of his lodging in Westminster, and stood there face to face, while Hyacinth waited — waited. The sharpness of his impatience had passed away, and he watched without irritation the loving manner in which the German shook the ashes out of his big pipe and laid it to rest in its coffin. It was only after he had gone through this business with his usual attention to every detail of it that he said, "*Also*, now for the letter," and, putting his hand inside of his waistcoat, drew forth the important document. It passed instantly into Hyacinth's grasp, and our young man transferred it to his own pocket without looking at it. He thought he saw a shade of disappointment in Schinkel's ugly, kindly face, at this indication that he should have no present knowledge of its contents; but

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he liked that better than his pretending to say again that it was nothing — that it was only a release. Schinkel had now the good sense, or the good taste, not to repeat that remark, and as the letter pressed against his heart Hyacinth felt still more distinctly that it was something — that it was a command. What Schinkel did say, in a moment, was, "Now that you 've got it, I am very glad. It is more comfortable for me."

"I should think so!" Hyacinth exclaimed. "If you had n't done your job you would have paid for it."

Schinkel hesitated a moment while he lingered; then, as Hyacinth turned away, putting in his door key, he replied, "And if you don't do yours, so will you."

"Yes, as you say, *they* go straight! Good-night." And our young man let himself in.

The passage and staircase were never lighted, and the lodgers either groped their way bedward with the infallibility of practice, or scraped the wall with a casual match, which, in the milder gloom of day, was visible in a hundred bold streaks. Hyacinth's room was on the second floor, behind, and as he approached it he was startled by seeing a light proceed from the crevice under the door, the imperfect fitting of which was in this manner vividly illustrated. He stopped and considered this mysterious brightness, and his first impulse was to connect it with the incident just ushered in by Schinkel; for what could anything that touched him now be but a part of the same business? It was natural that some punctual emissary should be awaiting him. Then it occurred to him that when he went out to call on Lady Aurora, after tea, he had simply left a tallow candle burning, and that it showed a cynical spirit on the part of his landlady, who could be so close-fisted for herself, not to have gone in and put it out. Lastly, it came over him that he had had a visitor, in his absence, and that the visitor had taken possession of his apartment till his return, seeking sources of comfort, as was perfectly just. When he opened the door he found that this last prevision was the right one, though his visitor was not one of the figures that had risen before him. Mr. Vetch sat there, beside the little table at which Hyacinth did his writing, with his head resting on his hand and his eyes bent on the floor. He looked up when Hyacinth appeared, and said, "Oh, I did n't hear you; you are very quiet."

"I come in softly, when I 'm late, for the sake of the house — though I am bound to say I am the only lodger who has that refinement. Besides, you have been asleep," Hyacinth said.

"No, I have not been asleep," returned the old man. "I don't sleep much nowadays."

"Then you have been plunged in meditation."

"Yes, I have been thinking." Then Mr. Vetch explained that the woman of the house would n't let him come in at first, till he had given proper assurances that his intentions were pure, and that he was, moreover, the oldest friend Mr. Robinson had in the world. He had been there for an hour; he thought he might find him, coming so late.

Hyacinth answered that he was very glad he had waited, and that he was delighted to see him, and expressed regret that he had n't known in advance of his visit, so that he might have something to offer him. He sat down on his bed, vaguely expectant; he wondered what special purpose had brought the fiddler so far at that unnatural hour. But he only spoke the truth in saying that he was glad to see him. Hyacinth had come up-stairs in a tremor of desire to be alone with the revelation that he carried in his pocket; yet the sight of Theophilus Vetch gave him a sudden relief by postponing solitude. The place where he had put his letter seemed to throb against his side, yet he was thank-

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ful to his old friend for forcing him still to leave it there. "I have been looking at your books," the fiddler said; "you have two or three exquisite specimens of your own. Oh yes, I recognize your work when I see it; there are always certain little extra touches. You have a manner, like a master. With such a talent, such a taste, your future leaves nothing to be desired. You will make a fortune and become a great celebrity."

Mr. Vetch sat forward, to sketch this vision; he rested his hands on his knees and looked very hard at his young friend, as if to challenge him to dispute his high inductions. The effect of what Hyacinth saw in his face was to give him immediately the idea that the fiddler knew something, though it was impossible to guess how he could know it. The Poupins, for instance, had had no time to communicate with him, even granting that they were capable of that baseness; an unwarrantable supposition, in spite of Hyacinth's having seen them, less than an hour before, fall so much below their own standard. With this suspicion there rushed into Hyacinth's mind an intense determination to dissemble, before his visitor, to the last; he might imagine what he liked, but he should not have a grain of satisfaction — or rather he should have that of being led to believe, if possible, that his suspicions were positively vain and idle. Hyacinth rested his eyes on the books that Mr. Vetch had taken down from the shelf, and admitted that they were very pretty work, and that so long as one did n't become blind or maimed the ability to produce that sort of thing was a legitimate source of confidence. Then, suddenly, as they continued simply to look at each other, the pressure of the old man's curiosity, the expression of his probing, beseeching eyes, which had become strange and tragic in these latter times, and completely changed their character, became so intolerable that to defend himself Hyacinth took the aggressive, and asked him, boldly, whether it were simply to look at his work, of which he had half a dozen specimens in Lomax Place, that he had made a nocturnal pilgrimage. "My dear old friend, you have something on your mind — some fantastic fear, some extremely perverse *idée fixe*. Why has it taken you to-night, in particular? Whatever it is, it has brought you here, at an unnatural hour, you don't know why. I ought, of course, to be thankful to anything that brings you here; and so I am, in so far as that it makes me happy. But I can't like it if it makes *you* miserable. You 're like a nervous mother, whose baby 's in bed up-stairs; she goes up every five minutes to see if he 's all right — if he is n't uncovered or has n't tumbled out of bed. Dear Mr. Vetch, don't, don't worry; the blanket 's up to my chin, and I have n't tumbled yet."

Hyacinth heard himself say these things as if he were listening to another person; the impudence of them, under the circumstances, seemed to him, somehow, so rare. But he believed himself to be on the edge of an episode in which impudence, evidently, must play a considerable part, and he might as well try his hand at it without delay. The way the old man gazed at him might have indicated that he too was able to take the measure of his perversity — that he knew he was false, as he sat there declaring that there was nothing the matter, while a brand-new revolutionary commission burned in his pocket. But in a moment Mr. Vetch said, very mildly, as if he had really been reassured, "It 's wonderful how you read my thoughts. I don't trust you; I think there are beastly possibilities. It 's not true, at any rate, that I come to look at you every five minutes. You don't know how often I have resisted my fears — how I have forced myself to let you alone."

"You had better let me come and live with you, as I proposed after Pinnie's

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death. Then you will have me always under your eyes," said Hyacinth, smiling.

The old man got up eagerly, and, as Hyacinth did the same, laid his hands upon his shoulders, holding him close. "Will you now, really, my boy? Will you come to-night?"

"To-night, Mr. Vetch?"

"To-night has worried me more than any other, I don't know why. After my tea I had my pipe and a glass, but I could n't keep quiet; I was very, very bad. I got to thinking of Pinnie — she seemed to be in the room. I felt as if I could put out my hand and touch her. If I believed in ghosts, I should believe I had seen her. She was n't there for nothing; she was there to add her fears to mine — to talk to me about you. I tried to hush her up, but it was no use, and she drove me out of the house. About ten o'clock I took my hat and stick and came down here. You may judge whether I thought it important, as I took a cab."

"Ah, why do you spend your money so foolishly?" asked Hyacinth, in a tone of the most affectionate remonstrance.

"Will you come to-night?" said the old man, for all rejoinder, holding him still.

"Surely, it would be simpler for you to stay here. I see perfectly that you are ill and nervous. You can take the bed, and I'll spend the night in the chair."

The fiddler thought a moment. "No, you'll hate me if I subject you to such discomfort as that; and that 's just what I don't want."

"It won't be a bit different in your room; there, as here, I shall have to sleep in a chair."

"I'll get another room; we shall be close together," the fiddler went on.

"Do you mean you'll get another room at this hour of the night, with your little house stuffed full and your people all in bed? My poor Theophilus, you are very bad; your reason totters on its throne," said Hyacinth humorously and indulgently.

"Very good, we'll get a room to-morrow. I'll move into another house, where there are two, side by side." Hyacinth's tone was evidently soothing to him.

"Comme vous y allez!" the young man continued. "Excuse me if I remind you that in case of my leaving this place I have to give a fortnight's notice."

"Ah, you 're backing out!" the old man exclaimed, dropping his hands.

"Pinnie would n't have said that," Hyacinth rejoined. "If you are acting, if you are speaking, at the prompting of her pure spirit, you had better act and speak exactly as she would have done. She would have believed me."

"Believed you? Believed what? What is there to believe? If you'll make me a promise, I will believe that."

"I'll make you any promise you like," said Hyacinth.

"Oh, any promise I like — that is n't what I want! I want just one very particular little pledge; and that is really what I came here for to-night. It came over me that I've been an ass, all this time, never to have demanded it of you before. Give it to me now, and I will go home quietly and leave you in peace." Hyacinth, assenting in advance, requested again that he would formulate his demand, and then the old man said, "Well, promise me that you will never, under any circumstances whatever, do anything."

"Do anything?"

"Anything that those people expect of you."

"Those people?" Hyacinth repeated.

"Ah, don't torment me with pretending not to understand!" the old man begged. "You know the people I mean. I can't call them by their names, because I don't know them. But you do, and they know you."

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Hyacinth had no desire to torment Mr. Vetch, but he was capable of reflecting that to enter into his thought too easily would be tantamount to betraying himself. "I suppose I know the people you have in mind," he said, in a moment; "but I 'm afraid I don't grasp the idea of the promise."

"Don't they want to make use of you?"

"I see what you mean," said Hyacinth. "You think they want me to touch off some train for them. Well, if that 's what troubles you, you may sleep sound. I shall never do any of their work."

A radiant light came into the fiddler's face, and he stared, as if this assurance were too fair for nature. "Do you take your oath on that? Never anything, anything, anything?"

"Never anything at all."

"Will you swear it to me by the memory of that good woman of whom we have been speaking, and whom we both loved?"

"My dear old Pinnie's memory? Willingly."

The old man sank down in his chair and buried his face in his hands; the next moment his companion heard him sobbing. Ten minutes later he was content to take his departure, and Hyacinth went out with him to look for another cab. They found an ancient four-wheeler stationed, languidly, at a crossing of the ways, and before Mr. Vetch got into it he asked his young friend to kiss him. That young friend watched the vehicle get itself into motion and rattle away; he saw it turn a neighboring corner. Then he approached the nearest gas lamp, and drew from his breast pocket the letter that Schinkel had given him.

Henry James.

THE LINKS OF CHANCE.

Holding apoise in air
My twice-dipped pen, — for some tense thread of thought
Had snapped, — mine ears were half aware
Of passing wheels; eyes saw, but mind saw not,
My sun-shot linden. Suddenly, as I stare,
Two shifting visions grow and fade unsought: —

Noon-blaze: the broken shade
Of ruins strown. Two Tartar lovers sit:
She gazing on the ground, face turned, afraid;
And he, at her. Silence is all his wit.
She stoops, picks up a pebble of green jade
To toss: they watch its flight, unheeding it.

Ages have rolled away;
And round the stone, by chance, if chance there be,
Sparse soil has caught; a seed, wind-lodged one day,
Grown grass; shrubs sprung; at last a tufted tree:
Lo! over its snake root yon conquering Bey
Trips backward, fighting — and half Asia free!

Andrew Hedbrooke.

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THE PAPER MONEY CRAZE OF 1786 AND THE SHAYS REBELLION.

THERE is no telling how long the wretched state of things which followed the Revolution might have continued, had not the crisis been precipitated by the wild attempts of the several States to remedy the distress of the people by legislation. That financial distress was wide-spread and deep-seated was not to be denied. At the beginning of the war the amount of accumulated capital in the country had been very small. The great majority of the people did little more than get from the annual yield of their farms or plantations enough to meet the current expenses of the year. Outside of agriculture the chief resources were the carrying trade, the exchange of commodities with England and the West Indies, and the Newfoundland whale fisheries; and in these occupations many people had grown rich. The war had destroyed all these sources of revenue. Imports and exports had alike been stopped, so that there was a distressing scarcity of some of the commonest household articles. The enemy's navy had kept us from the fisheries. Before the war, the dockyards of Nantucket were ringing with the busy sound of adze and hammer, rope-walks covered the island, and two hundred keels sailed yearly in quest of spermaceti. At the return of peace, the docks were silent and grass grew in the streets. The carrying-trade and the fisheries began soon to revive, but it was some years before the old prosperity was restored. The war had also wrought serious damage to agriculture, and in some parts of the country the direct destruction of property by the enemy's troops had been very great. To all these causes of poverty there was added the hopeless confusion due to an inconvertible paper currency. The worst feature of this financial device is that it not only impoverishes people, but bemuddles their brains by creating a false and fleeting show of prosperity. By violently disturbing apparent values, it always brings on an era of wild speculation and extravagance in living, followed by sudden collapse and protracted suffering. In such crises the poorest people, those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows and have no margin of accumulated capital, always suffer the most. Above all men, it is the laboring man who needs sound money and steady values. We have seen all these points amply illustrated since the War of Secession. After the War of Independence, when the margin of accumulated capital was so much smaller, the misery was much greater. While the paper money lasted there was marked extravagance in living, and complaints were loud against the speculators, especially those who operated in bread-stuffs. Washington said he would like to hang them all on a gallows higher than that of Haman; but they were, after all, but the inevitable products of this abnormal state of things, and the more guilty criminals were the demagogues who went about preaching the doctrine that the poor man needs cheap money. After the collapse of this continental currency in 1780, it seemed as if there were no money in the country, and at the peace the renewal of trade with England seemed at first to make matters worse. The brisk importation of sorely needed manufactured goods, which then began, would naturally have been paid for in the South by indigo, rice, and tobacco, in the Middle States by exports of wheat and furs, and in New England by the profits of the fisheries, the shipping, and the West India trade. But in the South-

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ern and Middle States the necessary revival of agriculture could not be effected in a moment, and British legislation against American shipping and the West India trade fell with crippling force upon New England. Consequently, we had little else but specie with which to pay for imports, and the country was soon drained of what little specie there was. In the absence of a circulating medium there was a reversion to the practice of barter, and the revival of business was thus further impeded. Whiskey in North Carolina, tobacco in Virginia, did duty as measures of value; and Isaiah Thomas, editor of the Worcester Spy, announced that he would receive subscriptions for his paper in salt pork.

It is worth while, in this connection, to observe what this specie was, the scarcity of which created so much embarrassment. Until 1785 no national coinage was established, and none was issued until 1793. English, French, Spanish, and German coins, of various and uncertain value, passed from hand to hand. Beside the ninepences and fourpence-ha'-pennies, there were bits and half-bits, pistareens, picayunes, and fips. Of gold pieces there were the johannes, or joe, the doubloon, the moidore, and pistole, with English and French guineas, carolins, ducats, and chequins. Of coppers there were English pence and half-pence and French sous; and pennies were issued at local mints in Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The English shilling had everywhere degenerated in value, but differently in different localities; and among silver pieces the Spanish dollar, from Louisiana and Cuba, had begun to supersede it as a measure of value. In New England the shilling had sunk from nearly one fourth to one sixth of a dollar; in New York to one eighth; in North Carolina to one tenth. It was partly for this reason that in desiring a national coinage the more uniform dollar was adopted as the unit. At the same time the decimal system of division was adopted instead of the cumbrous English system, and the result was our present admirably simple currency, which we owe to Gouverneur Morris, aided as to some points by Thomas Jefferson. During the period of the confederation, the chaotic state of the currency was a serious obstacle to trade, and it afforded endless opportunities for fraud and extortion. Clipping and counterfeiting were carried to such lengths that every moderately cautious person, in taking payment in hard cash, felt it necessary to keep a small pair of scales beside him and carefully weigh each coin, after narrowly scrutinizing its stamp and deciphering its legend.

In view of all these complicated impediments to business on the morrow of a long and costly war, it was not strange that the whole country was in some measure pauperized. It is questionable if the war debt could have been paid even under a more efficient system of government. The cost of the war, estimated in cash, had been about $170,000,000; and probably not more than $30,000,000 of this ever got paid in any shape. The repudiation was wholesale because there was really no money to be had. The people were somewhat in the condition of Mr. Harold Skimpole. In many parts of the country, by the year 1786, the payment of taxes had come to be regarded as an amiable eccentricity. At one moment, early in 1782, there was not a single dollar in the treasury. That the government had in any way been able to finish the war, after the downfall of its paper money, was due to the gigantic efforts of one great man, — Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania. This statesman was born in England, but he had come to Philadelphia in his boyhood, and had amassed an enormous fortune, which he devoted without stint to the service of his adopt-

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ed country. Though opposed to the Declaration of Independence as rash and premature, he had, nevertheless, signed his name to that document, and scarcely any one had contributed more to the success of the war. It was he who supplied the money which enabled Washington to complete the great campaign of Trenton and Princeton. In 1781 he was made superintendent of finance, and by dint of every imaginable device of hard-pressed ingenuity he contrived to support the brilliant work which began at the Cowpens and ended at Yorktown. He established the Bank of North America as an instrument by which government loans might be negotiated. Sometimes his methods were such as doctors call heroic, as when he made sudden drafts upon our ministers in Europe after the manner already described. In every dire emergency he was Washington's chief reliance, and in his devotion to the common weal he drew upon his private resources until he became poor; and in later years — for shame be it said — an ungrateful nation allowed one of its noblest and most disinterested champions to languish in a debtor's prison. It was of ill omen for the fortunes of the weak and disorderly confederation that in 1784, after three years of herculean struggle with impossibilities, this stout heart and sagacious head could no longer weather the storm. The task of creating wealth out of nothing had become too arduous and too thankless to be endured. Robert Morris resigned his place, and it was taken by a congressional committee of finance, under whose management the disorders only hurried to a crisis.

By 1786, under the universal depression and want of confidence, all trade had well-nigh stopped, and political quackery, with its cheap and dirty remedies, had full control of the field. In the very face of miseries so plainly traceable to the deadly paper currency, it may seem strange that people should now have begun to clamor for a renewal of the experiment which had worked so much evil. Yet so it was. As starving men are said to dream of dainty banquets, so now a craze for fictitious wealth in the shape of paper money ran like an epidemic through the country. There was a Barmecide feast of economic vagaries; only now it was the several States that sought to apply the remedy, each in its own way. And when we have threaded the maze of this rash legislation, we shall the better understand that clause in our federal constitution which forbids the making of laws impairing the obligation of contracts. The events of 1786 impressed upon men's minds more forcibly than ever the wretched and disorderly condition of the country, and went far toward calling into existence the needful popular sentiment in favor of an overruling central government.

The disorders assumed very different forms in the different States, and brought out a great diversity of opinion as to the causes of the distress and the efficacy of the proposed remedies. Only two States out of the thirteen — Connecticut and Delaware — escaped the infection, but, on the other hand, it was only in seven States that the paper money party prevailed in the legislatures. North Carolina issued a large amount of paper, and, in order to get it into circulation as quickly as possible, the state government proceeded to buy tobacco with it, paying double the specie value of the tobacco. As a natural consequence, the paper dollar instantly fell to seventy cents, and went on declining. In South Carolina an issue was tried somewhat more cautiously, but the planters soon refused to take the paper at its face value. Coercive measures were then attempted. Planters and merchants were urged to sign a pledge not to discriminate between paper and gold, and if any one dared refuse the fanatics forthwith attempted to make it hot for him. A

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kind of "Kuklux" society was organized at Charleston, known as the "Hint Club." Its purpose was to hint to such people that they had better look out. If they did not mend their ways, it was unnecessary to inform them more explicitly what they might expect. Houses were combustible then as now, and the use of firearms was well understood. In Georgia the legislature itself attempted coercion. Paper money was made a legal tender in spite of strong opposition, and a law was passed prohibiting any planter or merchant from exporting any produce without taking affidavit that he had never refused to receive this scrip at its full face value. But somehow people found that the more it was sought to keep up the paper by dint of threats and forcing-acts, the faster its value fell. Virginia had issued bills of credit during the campaign of 1781, but it was enacted at the same time that they should not be a legal tender after the next January. The influence of Washington, Madison, and Mason was effectively brought to bear in favor of sound currency, and the people of Virginia were but slightly affected by the craze of 1786. In the autumn of that year a proposition from two counties for an issue of paper was defeated in the legislature by a vote of eighty-five to seventeen, and no more was heard of the matter. In Maryland, after a very obstinate fight, a rag money bill was carried in the House of Representatives, but the Senate threw it out; and the measure was thus postponed until the discussion over the federal constitution superseded it in popular interest. Pennsylvania had warily begun in May, 1785, to issue a million dollars in bills of credit, which were not made a legal tender for the payment of private debts. They were mainly loaned to farmers on mortgage, and were received by the State as an equivalent for specie in the payment of taxes. By August, 1786, even this carefully guarded paper had fallen some twelve cents below par,—not a bad showing for such a year as that. New York moved somewhat less cautiously. A million dollars were issued in bills of credit receivable for the custom-house duties, which were then paid into the state treasury; and these bills were made a legal tender for all money received in lawsuits. At the same time the New Jersey legislature passed a bill for issuing half a million paper dollars, to be a legal tender in all business transactions. The bill was vetoed by the governor in council. The aged Governor Livingston was greatly respected by the people; and so the mob at Elizabethtown, which had duly planted a stake and dragged his effigy up to it, refrained from inflicting the last indignities upon the image, and burned that of one of the members of the council instead. At the next session the governor yielded, and the rag money was issued. But an unforeseen difficulty arose. Most of the dealings of New Jersey people were in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, and in both cities the merchants refused their paper, so that it speedily became worthless.

The business of exchange was thus fast getting into hopeless confusion. It has been said of Bradshaw's Railway Guide, the indispensable companion of the traveler in England, that no man can study it for an hour without qualifying himself for an insane asylum. But Bradshaw is pellucid clearness compared with the American tables of exchange in 1786, with their medley of dollars and shillings, moidores and pistareens. The addition of half a dozen different kinds of paper created such a labyrinth as no human intellect could explore. No wonder that men were counted wise who preferred to take whiskey and pork instead. Nobody who had a yard of cloth to sell could tell how much it was worth. But even worse than all this was the swift and certain

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renewal of bankruptcy which so many States were preparing for themselves.

Nowhere did the warning come so quickly or so sharply as in New England. Connecticut, indeed, as already observed, came off scot-free. She had issued a little paper money soon after the battle of Lexington, but had stopped it about the time of the surrender of Burgoyne. In 1780 she had wisely and summarily adjusted all relations between debtor and creditor, and the crisis of 1786 found her people poor enough, no doubt, but able to wait for better times and indisposed to adopt violent remedies. It was far otherwise in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. These were preëminently the maritime States of the Union, and upon them the blows aimed by England at American commerce had fallen most severely. It was these two maritime States that suffered most from the cutting down of the carrying trade and the restriction of intercourse with the West Indies. These things worked injury to ship-building, to the exports of lumber and oil and salted fish, even to the manufacture of Medford rum. Nowhere had the normal machinery of business been thrown out of gear so extensively as in these two States, and in Rhode Island there was the added disturbance due to a prolonged occupation by the enemy's troops. Nowhere, perhaps, was there a larger proportion of the population in debt, and in these preëminently commercial communities private debts were a heavier burden and involved more personal suffering than in the somewhat patriarchal system of life in Virginia or South Carolina. In the time of which we are now treating, imprisonment for debt was common. High-minded but unfortunate men were carried to jail, and herded with thieves and ruffians in loathsome dungeons, for the crime of owing a hundred dollars which they could not promptly pay. Under such circumstances, a commercial disturbance, involving wide-spread debt, entailed an amount of personal suffering and humiliation of which, in these kinder days, we can form no adequate conception. It tended to make the debtor an outlaw, ready to entertain schemes for the subversion of society. In the crisis of 1786, the agitation in Rhode Island and Massachusetts reached white heat, and things were done which alarmed the whole country. But the course of events was different in the two States. In Rhode Island the agitators obtained control of the government, and the result was a paroxysm of tyranny. In Massachusetts the agitators failed to secure control of the government, and the result was a paroxysm of rebellion.

The debates over paper money in the Rhode Island legislature began in 1785, but the advocates of a sound currency were victorious. These men were roundly abused in the newspapers, and in the next spring election most of them lost their seats. The legislature of 1786 showed an overwhelming majority in favor of paper money. The farmers from the inland towns were unanimous in supporting the measure. They could not see the difference between the State making a dollar out of paper and a dollar out of silver. The idea that the value did not lie in the government stamp they dismissed as an idle crotchet, a wire-drawn theory, worthy only of "literary fellows." What they could see was the glaring fact that they had no money, hard or soft; and they wanted something that would satisfy their creditors and buy new gowns for their wives, whose raiment was unquestionably the worse for wear. On the other hand, the merchants from seaports like Providence, Newport, and Bristol understood the difference between real money and the promissory notes of a bankrupt government, but they were in a hopeless minority. Half a million dollars were issued in scrip, to be loaned to the farmers on a mortgage of their real estate. No one could obtain the

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scrip without giving a mortgage for twice the amount, and it was thought that this security would make it as good as gold. But the depreciation began instantly. When the worthy farmers went to the store for dry goods or sugar, and found the prices rising with dreadful rapidity, they were at first astonished, and then enraged. The trouble, as they truly said, was with the wicked merchants, who would not take the paper dollars at their face value. These men were thus thwarting the government, and must be punished. An act was accordingly hurried through the legislature, commanding every one to take paper as an equivalent for gold, under penalty of five hundred dollars fine and loss of the right of suffrage. The merchants in the cities thereupon shut up their shops. During the summer of 1786 all business was at a standstill in Newport and Providence, except in the bar-rooms. There and about the market-places men spent their time angrily discussing politics, and scarcely a day passed without street-fights, which at times grew into riots. In the country, too, no less than in the cities, the goddess of discord reigned. The farmers determined to starve the city people into submission, and they entered into an agreement not to send any produce into the cities until the merchants should open their shops and begin selling their goods for paper at its face value. Not wishing to lose their pigs and butter and grain, they tried to dispose of them in Boston and New York, and in the coast towns of Connecticut. But in all these places their proceedings had awakened such lively disgust that placards were posted in the taverns warning purchasers against farm produce from Rhode Island. Disappointed in these quarters, the farmers threw away their milk, used their corn for fuel, and let their apples rot on the ground, rather than supply the detested merchants. Food grew scarce in Providence and Newport, and in the latter city a mob of sailors attempted unsuccessfully to storm the provision stores. The farmers were threatened with armed violence. Town-meetings were held all over the State, to discuss the situation, and how long they might have talked to no purpose none can say, when all at once the matter was brought into court. A cabinet-maker in Newport named Trevett went into a meat-market kept by one John Weeden, and, selecting a joint of meat, offered paper in payment. Weeden refused to take the paper except at a heavy discount. Trevett went to bed supperless, and next morning informed against the obstinate butcher for disobedience to the forcing-act. Should the court find him guilty, it would be a good speculation for Trevett, for half of the five hundred dollars fine was to go to the informer. Hard-money men feared lest the court might prove subservient to the legislature, since that body possessed the power of removing the five judges. The case was tried in September amid furious excitement. Huge crowds gathered about the court-house and far down the street, screaming and cheering like a crowd on the night of a presidential election. The judges were clear-headed men, not to be browbeaten. They declared the forcing-act unconstitutional, and dismissed the complaint. Popular wrath then turned upon them. A special session of the legislature was convened, four of the judges were removed, and a new forcing-act was prepared. This act provided that no man could vote at elections or hold any office without taking a test oath promising to receive paper money at par. But this was going too far. Many soft-money men were not wild enough to support such a measure; among the farmers there were some who had grown tired of seeing their produce spoiled on their hands; and many of the richest merchants had announced their intention of moving out of the State. The new forcing-act

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accordingly failed to pass, and presently the old one was repealed. The paper dollar had been issued in May; in November it passed for sixteen cents.

These outrageous proceedings awakened disgust and alarm among sensible people in all the other States, and Rhode Island was everywhere reviled and made fun of. One clause of the forcing-act had provided that if a debtor should offer paper to his creditor and the creditor should refuse to take it at par, the debtor might carry his rag money to court and deposit it with the judge; and the judge must thereupon issue a certificate discharging the debt. The form of certificate began with the words "Know Ye," and forthwith the unhappy little State was nicknamed Rogues' Island, the home of Know Ye men and Know Ye measures.

While the scorn of the people was thus poured out upon Rhode Island, much sympathy was felt for the government of Massachusetts, which was called upon thus early to put down armed rebellion. The pressure of debt was keenly felt in the rural districts of Massachusetts. It is estimated that the private debts in the State amounted to some $7,000,000, and the State's arrears to the federal government amounted to $7,000,000 more. Adding to these sums the arrears of bounties due to the soldiers, and the annual cost of the state, county, and town governments, there was reached an aggregate equivalent to a tax of more than $50 on every man, woman, and child in this population of 379,000 souls. Upon every head of a family the average burden was some $200 at a time when most farmers would have thought such a sum yearly a princely income. In those days of scarcity most of them did not set eyes on so much as $50 in the course of a year, and happy was he who had tucked away two or three golden guineas or moidores in an old stocking, and sewed up the treasure in his straw mattress or hidden it behind the bricks of the chimney-piece. Under such circumstances the payment of debts and taxes was out of the question; and as the same state of things made creditors clamorous and ugly, the courts were crowded with lawsuits. The lawyers usually contrived to get their money by exacting retainers in advance, and the practice of champerty was common, whereby the lawyer did his work in consideration of a percentage on the sum which was at last forcibly collected. Homesteads were sold for the payment of foreclosed mortgages, cattle were seized in distrainer, and the farmer himself was sent to jail. The smouldering fires of wrath thus kindled found expression in curses aimed at lawyers, judges, and merchants. The wicked merchants bought foreign goods and drained the State of specie to pay for them, while they drank Madeira wine and dressed their wives in fine velvets and laces. So said the farmers; and city ladies, far kinder than these railers deemed them, formed clubs, of which the members pledged themselves to wear homespun, — a poor palliative for the deep-seated ills of the time. In such mood were many of the villagers when in the summer of 1786 they were overtaken by the craze for paper money. At the meeting of the legislature in May, a petition came in from Bristol County, praying for an issue of paper. The petitioners admitted that such money was sure to deteriorate in value, and they doubted the wisdom of trying to keep it up by forcing-acts. Instead of this they would have the rate of its deterioration regulated by law, so that a dollar might be worth ninety cents to-day, and presently seventy cents, and by and by fifty cents, and so on till it should go down to zero and be thrown overboard. People would thus know what to expect, and it would be all right. The delicious *naïveté* of this argument did not prevail with the legislature of Massachusetts,

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and soft money was frowned down by a vote of ninety-nine to nineteen. Then a bill was brought in seeking to reëstablish in legislation the ancient practice of barter, and make horses and cows legal tender for debts; and this bill was crushed by eighty-nine votes against thirty-five. At the same time this legislature passed a bill to strengthen the federal government by a grant of supplementary funds to Congress, and thus laid a further burden of taxes upon the people.

There was an outburst of popular wrath. A convention at Hatfield in August decided that the court of common pleas ought to be abolished, that no funds should be granted to Congress, and that paper money should be issued at once. Another convention at Lenox denounced such incendiary measures, approved of supporting the federal government, and declared that no good could come from the issue of paper money. But meanwhile the angry farmers had resorted to violence. The legislature, they said, had its sittings in Boston, under the influence of wicked lawyers and merchants, and thus could not be expected to do the will of the people. A cry went up that henceforth the law-makers must sit in some small inland town, where jealous eyes might watch their proceedings. Meanwhile the lawyers must be dealt with; and at Northampton, Worcester, Great Barrington, and Concord, the courts were broken up by armed mobs. At Concord one Job Shattuck brought several hundred armed men into the town and surrounded the court-house, while in a fierce harangue he declared that the time had come for wiping out all debts. "Yes," squeaked a nasal voice from the crowd, — "yes, Job, we know all about them two farms you can't never pay for!" But this repartee did not save the judges, who thought it best to flee from the town. At first the legislature deemed it wise to take a lenient view of these proceedings, and it even went so far as to promise to hold its next session out of Boston. But the agitation had reached a point where it could not be stayed. In September the Supreme Court was to sit at Springfield, and Governor Bowdoin sent a force of 600 militia under General Shepard to protect it. They were confronted by some 600 insurgents, under the leadership of Daniel Shays. This man had been a captain in the continental army, and in his force were many of the penniless veterans whom Gates would fain have incited to rebellion at Newburgh. Shays seems to have done what he could to restrain his men from violence, but he was a poor creature, wanting alike in courage and good faith. The militia, too, were lacking in spirit. After a disorderly parley, with much cursing and swearing, they beat a retreat, and the court was prevented from sitting. Fresh riots followed at Worcester and Concord. A regiment of cavalry, sent out by the governor, scoured Middlesex County, and, after a short fight in the woods near Groton, captured Job Shattuck and dispersed his men. But this only exasperated the insurgents. They assembled in Worcester to the number of 1200 or more, where they lived for two months at free quarters, while Shays organized and drilled them. Meanwhile the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended for eight months, and Governor Bowdoin called out an army of 4400 men, who were placed under command of General Lincoln. As the state treasury was nearly empty, some wealthy gentlemen in Boston subscribed the money needed for equipping these troops, and about the middle of January, 1787, they were collected at Worcester. The rebels had behaved shamefully, burning barns and seizing all the plunder they could lay hands on. As their numbers increased they found their military stores inadequate, and accordingly they marched upon Springfield, with the intent to cap-

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ture the federal arsenal there, and provide themselves with muskets and cannon. General Shepard held Springfield with 1200 men, and on the 25th of January Shays attacked him with a force of somewhat more than 2000, hoping to crush him and seize the arsenal before Lincoln could come to the rescue. But his plan of attack was faulty, and as soon as his men began falling under Shepard's fire a panic seized them, and they retreated in disorder to Ludlow, and then to Amherst, setting fire to houses and robbing the inhabitants. On the approach of Lincoln's army, three days later, Shays retreated to Pelham, and planted his forces on two steep hills protected at the bottom by huge snowdrifts. Lincoln advanced to Hadley and sought to open negotiations with the rebels. They were reminded that a contest with the state government was hopeless, and that they had already incurred the penalty of death; but if they would now lay down their arms and go home, a free pardon could be obtained for them. Shays seemed willing to yield, and Saturday, the 3d of February, was appointed for a conference between some of the leading rebels and some of the officers. But this was only a stratagem. During the conference Shays decamped and marched his men through Prescott and North Dana to Petersham. Toward nightfall the trick was discovered, and Lincoln set his whole force in motion over the mountain ridges of Shutesbury and New Salem. The day had been mild, but during the night the thermometer dropped below zero and an icy, cutting snow began to fall. There was great suffering during the last ten miles, and indeed the whole march of thirty miles in thirteen hours over steep and snow-covered roads was a worthy exploit for these veterans of the Revolution. Shays and his men had not looked for such a display of energy, and as they were getting their breakfast on Sunday morning at Petersham they were taken by surprise. A few minutes sufficed to scatter them in flight. A hundred and fifty, including Shays himself, were taken prisoners. The rest fled in all directions, most of them to Athol and Northfield, whence they made their way into Vermont. General Lincoln then marched his troops into the mountains of Berkshire, where disturbances still continued. On the 26th of February one Captain Hamlin, with several hundred insurgents, plundered the town of Stockbridge and carried off the leading citizens as hostages. He was pursued as far as Springfield, defeated there in a sharp skirmish, with a loss of some thirty in killed and wounded, and his troops scattered. This put an end to the insurrection in Massachusetts.

During the autumn similar disturbances had occurred in the States to the northward. At Exeter in New Hampshire and at Windsor and Rutland in Vermont the courts had been broken up by armed mobs, and at Rutland there had been bloodshed. When the Shays rebellion was put down, Governor Bowdoin requested the neighboring States to lend their aid in bringing the insurgents to justice, and all complied with the request except Vermont and Rhode Island. The legislature of Rhode Island sympathized with the rebels, and refused to allow the governor to issue a warrant for their arrest. On the other hand, the governor of Vermont issued a proclamation out of courtesy toward Massachusetts, but he caused it to be understood that this was but an empty form, as the State of Vermont could not afford to discourage immigration. A feeling of compassion for the insurgents was widely spread in Massachusetts. In March the leaders were tried, and fourteen were convicted of treason and sentenced to death; but Governor Bowdoin, whose term was about to expire, granted a reprieve for a few weeks. At the annual election in April the candidates for the governorship were Bowdoin and Han-

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cock, and it was generally believed that the latter would be more likely than the former to pardon the convicted men. So strong was this feeling that, although much gratitude was felt toward Bowdoin, to whose energetic measures the prompt suppression of the rebellion was due, Hancock obtained a large majority. When the question of a pardon came up for discussion, Samuel Adams, who was then president of the Senate, was strongly opposed to it, and one of his arguments was very characteristic. "In monarchies," he said, "the crime of treason and rebellion may admit of being pardoned or highly punished; but the man who dares to rebel against the laws of a republic ought to suffer death." This was Adams's sensitive point. He wanted the whole world to realize that the rule of a republic is a rule of law and order, and that liberty does not mean license. But in spite of this view, for which there was much to be said, the clemency of the American temperament prevailed, and Governor Hancock pardoned all the prisoners.

Nothing in the history of these disturbances is more instructive than the light incidentally thrown upon the relations between Congress and the state government. Just before the news of the rout at Petersham, Samuel Adams had proposed in the Senate that the governor should be requested to write to Congress and inform that body of what was going on in Massachusetts, stating that "although the legislature are firmly persuaded that . . . in all probability they will be able speedily and effectively to suppress the rebellion, yet, if any unforeseen event should take place which may frustrate the measures of government, they rely upon such support from the United States as is expressly and solemnly stipulated by the articles of confederation." A resolution to this effect was carried in the Senate, but defeated in the House through the influence of western county members in sympathy with the insurgents; and incredible as it may seem, the argument was freely used that it was incompatible with the dignity of Massachusetts to allow United States troops to set foot upon her soil. When we reflect that the arsenal at Springfield, where the most considerable disturbance occurred, was itself federal property, the climax of absurdity seems to have been reached. It was left for Congress itself, however, to cap that climax. The progress of the insurrection in the autumn in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, as well as the troubles in Rhode Island, had alarmed the whole country. It was feared that the insurgents in these States might join forces, and in some way kindle a flame that would run through the land. Accordingly, Congress in October called upon the States for a continental force, but did not dare to declare openly what it was to be used for. It was thought necessary to say that the troops were wanted for an expedition against the Northwestern Indians! National humiliation could go no further than such a confession, on the part of our central government, that it dared not use force in defense of those very articles of confederation to which it owed its existence. Things had come to such a pass that people of all shades of opinion were beginning to agree upon one thing, — that something must be done, and done quickly.

John Fiske.

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IN THE CLOUDS.

XXII.

Conscience, the great moral inquisitor, whose sessions are held in secret, whose absolute justice is untempered by mercy, whose processes are unrelated and superior to the laws of the land, makes manifest its decrees only at such long intervals that we are prone to consider their results exceptional. Although its measures are invariably meted, they are seldom so plainly set forth as in Peter Rood's fate. Alethea, listening to 'Gustus Tom's story, saw in aghast dismay how he had been pursued by those terrible potencies of the right which he had sought to disregard. Many things that had been vague were made distinct. She understood suddenly the meaning of the strange words he had spoken at the camp-meeting, when his spiritual struggles had nearly betrayed him. She divined the mingled fear and self-reproach, and at the same time the cowardly gratulation he experienced because of his fancied security, when entrapped to serve on the jury. She remembered with a new comprehension his joyous excitement when it appeared that the idiot boy had not been drowned, and the pallid anguish on his face as the lawyer dexterously reversed the probabilities. It might seem that he had expiated his deed, but the extremest penalties were not abated. He had been a pillar in the church, renowned for a certain insistent piety, and zealous to foster good repute among men; and this last possession that he held dear upon earth, which may be maintained even by a dead man, who can carry naught out of the world, was wrested from him.

The truth which he had so feared, which he had so labored to hide, over which the grave had seemed to close, was at last brought to light by very simple means.

On the eventful morning, the miller's erratic grandson, awaking early, he knew not why, had sought to utilize the occurrence by robbing an owl's nest in the hollow of a tree beside the mill. The day had not yet dawned, and he hoped that one or the other of the great birds would be away on its nocturnal foragings, so that he might the more easily secure the owlet, which he had long wanted for a pet. It was very still, 'Gustus Tom said. The frogs by the water had ceased their croaking; the katydids were silenced long ago; he heard only the surging monotone of the gleaming cascade falling over the natural dam. He had climbed the tree to the lower limbs, and had perched on one of them to rest for a moment, when there broke upon the air the sound of the galloping of a horse far away, approaching at a tremendous rate of speed. Presently he came into view, his head stretched forward, his coat flecked with foam, his rider plying both heel and whip.

This rider was Peter Rood, whom 'Gustus Tom knew well, as he often came to the mill. He dismounted hastily, close to the water-side. He walked uncertainly, even pausing sometimes to steady himself by holding to the supports of the old mill. He was evidently very drunk, and thus it appeared to 'Gustus Tom the less surprising that he should drag two or three fence rails stranded on the margin of the river, — which was high and full of floating rubbish, — and laboriously place them in a position to cumber the wheel; an empty barrel, too, he found and put to this use, some poles, driftwood. He paused after a careful survey of his work, and held up his head, looking away toward

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the east, as if he were listening. It seemed to 'Gustus Tom, all veiled by the dew-tipped chestnut leaves, that Rood was strangely intent of purpose for a drunken man. He heard, long before the boy did, some monition of approach in the distance, for he caught eagerly at his horse's bridle. Yet he was drunk enough to find difficulty in mounting. As the animal swerved, he was obliged to grasp the stirrup with one hand in order to steady it, so that he could put his foot in it; then he flung his right leg over the saddle, and away he went along the grassy margin of the road, — noiseless, swift, dark, like some black shadow, some noxious exhalation of the night.

'Gustus Tom explained at this point, with tears and many anxious twistings of the button on his shirt front, — which was quite useless, the correlative button-hole being torn out, — that he understood so little of what all this meant at the time that it seemed to him the only important point involved was to remember to tell his grandfather early in the day of Pete Rood's drunken freak of clogging the mill-wheel. He did not call out and make his presence known, because he was frightened by the man's strange conduct and his terrible look. As he still sat meditating on the limb of the tree, the sound which had aroused Peter Rood again broke upon the silence. Once more the regular thud of hoofs, — of many hoofs. The pace was far slower than the rattling gallop at which Pete Rood had come. There were several men in the group that presently appeared. 'Gustus Tom knew some of them, — he could n't help knowing Mink Lorey from far off; he looked so wild and gamesome; the moonlight was on his face and all his hair was flying. He knew Mink well. Mink it was who climbed the timbers of the race and lifted the gate. And once more 'Gustus Tom, with quivering lips and twisting the futile button on his shirt front, began to exculpate himself. He did not understand what Mink was about to do until the gate was lifted and the water surged through. The wheel, turning with its curiously contrived clogs, jerked spasmodically, gave sudden violent wrenches, finally breaking and crashing against the shanty, that itself tottered and careened and fell. He heard Tad scream, for the idiot, having incurred the miller's displeasure during the day, had been locked in the mill, supperless, to sleep. 'Gustus Tom did not see the boy in the river, because of the breaking timbers, the clouds of dust and flour and meal, and the splashing of the water. The men, evidently frightened, galloped away, Mink among them. For the house had been alarmed by the noise; old Griff ran out, wringing his hands and crying aloud, first for the loss of the mill, then for the fate of the idiot. The others of the family came, too. 'Gustus Tom easily slipped down unobserved from the tree, in the midst of the excitement, and no one ever was aware, except sister Eudory, that he knew more than the rest. Lately she had noticed that he was afraid of the dark and would not sit alone; and she had begun to say so much of this that he was alarmed lest she might excite the suspicions of others. And so, thinking she would keep his secret, — he would have divulged it to no one else, — he told her that he was afraid of Peter Rood, who was dead, and who perhaps had found out in the other world that he knew the secret, and would come and haunt him to make sure that he did not reveal it. And at the renewal of these ghastly terrors 'Gustus Tom bent his head upon his arm, and began to sob afresh.

"Why did n't ye tell at fust, 'Gustus Tom?" asked Alethea, her mind futilely reviewing the complications that circumstance had woven about Mink Lorey.

'Gustus Tom lifted his head, a gleam

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of this world's acumen shining through the tears in his eyes.

"He 'd hev walloped the life out'n me, ef I hed told. He kem nigh every day ter the mill arterward, whenst they war a-s'archin' fur the body. An' his eyes looked so black an' mad an' cur'ous whenst he cut 'em round at me, I 'lowed he knowed what I knowed. An' I war afeard o' him."

Aunt Dely could not be altogether repressed. "Waal, 'Gustus Tom, ye air a bad aig," she remarked, politely. "Ye ter know all that whenst ye war down thar at Shaftesville, along o' yer gran'dad, an' seen them men a-talkin' by the yard-medjure, an' a-cavortin' 'bout in the court, ez prideful ez ef thar brains war ez nimble ez thar tongues; an' ye look at 'em try Mink fur bustin' down the mill an' drowndin' Tad, an ye ter know ez Pete Rood done it, — an ye say nuthin'!"

"Waal," said 'Gustus Tom, sorely beset, "he war a-settin' thar in the cheer; he could hev told hisself."

"Why n't ye tell arter he drapped dead?" suggested the politic Mrs. Purvine.

The boy winced at the recollection. "He looked so awful!" he said, putting up his hand to his eyes, as if to shut out the image presented. "I war 'feared he 'd harnt me."

It occurred to sister Eudora that this investigation was degenerating into a persecution of 'Gustus Tom. She had looked from one to the other in grave excitement and with a flushing face, as she stood on the hearth, the breath from the fire waving her flaxen hair, hanging upon her shoulders.

Suddenly, with an accession of color, she stepped across the broad, ill-joined stones, and, fixing a threatening eye on Mrs. Purvine's moon-face, she lifted her fat hand, and retributively smote that lady on the knee.

'Gustus Tom had never manifested any special desire to suit his own conduct to a high standard of deportment, but he appeared to entertain the most sedulous solicitude concerning sister Eudory's manners, and to be jealous that she should be esteemed the pink of juvenile propriety. His scandal at the present lapse was very great. It expressed itself in such unequivocal phrase, such energetic shakings of his tow-head, which seemed communicated, with diminished rigor, however, to her plump little shoulders, — for he went through all the motions of discipline, — that Mrs. Purvine, beaming with injudicious laughter, was forced to interfere. Her indulgence did not serve to reassure sister Eudory, who stood dismayed at the fullness of fraternal displeasure. She presently put her hands before her eyes, although she did not shed tears, and thus she was led toward the door, to be taken home as unfit for polite society. Mrs. Purvine hurried after her, carrying the roasted egg — which was very hot, in its shell — between two chips, and further pressing upon her a present of a sweet-potato, an ear of pop-corn, and a young kitten, all of which sister Eudory, regardless of the animate and the inanimate, the hot and the cold, carried together in her apron. The affront was but a slight matter to aunt Dely, whose lenient temperament precluded her from viewing it as an enormity; but as the brother and sister went away in humiliation, one could well guess that sister Eudora would be a woman grown before she would be allowed to contemplate with indifference the dreadful day when she "hit Mis' Purvine."

In whatever manner it might have seemed judicious to make use, in Mink's interest, of the disclosures of Peter Rood's agency in the destruction of the mill, anything like caution, or reserve, or secrecy was rendered impossible by the circumstance that it was Mrs. Purvine who shared in the discovery of the fact. For weeks no one passed the house, going or coming on the winding

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road, whom she did not descry through the worldly glass windows, — which thus demonstrated an additional justification for their existence, — and whom she did not hail with a loud outcry from the unsteady flight of steps, and bring to a not unwilling pause as she hurried out to the fence, with her glib tongue full of words. There was no weather too cold for the indulgence of this gossip. Sometimes aunt Dely would merely fling her apron over her head, if the exigency suggested haste; or she would hood herself with her shawl, like a cowled friar, and stand in the snow, defiant of the rigors of the temperature. More often, however, the passer-by would suffer himself to be persuaded to come in and sit down by aunt Dely's fire, and discuss with her all the details so tardily elicited. Pete Rood's death, considered as a judgment upon him, was a favorite point of contemplation, offering that symmetrical exposition of cause and effect, sin and retribution, peculiarly edifying to the obdurate in heart and acceptable to the literalist in religion. So much was said on this subject at the store, and the blacksmith-shop, and the saw-mill, — those places where the mountain cronies most congregated, — that it came to the ear of Rood's relatives with all the added poignancy of comment. They indignantly maintained that only the ingenuity of malice could feign to attach any special meaning to the moment or manner of his death, for it was widely known that he had for years suffered from a serious affection of the heart; they stigmatized the whole story as an effort to blacken his name in order to clear Mink Lorey. Their attitude and sentiment enlisted a certain sympathy, and it was only when they were not of the company that the counter-replication was made that it was a supremely significant moment when Peter Rood's doom fell upon him, and that it behoves those who sit in the shadow of death to be not easily diverted from the true interpretation of the darkling signs of the wrath of God.

It was a scene of pathetic interest when his aged mother, resolved upon forcing a recantation, came herself to the miller's home. A dark, withered, white-haired crone she was, with a hooked nose and a keen, fierce, intent eye that suggested strength of mind and purpose defying age and ailments. She shrewdly questioned the boy, and sought to involve him in discrepancies and to elicit some admission that the story had been prompted by Alethea Sayles. Her dark-browed sons stood about the great white-covered ox-wagon, their bemired boots drawn high over their trousers, their broad hats pulled down to their lowering eyes, maintaining a sedulous silence. So strong a family resemblance existed between them and the dead man that 'Gustus Tom was greatly perturbed as from time to time he glanced at them; looking away instantly with a resolution to see them no more, and yet again with a morbid fascination turning his eyes to meet theirs, before whose dark and solemn anger he quailed. Now and then the sobs would burst from him, and he would lay his head on his arm against the rails, as he cowered in the fence corner; for the old woman would not enter the miller's house, but stood upon the frozen crust of snow by the roadside, and looked upon the denuded site of the mill, and the turbulent river, and the austere bleak bluffs on the opposite bank. The miller appeared in his door, himself the impersonation of winter, his snowy locks and beard falling about his rugged face; the desolate little shanty was plainly to be seen among the naked and writhen boughs of the orchard, that bore only snow and icicles in the stead of the bloom and fruit they had known.

Cross-questioning, threats, all the devices of suggestion, availed naught. The terrible story once told, 'Gustus Tom found the pluck somehow to stand by it

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without other support than the uncognizant affection of sister Eudory; for the miller's mind was darkening daily, and the shallow Sophy cared for none of it. She came to the door once to lead the old man within from the piercing wind, and she lingered for a moment, her golden hair flying in the blast; her placid blue eyes and superficial smile underwent no change when the old woman turned away, baffled and hopeless and stricken.

"I 'lowed my son war dead," she said to the cluster of gossips who had assisted at the colloquy. She shook her head as she leaned upon her stick, and hobbled down across the frozen ruts of the road toward the wagon. "I 'lowed my son war dead, an' I mourned him. But I said the words of a fool, for he war alive; the best part of him, his good name, war lef' ter me. An' now he air beset, an' druv, an' run down ter death, — fur ye air now a-murderin' of him in takin' his good name. Lemme know, neighbors," — she turned, with her hand upon the wheel, — "when the deed air fairly done, so ez I kin gin myself ter mournin' my son, fur then he 'll be plumb dead."

The two dark-browed brothers said never a word; the slow oxen started; the wagon moved creaking down the road toward the snowy mountains, with their whitened slopes and black trees, and gray shadows.

The public sentiment excited in favor of Mink Lorey by the developments during his trial, and which had expressed itself in the riot and attempt at a rescue, had sustained a rebuff consequent upon his assault on Judge Gwinnan. Nevertheless, it is difficult to nullify a popular prepossession, and the discovery that the young mountaineer had been the victim of the machinations of the true criminal, that he had been placed in jeopardy, had suffered many months' imprisonment, had still longer duress in prospect, served to justify him in some sort, and reinstated him in the feelings of the people, never very logical. All the details of the trial were canvassed anew with reviviscent interest. Now that the veil of mystery was torn from it, there seemed still other inculpations involved. It would appear to imply some gross negligence, some intentional spite, some grotesque perversion of justice, that the criminal should have been one of the jury impaneled to try an innocent man. The fact itself was shocking. It was significant that only through accident had it come to light, and it augured grievous insecurity of liberty, life, and property.

Mr. Harshaw, who shortly returned to Shaftesville to spend the Christmas vacation, was not slow to note the direction and progress of popular favor. In the state of his feelings toward Gwinnan, he had no great impulse to combat the position taken by the unlearned that it was a grave dereliction on the part of the court that Pete Rood had been admitted to the panel. Why should he expound the theory of judicial challenges, the conclusiveness of the *voir dire*, in instances of general eligibility? He truly believed that in the incarceration of the jury Gwinnan had sacrificed the interests of the defense and a favorable verdict, and as he felt much reminiscent interest in the details of his cases he could listen with all the relish of mental affirmation to the denunciations of the stranger judge, who was often profanely apostrophized and warned to show his head no more in Cherokee County.

"Somebody besides Mink Lorey 'll try ter beat some sense inter it, ef he do," said Bylor. The bitterness of the affront offered to the jury by their imprisonment had grown more poignant as time went on, for while the general excitement had gradually subsided, the fact remained. Not one of the unlucky panel, venturing from time to time into town with peltry, or game, or produce for

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sale, could escape the gibes and laughter of retrospective ridicule. The dignity of the interests involved had ceased to be as a shield to them. Even the acrimony excited by their failure to agree had yielded to light sarcasm and jocose scorn, — not ill-natured, perhaps, but sufficiently nettling to proud and sensitive men whom accident had succeeded in immuring behind the bars. Everywhere the subject lurked in ambuscade, — in the stores, at the tavern, on the streets. The jailer was the most hospitable man alive. "When 'll ye kem an' take pot-luck agin, gentlemen?" he would hail them in chance encounters. "My door air easy ter open — *from the outside.*" Or he would call out, with a roguish twinkle in his brown eyes, "How 's 'rithmetic up in the cove?" in allusion to the unlucky thirteen on the panel. It seemed to them that humiliation was their portion, and the festive and gala occasion known as "goin' ter town," which had hitherto been so replete with excitement and interest, and was in the nature of a tour and a recompense of toil, had resolved itself into a series of mortifications.

Harshaw's law-office proved in some sort a refuge to the coterie, as it had always been more or less a resort. It had some of the functions of a club-house, and its frequenters felt hardly less at home than its proprietor. He was a man difficult to be taken amiss by his country friends. He had a sonorous, hearty greeting for whoever came. If he were at work, half a dozen sprawling fellows talking about his fireside were no hindrance to the flow of his thought, the scratch of his pen, or the chase of some elusive bit of legal game through the pages of a law-book. More often he bore a part in the conversation. The bare floor defied the red clay mire that came in with the heavy boots; the broken bricks in the hearth were not more unsightly in his eyes for the stains of tobacco juice. The high mantelpiece was ornamented by a box of tobacco, a can of kerosene, and an untrimmed lamp that asserted its presence in unctuous odors. There were some of the heavy books of his profession in a case, and many more lying in piles on the floor, near the walls, defenseless against the borrower. There was a window on one side of the office, and another opening upon the street. At this a face was often applied, with a pair of hands held above the eyes to shut out the light, that the passer-by might scan the interior, perchance to see if some one sought were within; perchance merely to regale an idle curiosity. The unique proceeding occasioned no comment and gave no offense. An open door showed an inner apartment, where consultations were held when too important for the ear of the indiscriminate groups in the main office, and where there was a lounge, on which he slept during court week, or when political business was too brisk to admit of his driving out to his home on his farm, some miles from the town.

"Well," said Harshaw, tilting his chair back upon its hind legs, until it creaked and quaked with the weight, and clasping both hands behind his yellow head, "I wonder you ain't willing for Gwinnan to be a fool, considering what Mink got for beating his skull into a different shape."

The county boasted no weekly newspaper, and without it the news was a laggard. Ben Doaks looked up with interest; Bylor paused expectant. Jerry Price, too, was present, for there was an unusual number from the coves in town to-day, — the Saturday before Christmas, — to sell and purchase many commodities designed to promote Christmas cheer; to see also the little display the village made, to profit by the crowd and the event.

The hickory logs crackled on the hearth, above the gleaming coals, and the white and yellow flames were broad-

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ly flaring; great beds of gray ashes lay beneath, for they were seldom removed; the murmurous monotone of the fire filled the pause.

"Yes, sir," said Harshaw, taking his pipe from his lips and knocking the ashes from the bowl, "Mink got a sentence for twenty years in the penitentiary, for assault with intent to commit murder."

There was dead silence. The clay pipe that Jerry Price was smoking fell from his hands unheeded, and broke into fragments on the hearth. This knowledge affected the group more than the news of Mink's death might have done. That at least was uncertain. The mind flags and fails to follow in the journey to the unknown the spirit that has quitted the familiar flesh, — the entity for which it has merely a name, an impression, an illusion of acquaintance. But this sordid, definite fact, this measure of desolation bounded by four walls, this hopeless rage, this mental revulsion from ignominy, all were of mortal experience and easily imagined.

"Yes, sir," resumed Harshaw; his florid face was grave, but firm. He had the air of a man whose feelings have been schooled to calmness, but who protests against a fact. "I did what I could for Mink. I could n't defend him myself, — could n't leave the interests of my constituents in the House for the sake of an individual; but I put the case in Jerome Maupert's hands. Maupert could n't help it. Mink was locking the door of the state prison and double-locking it every time he lifted his hand to strike Gwinnan. A *judge*, you know," — he rolled his eyes significantly at the group, — "a judge is a mighty big man, and Mink is just a poor mountain boy."

He stuck his pipe into his mouth again, and vigorously puffed it into a glow.

"The crowd in court cheered when the jury gave their verdict," he said.

The group looked at each other with quick, offended glances; then lapsed into gazing at the fire and contemplating the circumstances.

"'Pears like ez nobody kin git even with Gwinnan right handy," said Bylor. "Ef 't war n't fur makin' bad wuss fur Mink, I'd wisht ez he hed killed him."

"Shucks!" said Harshaw scornfully. "Gwinnan thinks he 's mighty popular with the people. He 's always doing the humbugging and bamboozling dodge. Just before I left Glaston the attorney-general — Kenbigh, ye know — showed me a letter from Judge Gwinnan asking him to take no notice of Mink's assault, as he was n't willing to prosecute."

He brought his chair down with a thump on its fore-legs, and looked about the circle, his roseate plump face full of bantering sarcasm.

"What war his notion fur that?" demanded Doaks, slowly possessing himself of the facts.

"To impose on the people — so good — so lenient" —

"Mighty lenient, sure!" interpolated Bylor. He rubbed his wrist mechanically; he never was quite sure that he had not been shackled.

"Letter dated just about two weeks after Mink was sentenced," Harshaw sneered.

"Waal, who war the prosecutor, then?" demanded Jerry Price, at a loss.

"Why, of course they did n't wait for a prosecutor. Mink was tried on a presentment by the grand jury; and as the criminal court came on right straight, Kenbigh just hurried him through. He 's a regular blood-hound, Kenbigh is."

There was silence for a few moments. Several of the sticks of wood had burned in two and fallen apart, and were sending up dull columns of smoke, some of which puffed into the room, — an old trick of the chimney's, if the testimony of the blackened ceiling be admitted.

"As if," cried Harshaw, suddenly uncrossing and crossing his legs, reversing

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their position, "Gwinnan, of all the men in the world, would n't know and think of that! But Kenbigh seemed to take it *all* in, — seemed to think 't was Gwinnan's modesty. He showed me the answer he wrote to the judge." Harshaw cast up his eyes meditatively to the ceiling, as if seeking to recall the words. "He begged to express his admiration of Judge Gwinnan's modesty in thinking that so serious an injury to one of the most brilliant ornaments of the state judiciary could fail to be summarily punished, or would need his personal interposition as prosecutor."

They all listened with an absent air, as if the refusal to hear the compliments nullified them.

Harshaw gave a short, satirical laugh, showing his strong white teeth.

"I wisht ter Gawd that thar Gwinnan wanted ter go ter Congress, or sech, ez would fling him 'fore the vote o' Cher'kee County, — it be in the same congressional deestric' whar he hails from, — I 'd show him," said Bylor, shaking his head with the savagery of suppositious revenge, and in the full delusion of unbridled power characteristic of the free and independent American unit. "*I 'd* show him."

"I reckon everybody don't feel like we-uns do," said Jerry Price, who, although he smarted under the unmerited disgrace he had experienced at the hands of Gwinnan, had submitted to it as a judicial necessity. Its rankling pangs were manifested only when, chancing to meet the foreman, Jerry would ask, in a manner charged with interest and an affectation of mystery, whether he had had his tongue measured yet, and how many joints it had been ascertained to have.

"They 're a little more disgruntled over in Kildeer than you are here," Harshaw declared. "You 'd allow the court-room was a distric' school, if you could know the way he domineers over there. I always look to see the learned counsel put his finger in his mouth and whine when Gwinnan gets on the rampage."

"Why, look-a-hyar, Mr. Harshaw," demanded Bylor, "do you-uns call this a free country? Ain't thar no way o' stoppin' him off? Goin' ter hev five mo' years o' him on the bench?"

"He 'll be impeached some day, mark my words," Harshaw declared; and then he fell to eying the smoking fire with slow, sullen, vengeful speculation, and for the rest of the day he was not such jovial company as his general repute for good fellowship might seem to promise.

In this interval of leisure which the holidays afforded him, both as legislator and lawyer, Harshaw devoted himself to furthering his political prospects and strengthening his hold upon the predilections of the people. He was a man of many mental and moral phases: he sang loud and long at the "watch meeting," at the cross-roads church; he attended the rural merry-makings; there was egg-nog at his house on Christmas Day for all who came that way, and the flavor of his hospitality was not impaired by his shaking hands with his guests, and violently promising to vote for them at the next election, each enlightened and independent citizen being himself not quite clear as to who was the prospective candidate: but the whole episode faded from recollection with the day, mingling with the vain phantasmagoria of wild elation, and subsequent drowsiness, and retributive headache, and physical repentance. He went on a camp hunt with a party of roaring blades. The weather in the changeful Southern winter had turned singularly fine and dry; the air had all the crisp buoyancy of autumn and all the freshness of spring; fires drowsed on hearths; doors stood ajar; the sunshine was pervasive, warm, languorous, imbued with pensive vernal illusions. One might wonder to see the silent sere grass; were there indeed no

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whirring songs, no skittering points of light, hovering in mazy tangles, and telling the joy that existence might prove to the tiniest insect life? Birds? The trees were empty, but one must look to make sure: only the rising quail from the clumps of withered weeds; only the infrequent cry of the wild turkey down the bare, sunny vistas of the woods. The shadows of the deciduous trees were spare and linear, distinctly traced on the brown ground or upon the gray rock. In these fine curves and strokes of dendritic scripture a graceful sylvan idyl might perchance be deciphered by the curious. But the dense masses of laurel and the darkling company of pines cloaked themselves in their encompassing gloom, in these bright days as ever, and in their shade the dank smell and the depressing chill attested the winter solstice. Vague shimmers hung about the mountains, blue in the distance, garnet and brown and black close at hand. The terrible heights and unexplored depths, the vast sheer, precipitous descents, the titanic cliffs, the breadth, the muscle, the tremendous velocity, of the torrents hurling down the gorges, gave august impressions of space unknown to the redundant richness of the summer woods. There were vistas of incomparable amplitude, as still, with the somnolent sunshine and the sparse shadow, as if they were some luminous effect on a canvas, painted in dark and light browns, graduated through the tints of the sere leaf in ascendant transition to the pale gold of the sunbeams; affording, despite the paucity of detail, an ecstasy to the sense of color.

It was a moment of preëminent consequence to Harshaw one day, when far up a stately avenue a deer appeared with the suddenness of an illusion, yet giving so complete a realization of its presence that the very fullness and splendor of its surprised eyes left their impression. Then, as in some jugglery of the senses, the animal with consummate grace and lightness, vanished, bounding through the laurel.

The wind was adverse and the hounds did not readily catch the scent. A few tentative, melancholy yelps of uncertainty arose; then a deep, musical, bell-like bay, another, and the pack opened with a great swelling, oscillating cry, that the mountains echoed as with a thousand voices, and in a vast compass of tone. The mounted men, hallooing to one another, dashed off in different directions, making through the woods toward various "stands" which the deer might be expected to pass. Now and then the horn sounded to recall the stragglers, — inexpressibly stirring tones, launched from crag to crag, from height to height; far-away ravines repeated the summons with a fine and delicate mystery of resonance, rendered elusive and idealized, till one might believe that never yet did such sound waves float from the prosaic cow-horn of the mountaineer.

Harshaw's pursuits had not been those of a Nimrod, and although a good horseman and a fair marksman he had found himself at a grievous disadvantage with others of the party who were mountaineers and crack shots. Stimulated by rivalry, they had achieved prodigies in instances of quickness of sight and unerring aim in unpropitious, almost impossible circumstances. They had already had some good sport, in which he had acquitted himself creditably enough; but his inexperience and ignorance of the topography of the country had given him some occasion to perceive that without more familiarity with the localities he could not fully enjoy a camp hunt. He was not surprised when, becoming involved in an almost impenetrable tangle of the laurel, he lost his companions, who got over the broken ground with an amazing swiftness, divination of direction, and quickness of resource. He drew rein upon emerging, and listened to the baying hounds: now loud, now faint and far away; now sharply yelping for the

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lost trail, and again lifting the exultant, bell-like cry of bated triumph. He despaired of rejoining his friends till the deer was lost or killed, and, remembering the pluck of the *personnel* of the diversion, of the deer, the hounds, and the mountaineers, he reflected that this result might not soon ensue.

The echoes infinitely confused the sounds, giving no reliable suggestion of the direction which the hunt was taking. He pushed on for a time, — a long time, his watch told him, — in the complete silence of the wintry woods. He began to experience a dull growing apprehensiveness. He had no faint approximative knowledge concerning the locality; there was no path, not even a herder's trail. He could himself establish no landmark by which he might be guided. There was a lavish repetitiousness in the scene: grand as it might be with scarred cliffs and sudden chasms and stupendous trees, it was presented anew with prolific magnificence forty yards further, and ride as he might he seemed to make no progress. As time passed, there recurred to his recollection instances — rare, it is true, but as uninviting to the imagination as infrequent — of men who have been lost in these fastnesses, trained woodsmen, herders, the familiars of the wild nature into whose penetralia even they had ventured too far. A handful of bleaching bones might tell the story, or perhaps the mysterious disappearance would be explained by much circling of birds of prey. Mr. Harshaw felt a sudden violent appreciation of the methods and interests and affluent attractiveness of the civilized world. He could not sufficiently condemn his folly in venturing out of its beaten track; in leaving, even for a space, the things he loved for the things he cared not for. The scene was inexpressibly repugnant to him; the woods closed him in so frowningly; his mind recoiled from the stern, Gorgon-like faces of the crags on every hand. The wintry sunlight was reddening; he could see only the zenith through the dense forest, and upon its limited section were interposed many interlacing outlines of the bare boughs; nevertheless, he was aware that the sky was clouding. The wind did not stir; the woods were appallingly still; there was no sound of horn or hounds; the chase had gone like a phantom hunt, — suddenly evoked, as suddenly disappearing.

XXIII.

As Harshaw paused to let his mare breathe, an abrupt sound smote his ear; he lifted his head to listen. It was the fitful clank of a cow-bell — and again; nearer than he had thought at first. He experienced infinite relief. The prosaic jangling had a welcome significance. It intimated the vicinity of some dwelling-place, for at this season the cattle are not at large in the withered pasturage of the mountain. He heard the bushes cracking at a little distance; he pressed his reluctant mare in that direction, through a briery tangle, over the trunks of fallen trees, pausing now and then to listen to the sound. Suddenly there was a great thwack; a thick human tongue stammered a curse. There was something strange and repellent and unnatural in the mouthing tones. The next moment he understood. The laurel gave way into the open aisles of the brown woods; a red suffusion of the sunset lingered among the dark boles on the high slopes, contending with, rather than illuminating, the lucent yellow tints on the dead leaves. A red cow shambled along at a clumsy run amid the pervasive duskiness, that was rather felt than seen; and driving her with a long hickory sprout was a tall mountain boy, who turned his head at the sound of the hoofs behind him, showing under the bent and drooping brim of an old white hat a pale and flabby face, on which pitiless nature had

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fixed the stamp of denied intelligence. He gazed, with open mouth and starting eyes, at the horseman; then, regardless of Harshaw's friendly hail, he dropped his stick, and with a strange, unearthly howl he fled along the woodland ways like a frightened deer. He plunged into the laurel, and was out of sight in a moment.

Harshaw began to drive the cow along, hoping she would take the familiar barn-yard way. He could hardly gauge his relief when, almost immediately, he saw before him a rail fence; and yet he had an accession of irritation because of the folly, the futility, of the whole mishap. His consciousness was so schooled to the exactions of political life that he experienced the sort of grotesque shame as if the misadventure were already added to the capital of a political opponent expert in the art of ridicule.

No one was visible in the little clearing. Smoke, however, was curling briskly from the chimney of a log hut; there was a barn of poles hard by, evidently well filled. Harshaw hallooed, with no response save that his hearty voice roused the dogs; they came trooping from under the house and from out of it, sharply barking, although two or three, still drowsy, paused to stretch themselves to a surprising length and to yawn with a vast dental display. The cow went in by the way, doubtless, that she had come out, stepping over the fence, where a number of rails had been thrown off. Harshaw, thinking it as well to encounter the dogs within the inclosure as without, followed her example, the mare resisting slightly, and stumbling over those of the rails that lay upon the ground. He saw that his approach had occasioned a commotion within the house; there was a vague flutter of skirts elusively appearing and disappearing. Across the doorway, low down, were nailed wooden slats, doubtless to restrain the excursiveness of a small child, who suddenly thrust his head over them, and was instantly snatched back by some invisible hand.

Nevertheless, the inhabitants were presently induced to hold a parley, perhaps because of Harshaw's manifest determination to force an entrance, despite the dogs that leaped and yelped about his stirrup irons, their vocal efforts more shrilly keyed as his whip descended among them; for although he held his revolver cocked, he was too shrewd a politician to present its muzzle to a mountaineer's dog save in the direst emergency. A woman suddenly appeared at the door. She looked at him with so keen and doubtful a gaze, with a gravity so forbidding, a silence so significant, that, accustomed as he was to the hospitable greeting and smile of welcome that graces the threshold of every home of the region, however humble, he lost for the moment his ready assurance. When he told her of his plight, she received the statement with the chilling silence of incredulity. Nevertheless, upon his request for shelter for the night and a guide the next morning, she did not refuse, as he had feared, but told him in a spiritless way to 'light and hitch, and that the boy would look after his horse. He strode up to the house, the dogs, suddenly all very friendly, at his heels, and stepped over the barricade that restrained the adventurous juvenile who was now hanging upon it, looking with eager interest at the world of the door-yard, which was a very wide world to him. He followed Harshaw to his seat by the fire, eying with great persistence his boots and his spurs. The latter exerted upon him special fascinations, and he presently stooped down and applied a small inquisitive finger to the rowel. The interior was not unlike the other homes of the region, — two high beds, a ladder ascending to a chamber in the roof, a rude table, a spinning-wheel, at which a gaunt, half-grown girl was working as industriously as if oblivious of

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the stranger's presence. The woman sat with her arms folded, her eyes on the fire, pondering deeply. A young man came to the back door, glanced in, and turned away.

When the woman fixed her grave, wide, prominent eyes upon Harshaw, there was something in their expression so unnerving that his refuge seemed hardly more comfortable than the savage wilderness without. But he said bluffly to himself that he had not stumped Kildeer and Cherokee for nothing; he rallied his traditions as a politician. Surely, he reflected, he who could so beguile other men's adherents to vote for him could win his way to a simple woman's friendship, if he tried.

He looked at the child and smiled, and said that the boy was "mighty peart." He dropped into the vernacular as a conscious concession to the habits of the "plain people."

The woman's fierce face was transfigured. "That 's a true word, stranger," she said, beamingly. "Philetus ain't three year old yit, air he, Sereny?"

The girl in an abrupt, piping way confirmed the marvel, and Harshaw looked again at Philetus, who had no sort of hesitancy in seeking to take off the spurs and convert them to his own use.

His mother went on: "Philetus, though, ain't nigh so pretty ez three others I hed ez died. Yes, sir, we-uns lived up higher than this, on a mounting over yander thar."

"You have n't been living here long?" said Harshaw, merely by way of making talk.

The woman instantly resumed her stony, impassive manner. "'T ain't long nor short by some folkses' medjure," she said equivocally. She looked watchfully at him from time to time. An old gray cat that sat on the warm stones in the corner of the hearth, purring, and feigning to lift now one of her forepaws and then the other, eyed him with a round, yellow, somnolent stare, as if she too had a charge to keep him under surveillance. She got up suddenly, arching her back, to affectionately rub against the great booted feet of the idiot, who came and leaned on the chimney and gazed solemnly at the stranger. He was overgrown and overfat, and had a big, puffy, important face and a cavalier, arrogant manner.

"Don' wanter," he said, in his thick, mouthing utterance, as the woman, once more seeming flustered and anxious, told him to take the basket and fill it with chips.

The whir of the spinning-wheel was suddenly silent, and the girl, who officiated as a sort of echo of her mother's words, a reflection of her actions, came and emptied the basket of the few bits of bark within it, and handed it to him.

"G' way, Sereny," he said good-naturedly, but declining the duty.

The unfathomable dispensation of idiocy, its irreconcilability with mundane theories of divine justice or mercy, its presentment at once repellent and grotesque, has its morbid effect when confronted with sanity. Harshaw was a man neither of delicate instincts nor any subtle endowment, but the contemplation of the great vacant face grimacing at him, coupled with the singular influences of his reception, required a recollection of the anguished anxiety he had experienced, the sound of the rising wind without, the sight of the whirling dead leaves, the gathering gloom of the cloudy dusk, to reconcile him to the conditions of his refuge.

"Well, my man," he said, looking at the boy, "what 's *your* name?"

The idiot grinned importantly. "Tad," he stuttered thickly, — "Tad Simpkins. What 's yourn?"

Harshaw sat for a moment in stunned surprise. Then all the discomforts of the situation vanished before the triumphs of this discovery. This — this great, well-fed, hearty creature, the for-

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lorn, maltreated idiot depicted by the evidence in Mink Lorey's trial; this, the pitiable boy drowned in the mill like a rat in a trap; this, the elusive spectre of the attorney-general's science! The next moment it occurred to him that he must use special caution here; the motives that had led these people to harbor the idiot, if not to conceal him, were suspicious, and favored his theory in the trial — which he had adopted more from the poverty of his resources than a full credulity — that the retirement of the boy reputed drowned was prompted by a deep-seated enmity to Mink Lorey.

He turned to the woman, all his normal faculties on the alert.

"Well, that's a fact, Mrs. Simpkins; your son ain't plumb bright, — I can see that, — but he's right there. I ought to tell you *my* name."

"Mine ain't Simpkins," said the woman suddenly, responding quickly to his clever touch, "an' Tad thar ain't my son." She was mixing corn-meal batter for bread in a wooden bowl; she stirred it energetically as she went on with a sort of partisan acrimony: "Mebbe he ain't bright, ez ye call it, but I ain't never hearn o' Tad doin' a mean thing yit, — not ter the chill'n, nor dogs, nor cats, nor nuthin'. He may be lackin' in the head, but he ain't lackin' in the heart; thar's whar's the complaint o' mos' folks ez ain't idjits. I dunno which air held gifted in the sight o' the Lord. 'T ain't in human wisdom ter say. Tad 'll make a better show at the jedgmint day 'n many folks ez 'low they hev hed thar senses through life."

"Ain't no idjit, nuther," protested Tad, gruffly.

"Well, my name's Harshaw, — Bob Harshaw." The guest leaned forward, with his elbows on his knees, looking steadily at her as he talked. She held her head on one side, listening eagerly, almost laboriously, sedulous that she should lose no point, showing how sharp had been her desire for him to give an account of himself. As he noticed this, he was more than ever sure that the household had some cause to fear the law. His vanity received a slight shock in the self-evident fact that she had never before heard of him. "I'm a lawyer from Shaftesville. I defended Mink Lorey when he was tried for drowning that chap."

"Flung me in the water!" exclaimed Tad parenthetically.

"I hearn 'bout that," said the woman. She had knelt on the broad hearth-stone, depositing the bowl beside her while she made up the pones in her hands, tossing them from one palm to the other, then placing them upon the hoe which smoked upon the hot live coals drawn out from the bed of the fire. "I war glad the rescuers tuk him out," she continued, "fur Tad ain't drownded."

"The rescuers did n't take him out," said Harshaw, sharply.

The woman looked up, surprised; her hand shook a little with the bread in it; she was evidently capable of appreciating the weight of responsibility.

"Why, Lethe Sayles told me so," she said.

"Lethe Sayles!" he exclaimed, perplexed. Her name instantly recalled Gwinnan — incongruous association of ideas! — and Mink's persuasion of Gwinnan's enmity toward him for her sake. Had she known the judge before? he wondered. Had Mink some foundation for his jealousy beyond the disasters of the trial? Somehow, this false representation to the people who knew that the lad was not drowned had, he thought, an undeveloped significance in view of that fact. Harshaw resolved that there should be no question of the substantiality of Tad's apparition when the case should come up to be tried anew. He forgot himself for the moment. "I'll produce you in open court, my fine fellow," he said, swaggering to his feet and striking the boy on his fat shoulder. "That's what I'm bound for!"

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He had naught in mind save the details of his case. He regarded the incident only as the symmetrical justification of his conduct of the evidence and his evolution of the theory of the crime. He did not pause to reflect on its slight and ineffective value to Mink himself, to whom the complete result could only mean that a few years were not to be added to the long term of imprisonment which already impended for him. He did not even notice that the woman rose suddenly from her knees, went toward the door, and beckoned in the burly young fellow who had appeared on the porch at intervals, covertly surveying the scene within.

"Naw, sir," she exclaimed, with an agitated, accelerated method of speech and a fierce eye, "ye won't! Ye ain't a-goin' ter kem in hyar an' spy us out an' perduce us in court, fur yer profit an' our destruction." Harshaw turned and gazed at her, with a flushing, indignant face and an amazement that knew no bounds. The young man had his rifle in his hand; she herself was taking down a gun which lay in a rack above the fireplace. "Ye war n't axed ter kem in hyar, but it be our say-so ez ter when ye go out."

The surprise of it overpowered him for a moment; he stood blankly staring at them. The next, he realized that his pistols were in the holster with his saddle, and his gun that he had placed beside the door had been removed. He was not, however, deficient in physical courage.

"Take care how you attempt to detain me!" he blustered.

She laughed in return, shrilly, mirthlessly; as he looked at her he was sure that she would not hesitate to draw the trigger that her long, lean fingers, bedaubed with the corn-meal batter, already touched.

The idiot put his hands before his eyes, with a hoarse, wheezing moan of horror and remonstrance. The girl looked on with the tranquillity of sanity.

Harshaw could rely only on the superiority of his own intellectual endowments.

"Why, look here, madam," he said bluffly, rallying his wits, "what do you want of me, — to stay here? I have got no notion of going, I assure you; not till daybreak, anyhow."

He flung himself into his chair, and looked up at her with an exasperating composure, as if relegating to her all the jeopardy of the initiative and the prerogatives of action.

She quailed before this unexpected submission. She could have had no doubts as to her course had he shown fight; the tall and subsidiary young man also wore an air of sheepish defeat. Harshaw stifled his questions; he gave no sign of the anger that seethed within him, the haunting fear that would not down. He stretched out his booted legs to the warm fire, feeling in the very capacity of motion, in the endowment of sensation, a relief, an appreciated value in sheer life which is the common sequence of escape, and remembering that by this time, but for his quick expedient, he might be in case to never move again. He thrust his broad hat far back on his yellow head, put his hands into his pockets, and looked in his confident fashion about his surroundings, while the woman lowered her weapon, and presently went mechanically about her preparations for supper, evidently attended by some lurking regret for her precipitancy. She looked askance at him now and then, and after a time ventured upon a question.

"Ye say yer name be Harshaw?" she asked.

"I said so," Harshaw replied. So alert were her suspicions that she fancied significance in the simple phrase. She exchanged a quick glance with the young man, who appeared at once lowering and beset with doubt.

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Even Tad apprehended the meaning in the look.

"Ye know my name, 'pears like, better 'n yourn," he grinned, with a guttural, foolish laugh.

As the boy spoke Harshaw was impressed anew with the change in his fate: the creature of cuffs and curses, who had been the very derision of perverse circumstances, was a marvelous contrast to the well-fed, fat, kindly-tended lad who leered good-humoredly from where he lounged against the great chimney. Yet despite this attestation of benignant impulses harbored here, there was the rifle, which had had such importunate concern for his attention, standing ready at the woman's right hand.

"Well, madam," said the politician, "I have been about right smart in the mountains, and I have partaken of the cheer around many a hearth-stone, but this is the first time I have ever been invited to look down the muzzle of a rifle."

She winced visibly at this reflection upon her hospitality, as she knelt on the hearth, slipping the knife under the baking pones on the hoe, and turning them with a dextrous flip.

"I would n't have believed it," continued Harshaw. "I have never heard of anybody but law-breakers giving themselves to such practices, — moonshiners and the like."

The woman suddenly lifted her face, her dismayed jaw falling at the significant word. Harshaw could have laughed aloud. The simple little riddle was guessed. And yet the situation was all the graver for him. There was a step outside; the door opened for only a narrow space; darkness had fallen; the room was illumined by the flaring flames darting up the chimney; he knew that he was scrutinized sharply from without, and now and then he heard the sound of voices in low conference.

It was well, doubtless, that the secret petitions he preferred to the powers of the earth and the air for the utter confusion and the eternal destruction of the mountain hunters who had made so slight and ineffective a search for him — or perhaps none at all — could not be realized, or his misfortune might have engendered far-reaching and divergent calamity, disproportionate in all eyes save his own.

He knew now that he had stumbled upon a gang of moonshiners, and had been taken for a revenue spy, or a straggler from a raiding party. How to escape with this impression paramount, or indeed how to escape at all, was a question that bristled with portentous dubitation. He was content to pretermit it in the guarded watchfulness that absorbed his every faculty, as one by one the men strode in to the number of four or five, each casting upon him a keen look, supplementing the survey through the door.

One of them he suddenly recognized. "I have seen you before," he said, with a jolly intonation. "This is Sam Marvin, ain't it?"

The owner of the name was discomfited when confronted with it, and, seeing this, Harshaw was sorry that he had, with the politician's instinct, made a point of remembering it.

He could with difficulty eat, despite the fatigues of the day, but he sat down among them, with a hearty show of appetite and with his wonted bluff manner. His sharpened attention took cognizance of many details which under ordinary circumstances he would not have noticed. He could have sworn to every one of the rough faces — and right welcome would have been the opportunity — grouped about the table. The men ate in a business-like, capacious fashion, especially one lean, lank fellow, with unkempt black hair and a thin face, the chin decorated with what is known as a goatee. Notwithstanding their roughness they were not altogether unkind.

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Philetus could not complain of disregarded pleas as he begged from chair to chair, under the firm impression that there was something choice in the *menu* not included in the contents of the pan placed for him on a bench, which should serve as table, while he was to be seated on an inverted noggin. And the dogs spent the time of the family meal alternately in a petrified expectancy and sudden elastic bounds to catch the bits flung liberally over the shoulders.

When the repast, conducted chiefly in silence, was concluded, the group reassembled about the hearth-stone, the pipes were lighted, and conversation again became practicable. It required some strong control of his faculties to bear himself as an honored guest instead of a suspected informer, trapped, but Harshaw managed to support much of his wonted manner as he lighted a pipe that he had in his pocket and pulled it into a strong glow. Nevertheless, he was beset with a realization of how easy it would be for them to rid themselves of him without a possibility that his fate would excite suspicion. As he looked into the flaming coals of the fire, his quickened imagination could picture a man lying lifeless at the foot of great crags, — lying lifeless where he had fallen, but with an averted face, — and another vista in which his horse, with an empty saddle, with pistols in the holster, cropped the grass on a slope. He thought of it often afterward, — the man lying lifeless beneath the crags, with a face he did not see! This was the doom that persistently forced itself upon him as most obviously, most insistently, his; naught else could so readily release these desperadoes from the peril that threatened them. He began to remember various stories of Marvin's old encounters with the "revenuers:" on one occasion shots had been exchanged; one or more of the posse had been killed; he could not remember accurately, but he thought this was accredited to Jeb Peake, — "hongry Jeb," who could, according to the popular account of him, "chaw up five men of his weight at a mouthful an' beg for more." They had much at stake; perhaps, as they looked into the fire with that slow, ruminative gaze, they also saw a picture, — a halter wavering in the wind. The room alternately flared and faded as the flames rose and fell. It bore traces of renovation: the door was new, the floor patched. He made a rough guess that Marvin had taken possession of one of the long-deserted huts seen at intervals in the mountains. Raindrops presently pattered on the roof; then ceased, as if waiting breathlessly for some mandate; and again a fusillade; and anon torrents. The melancholy elements in the wild wastes without seemed not uncheerful companions in lieu of the saturnine group about the fire. Alack, for liberty, the familiar thing! Harshaw sought to reassure himself, noting their kindness to the idiot and to the little child. Philetus climbed over their feet, and made demands, of a frequency appalling to a mind less repetitious than the one encased in the downy yellow head, to be ridden on their great miry boots.

Suddenly Marvin spoke: "My wife 'lows ez how ye defended Mink Lorey when he war tried."

"I did," said Harshaw jauntily.

"Waal, did this hyar gal, — this Lethe Sayles, ez lives yander at the t'other eend o' the county, — did she up an' tell in court ennything 'bout me?"

Harshaw was not a truthful man for conscience' sake; but in the course of his practice he had had occasion to remark the inherent capacity of the truth for prevailing. He was far too acute to prevaricate.

"Yes," he said, sticking two fingers into his vest pocket and swinging the leg he had crossed over the other, "she swore that you were moonshining and told her so; she had told me as much before. We wanted to prove that Mink

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was drunk, and had somewhere to get whiskey besides the bonded still. We could n't get in all the evidence, though."

The fire snapped and sparkled and flared. The pendent sponge-like masses of soot clinging to the chimney continually wavered in the strong current of air; now and then fire was communicated to it, and a dull emblazonment of sparks would trace some mysterious characters, dying out when half realized.

Harshaw could but see that his frankness had produced its impression: there was a troublous cast in all the stolid countenances around the hearth; but he was glad to be regarded as a problem as well as a danger.

"In the name o' Gawd," exclaimed Marvin irritably, "why did ye kem hyar ter this hyar place fur? Ain't Shaftesville big enough ter hold ye?"

Harshaw repeated the account of himself which he had already given to Mrs. Marvin. "I ain't ready to go yet," he remarked. "But when your wife thought I wanted to, by George, she got down the gun and said I should n't."

"Ye know too much," suddenly put in "hongry Jeb," who looked as cadaverous and as melancholy as his name might imply.

"I know enough to shut my mouth," said Harshaw bluffly, "and keep it shut."

He looked eagerly at "hongry Jeb," as he threw this out tentatively.

The mountaineer's face was distinct in the firelight, and he gazed at the leaping flames instead of at the speaker.

"I ain't able ter afford ter resk it," said "hongry Jeb." He made a sudden pass across his jugular toward his left ear, exclaiming "Tchisk!" — the whites of his eyes and the double row of his shining teeth showing as he smiled horribly on Harshaw.

The lawyer turned sick. How could he hope that these moonshiners would jeopardize aught for his sake? He could trust only to himself.

There was some drinking as the evening wore on; the monotony of this proceeding was beguiled by the fact that one of the dogs took a drop occasionally, at the instance of the youngest of the moonshiners — a mere boy of twenty — and Marvin's son Mose. It was desired that he should extend his fitness as a boon companion by the use of a pipe, but he revolted at fire and distrusted smoke, and displayed much power of shrillness when snatched by the ears and cuffed. He was finally kicked out, to crawl wheezingly under the house, debarred from the hearth-stone which unaccomplished dogs who were not even bibulous, much less smokers, were privileged to enjoy.

But the evening was not convivial. The moonshiners brooded silently as they drank and smoked. Among them, unmolested, Tad sat. He had never been so happy as now, poor fellow. He goggled about and laughed to himself till he fell asleep, his grotesque head dropping to one side, his mouth open, snoring prosperously.

Marvin glanced at him presently. Then he looked at Harshaw, showing his long tobacco-stained teeth as he laughed. "I hearn ye hev all been in a mighty tucker ter know what hed kem o' Tad, down yander in the flat-woods," he said. He sat in a slouching posture as he smoked, his legs crossed, his shoulders bent, his head thrust forward. "Lethe Sayles tole me 'bout'n it."

"Old Griff has nearly lost his mind about Tad," said Harshaw.

"What?" demanded Marvin, with an affectation of deep surprise. "Can't he find nuthin' else ter cuss an' beat?"

"Pore — old — man!" exclaimed "hongry Jeb," wagging his black head, and showing the gleaming whites of his eyes in his characteristic sidelong glance.

"Well, I expect Tad has been a good deal better off along of you," Harshaw admitted. "But that don't make it right for you to have kidnapped him."

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"Lord knows, we-uns did n't want him," said Marvin. "We-uns ain't gifted in goadin' sech a critter ez him, like old man Griff. We can't git work enough out'n him ter make him wuth the stealin'. He jes' kem up ter whar we-uns lived, one night. I reckon 't war jes' a few nights arter he war flung in the water. He looked mighty peaked."

"An' I never see a critter so hongry," put in the pullet boldly from her seat in the chimney corner, her long yellow feet dangling beneath her short homespun skirt, her hair, which was luxuriant, gathered in a sort of top-knot on her head, "'thout 't war Jeb thar." She gave a cackling laugh of elation at this thrust, as she knitted off her needle in a manner that might make one wonder to see a pullet so deft.

Jeb good-naturedly grinned, and Marvin went on: —

"We reckoned he war a spy for the revenuers, kase they 'lowed we would n't s'pect sech ez him, sent ter find out edzac'ly whar the place be, an' we war 'feared ter let him go back."

Harshaw winced.

"So we jes' kerried him off along o' we-uns. Mebbe 't war n't right, but folkses sech ez we-uns air can't be choosers."

"Naw, sir; else we can't be folkses," said "hongry Jeb."

How could he grin, with that lean, ghastly countenance, whenever he contemplated his terrible jeopardy!

"Ef Tad hed been well keered fur at home I 'd hev felt wuss, but 't would n't hev made no differ," said Marvin; "but I know'd I could do better by him 'n old Griff."

"Mink 's in jail now for drowning him," said Harshaw, surprised at his own boldness.

"Waal, stranger," said Marvin satirically, evidently going to make the best of it, "the court air gin over ter makin' mistakes, an' we pay taxes ter support a S'preme Court ter make some mo'. Man 's human, arter all; he can't be trested ter turn from everything else, an' take arter the right an' jestice. He ain't like my gran'dad's dog, ez would always leave the scent of deer or b'ar an' trail Injun. That dog knowed what war expected of him, an' he done it. But man 's human. Man 's nuthin' but human."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed "hongry Jeb," in appreciative elation.

A pause ensued.

The sound of the rain on the roof was intermitted at intervals, and the wind lifted a desolate voice in the solitudes. The sense of the vast wilderness without, measureless, trackless, infinitely melancholy, preyed upon the consciousness. Perhaps Harshaw, in the quick transition from the artificial life of the world, was more susceptible to the influence, more easily abashed, confronted with the grave, austere, and august presence of Nature. He had a fleeting remembrance of life in the city: the gush of soft light; the mingled sound of music and the babbling of the fountain in the rotunda of the hotel; the Capitol building, seen sometimes through morning fogs and contending sunshine, isolated in the air above the roofs of the surrounding town, like a fine mirage, some castellated illusion; and again its white limestone walls ponderously imposed, every line definite, upon the deep blue midday sky.

That other sphere of his existence seemed for the moment more real to him; he had a reluctance as of awakening from a trance, as he gazed at the unkempt circle of mountaineers about the dying fire.

They were beginning to yawn heavily now. Marvin was laying the chunks together and covering them with ashes, to keep the coals till morning. Harshaw looked on meditatively. Once, as he lifted his eyes, he became aware that they were all covertly watching him with curiosity and speculation.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

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THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

THE various temperance organizations of the country have been endeavoring for some time to secure the appointment, by Congress, of a commission to inquire into and report upon the effects of the liquor traffic. During the last session, a bill providing for such a commission passed the Senate; that being the sixth time the upper chamber had testified its willingness to make the investigation. The annual report of the National Temperance Society relates succinctly the further fortune of the measure: "In the House of Representatives the Senate bill has been reported adversely, with a minority report in its favor, by the Select Committee on the Alcoholic Liquor-Traffic. It is not probable that the bill will pass the present House." When it is remembered that the public conscience is at present manifesting unprecedented sensitiveness on the temperance question, and that the gravity and extent of the drink-evil are recognized more generally to-day than ever before, the apparent apathy of the popular branch of the national legislature is the more striking. It is possibly true that the commission asked for would, if appointed, effect little. But the mischief done by drink is so palpable, the waste of capital upon it is so enormous, its action as a generator of crime is so direct and patent, its agency as an obstacle to progress and a check to civilization is so positive and undeniable, that it does not seem easy for an ostensibly representative body to make any valid defense of its refusal to inquire formally into a subject of such importance and scope.

But it is not Congress alone that in this matter appears to be in opposition to a strong and constantly growing popular sentiment. In two States, New York and New Jersey, the legislatures have recently refused to give the people the opportunity to vote upon the temperance question. In neither of these cases have the politicians who took this course any explanation to offer which can be regarded as justifying their action. How is it, then, that while, in the absence of absorbing political issues, this great question is attracting more and more attention among the people, the politicians of both the old parties seem to close their ears, shut their eyes, and turn their backs with increasing obstinacy to all demands and solicitations on behalf of temperance? The answer to this question is not hard to find. It is that party politics in the United States to-day are controlled by the saloon, and that when action against the drink-evil is proposed politicians revolt as from a parricidal proposition. For many years the political corruption of American cities has been a source of perplexity to reformers. All kinds of schemes for amending and purifying municipal government have been devised, but none of them have proved successful. Changes of party control have simply substituted hungry spoilsmen for gorged ones. There have been now and then flashes of improvement, but they have passed quickly, and the old knavery, plunder, and bad government have returned. In vain have Citizens' parties, Independent parties, all manner of new experiments, been tried. Against every effort at reform the discipline and power of the saloon have prevailed, and have restored the old conditions. Long ago the saloon abolished party politics in our largest cities. To-day, in every such city, the local government is vested in neither party, but is in the hands of the saloon itself. Nominally, the government may be Democratic or Republican. Actually, it is in commission by

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a band of venal politicians, who have no convictions or principles, who trade and "swap" opportunities for plunder with one another, who act as agents for the so-called party leaders, but who acknowledge allegiance only to the saloon.

A government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" is the ideal of democracy; but the American people assuredly do not enjoy it at present, whatever they may do in the future. The delusion that the suffrage as now exercised enables any citizen to express his own opinions is perhaps less widely diffused than formerly, but even yet it interferes with a just comprehension of the hold the saloon has obtained upon our politics. In order to make the situation intelligible a few figures are here necessary. There are in round numbers 135,000 saloons in the country. These places and the 8000 wholesale liquor stores together absorb every year a revenue estimated at from seven to nine hundred million dollars. It is in the cities that the saloon is most powerful. Now, the ten largest cities in the Union — namely, New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Baltimore, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and New Orleans — contain nearly one tenth of the entire population of the country, while fifty other cities, of 30,000 and over, contain another tenth; so that sixty cities comprise one fifth of the whole population. It is in these cities that the saloon is most strongly intrenched, and it is here that it exercises that mastery in politics which renders it so formidable and so mischievous.

What have the seven thousand saloons of New York city done for her? They have fastened upon her citizens the most shamefully corrupt government ever endured by a community indulging in the illusion that it was free; they have almost made it impossible for an honest, educated man to touch local politics, much less take office; they have degraded the conduct of public affairs to their own low level; they have brutalized every institution they have had to do with; they have perverted and spoiled the democratic system, making a hissing and a reproach of American citizenship and the suffrage, establishing political shambles, pandering to the worst vices of the worst classes, defiling everything decent and pure with their ribald scoffing, and producing at intervals, as proof of their quality, tendencies, and power, such abominable scandals as that of the Tweed Ring, or the more recent sale of votes in the board of aldermen. But evil as are the results of the combination between the saloon and the politicians, it is not just to hold the latter responsible for all the mischief they cause. In truth, they are the result of conditions which could not produce anything better, and it is unreasonable to blame the product while refusing to interfere with the generating agencies. The saloon is an arrangement for the maintenance and propagation of the worst vice with which humanity is afflicted; a vice which destroys every elevating influence, kills shame, manhood, ambition, family affection, honor, all that makes life worth living; a vice which fosters brutality, self-indulgence, and all the train of ignoble and degrading passions and inclinations. Now, the purpose and intent of the saloon being what it is, the developments noted are simply what ought to have been expected when so large a share in the government of the country was permitted to be seized by this sinister agency. The American system of government is theoretically sound. The means of education are accessible to all. But when our children have passed through the public schools and enter into active life, if they wish to take part in public affairs they must descend to the saloon for instruction in politics, and in the same institution the foreign immigrants must graduate before they can exercise the right of cit-

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izenship. These are our political schools, in fact, and they give the tone to our politics, city, state, and national. The candidate for office finds it indispensable to "make himself solid with" the rum power. He must buy the favor of the saloon-keepers. He must frequent these places and flatter the vanity of those who gather there. Through them he must obtain the votes of the idle, the vicious, the criminal, classes. He must become familiar with all the ward "strikers" and loafers. He must be represented at the caucuses which are always held where drink abounds. He must defer to the views of men of the lowest intelligence. He must subscribe to platforms drawn up by demagogues and time-servers. Is it any wonder that self-respecting men so often shrink from these ordeals, and prefer the obscurity of private life to a political career demanding such sacrifice and such debasement? The foreigner who lands in this country obtains his first ideas of its governmental system from the saloon. There he is introduced to the lowest intrigues of factional conflict. There he is taught that the chief end and aim of politics is to make as much as possible for the "workers." There he is enlisted into one or the other of the great organizations which have reduced party politics to periodical battles for plunder, to contests for the opportunity to misgovern. There he learns that honor and principle are simply "molasses to catch flies," as a notorious politician once expressed it. There he is made to understand that he is not expected to think for himself, but that he must obey implicitly the party mandates, reverence the saloon-keepers of his ward, submit himself humbly to his "boss," and on election day be thankful that he can sell his vote for a couple of dollars or a debauch on bad whiskey. This is no fanciful picture. There is not a considerable city in the United States in which purchased votes are not cast by the thousand at every important election, and these votes are almost invariably bought and paid for in and through the saloon.

It is absurd to expect that under such a state of things politics can be anything but corrupt. It is absurd to look, in parties dependent upon the saloon, for enlightened patriotism, progressive policies, or any real care for the welfare of the nation. The country is now in a defenseless condition. All the riches of its sea-board cities lie at the mercy of any fifth-rate power with which we may happen to quarrel. Yet it has been impossible to rouse Congress to action. While throwing itself with feverish zeal into struggles over place and patronage, while exhibiting demagogic eagerness in squandering the public funds upon unnecessary local works, it has shown itself indifferent to this vital question; has betrayed a want of public spirit which would be remarkable and perplexing, were it not apparent that members have been desirous only of enacting measures redounding to their personal or party advantage. A Congress which refuses to investigate the liquor traffic, and will not authorize the necessary appropriations for the defense of the coasts against foreign enemies, is in one sense a pattern legislature. It is a pattern, that is to say, of the best that can be expected from the saloon in politics. It can be relied upon to protect the rum power. It cannot be relied upon to defend the country against invasion from without or corruption from within.

But nothing is to be gained by putting all the weight of responsibility upon the congressmen. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that they are what the political system makes them. If the people want a Congress of patriotic, upright, independent, able men, they must provide other machinery for electing them. At present, they are for the most part representatives less of the public than of the saloon, and it would be carping criticism to say that they are

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not worthy of their origin. In the rural districts and in a few Western States, it is still possible for a candidate to be chosen on his merits, without self-humiliation. But in the cities those who seek office can scarcely avoid demagogism and venality, for they can only run subject to the indorsement of the rum power. As regards municipal offices, the record is so clear and full that little remains to be said. The kind of political judgment cultivated by the saloon has been exhibited lately in a startling way. What it produces cannot be better described than in the words of Tennyson: —

> "Men loud against all forms of power,
> Unfurnish'd brows, tempestuous tongues,
> Expecting all things in an hour,
> Brass mouths and iron lungs!"

However wild and foolish and impolitic the demands of saloon-made socialism may be, nevertheless, he who seeks public office where it is influential must avow his belief in its wisdom and justice, and declare his readiness to further its aims. So it is that fuddled anarchism finds a hearing, and that the subversive doctrines which have been filtered through the beer-keg and the whiskey-bottle are sometimes paraded solemnly as the expression of American public opinion.

Yet it will not avail us to rail at the work of the saloon. If we choose to establish competitive examinations in politics on the principle of the Dutch auction, giving the highest marks to those who show the least merit, rewarding demagogism and lack of principle and venality with offices, and disqualifying for the public service such as will not stoop to baseness or corruption for their own advancement, we have no right to complain of the results of the methods we have adopted. Nor can we with reason find fault because, after subjecting our least advanced classes to the degrading and brutalizing influences of the saloon, they learn their lessons more thoroughly than we expected, and threaten the country with the danger of a venal proletariat. We are reaping as we have sown. We have chosen to ignore the growth of this evil. We have shut our eyes obstinately to the real cause of the political corruption scourging us. We have allowed partisanship to blind us to the inevitable consequences of alliance or even compromise with the rum power. We have valued votes only, caring nothing how they were obtained. We have let things drift until the influence of the saloon in politics has become almost paramount.

Many men of sound capacity have wondered why the idea of woman suffrage has not made more progress in this country. The usual explanation has been that the measure is incompatible with "practical politics," and a variety of minor objections have been raised, as that women "know nothing of public questions," that "they are wanting in judgment," and so forth. When the fearful mess that men have made of politics is impartially considered, it can scarcely be maintained soberly that women, however inexperienced, could do much worse. It is, indeed, hardly possible to conceive of worse being done by any kind of creatures. But there are obviously some things now done by men which women could be trusted not to do. For example, we may be quite sure that they would not squander five hundred million dollars a year in strong drink, and then coolly ignore this extravagance, and threaten to revolutionize the country on the ground that they were not receiving their fair share of the wealth they produced. They would not, we may be confident, strike for eight hours a day while permitting their husbands to work sixteen. They would not, at the week's end, spend seven eighths of their wages in the saloon, and then beat their hungry and naked children instead of feeding and clothing them. But when one thinks of the suffering and misery which the saloon inflicts upon woman,

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the opposition it exhibits to woman suffrage is perfectly intelligible. There is nothing so cruel, nothing so brutal, nothing so uncivilized, in American politics to-day, as the dominance of the spirit which refuses a voice in the government to that sex upon whose virtues, piety, and long-suffering every worthy hope of the nation depends. But the difficulties of refusing this measure of justice, this logical and inevitable extension of the democratic principle, become greater with every tentative effort in the direction of a broader suffrage. The proposition can no longer be rejected on the ground that it is untried. It has been tried, and wherever it has had a fair trial it has produced satisfactory results. Naturally, woman suffrage is hostile to the saloon, whether in or out of politics. It is to woman the serpent of Scripture. The antagonism is fundamental, radical, inevitable. Woman stands for all the elevating influences in this stage of existence. The home, the family, the church, the school, all derive from her their best qualities, their highest capabilities. The saloon stands for all that is retrogressive, destructive, debasing, vile, and evil. It ruins the home, breaks up the family, undermines religion, nullifies educational agencies, checks intellectual and moral growth, fosters brutality, coarseness, immorality, and dishonesty. Yet man, enlightened and civilized as he thinks himself, cannot be persuaded to trust his helpmate with even a share of the government whose present abuses weigh so heavily upon her; cannot believe that the judgment and clear-sightedness which, if he is candid and prudent, he is glad to avail himself of in private life would produce as beneficent results when applied to the general concerns.

In this perversity the average man takes a course eminently calculated to maintain the supremacy of the saloon in politics. He shuts himself out from the only zealous help he is certain of. He deprives himself of the one ally who is pledged, by nature as by condition, to eternal war upon the rum power. It is scarcely necessary to point out that, if women could vote, the saloon as an active force in politics would speedily disappear. Therefore, we may be certain that so long as the saloon holds the reins of power it will oppose all its energies to the extension of the suffrage. This is not, however, an additional argument against the saloon. It is simply one of the conditions of its existence. Having been permitted to attain its present strength, having been recognized as a perfectly legitimate institution, it has a right to fight for its life, and it would certainly do so, whether or not such a right could be demonstrated. The point to be emphasized is that the American people are themselves mainly accountable, and that, while they may take action to remove what has become a gigantic abuse, they are not justified in denouncing those who have profited by it as though they had not acted throughout with popular sanction and scarcely tacit popular approval.

Fairness to the beneficiaries of an evil agency, however, must not interfere with the thorough exposure of the evil itself. We may be — nay, are — all more or less responsible for its continuance. It is a national sin, to be nationally put away and repented of, or to be persisted in at the general peril. But that it is a great and even growing evil there can be no doubt. The corruption of American municipal government is not a diminishing quantity; on the contrary, close observers of politics must perceive that there is a tendency to the development of "rings" much earlier in the growth of towns than formerly. Once, the curse of local misgovernment fell usually upon the largest cities alone. Now, every town of twenty thousand inhabitants is exposed to the same danger, and not many escape plunder permanently. This is not mysterious or wonderful. The tendencies of the saloon in

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politics are the same in the village as in the metropolis. The difference is merely one of opportunities. The saloon everywhere generates the same class of politicians, with the same low standard of action, the same greed, the same cynicism, the same atrophy of public spirit. In these days, moreover, the saloon is better organized than ever before. It has its state and national "protective" associations, formidable by reason of their funds and deriving fresh confidence from their union. The prohibition movement has driven the rum power into a more solid and compact organization than it previously occupied, and has caused it to enter politics with more pronounced and definite aims. Formerly, it may be said to have been content to exercise a general patronage over the worst vices of the community, and to diffuse them as much as possible. Now, it goes farther, and requires that every political candidate shall pledge himself in distinct terms not to favor any temperance legislation, or take his chance of escaping the "knife" of the rum power. The prohibitionists, in fact, while making it apparent that public opinion is deeply moved on this question, have also caused the saloon to reveal something like its full strength, and a very formidable and menacing array it makes when thus brought to bay.

The stubborn and persistent opposition of professional politicians to civil service reform has usually been ascribed to other causes, but reflection will show that the saloon influence is the *fons et origo mali.* Here as elsewhere the theory of governmental administration taught in the saloon is based upon the grossest form of selfishness. The public is regarded from that point of view as a mere aggregation of tax-producing dullards, to be fleeced on every possible occasion by the "smart" men who adopt politics as a business. The chief object of politics, in the eyes of the saloon, is to furnish the cover for schemes of plunder. Office is regarded as a means of robbing the treasury, on the one hand, and, on the other, of recompensing partisan service and cementing the organization. This is "the cohesive power of public plunder," a thoroughly saloon conception. Now, civil service reform, which is neither more nor less than the adoption of common sense business principles in public affairs, must, in the nature of things, be violently resisted by saloon politicians. For whereas it demands efficiency in the public service and the entire removal of opportunities for dishonesty, the saloon in politics cannot exist without the constant help of these abuses. All the incompetent loafers who hang about the cross-road taverns, corner groceries, and rum shops of the land; all the blatant demagogues who make their living by manipulating these loafers in politics; all the people who keep saloons and all those who furnish them with their stock in trade, are necessarily loud against this reform. To substitute tests of competence, proofs of efficiency, experience of faithful work, for the arbitrary rewards of ward strikers and local "bosses;" to put the public service upon the rational footing of private business, whence already so large a class of lazy adventurers has been excluded by its vices and its habits; to put an end to the halcyon state of affairs in which the highest prizes were reserved for the most intrepid liars, the most brazen hypocrites, the most corrupt knaves, and the most unprincipled demagogues; to close the avenues to office with an impassable barrier of examinations; to make fitness the gauge instead of the doing of dirty work, is to carry despair, rage, and disgust to the hearts of all these supporters and beneficiaries of the spoils system.

What the spoils system has done to demoralize party politics was strikingly shown the other day, when a distinguished Democratic member of Congress deliberately stultified both himself and

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his party by a proposition to emasculate the civil service law, and when other members of the House rose in their places and coolly denounced one of the most obviously righteous and necessary measures on the statute books. If such politicians cannot perceive the implications of their position on this question; if they do not realize that they are declaring themselves in league with public plunderers and corruptionists, and consequently in opposition to the plainest interests of the American people, the fact is attributable to the diffusion of that negative quantity which may be termed saloon ethics. When, too, we find public journals speaking contemptuously of the principles of civil service reform, — that is to say, of honesty, efficiency, and trustworthiness, — and sneering at all who uphold those principles as "dudes" or "doctrinaires," we must credit the saloon in politics with these proofs of moral blindness and perversity, and must remember that it is to pander to this influence that men of education so debase themselves.

But the politicians and the papers which oppose the proper performance of the public business, and clamor for the restoration of the old corrupt conditions, are not primarily responsible. It is the people themselves who have indorsed all the evils which they now suffer from, and who have suffered abuses to strike root so deeply that their extirpation becomes increasingly difficult. When the politics of the country embraced great and stirring issues, public attention was too much absorbed to take note of the progress being made beneath the surface by the evil elements. Loyalty to party, then as always, covered many faults, and the knowledge of this encouraged hypocrisy and demagogism. While weighty questions were before the people, really strong and public-spirited men held their place at the front, and controlled party politics in the main. As the grave questions of the day were one after another determined, and as the two parties ceased to be sharply divided, the worst elements in both acquired greater influence, and especially the influence of the saloon increased. In effect, the character of party politics has been deteriorating for several years, but it is only recently that this has become apparent to any considerable portion of the voters. Habit is a strong tie in all things. In settled times men come to hold their political opinions far more as matter of custom than of conviction. That they should do this in politics is not remarkable, seeing that the same practice is often followed in regard to religion. The tendency to take the line of least resistance is very strong in the average man, and it is one reason why all established abuses are so hard to get rid of. It is not that the public morals are really debauched, so much as that the public conscience is asleep. Moreover, it must be admitted that the mendacity and slander of factional journalism throw such an atmosphere of doubt over nearly all charges of political corruption that plain men are furnished a plausible excuse for discrediting such evidence when presented to them.

So habit intrenches saloon politics, while social custom obscures the worst features of the evil. But the saloon is always active, whether the people sleep or wake, and its work is never of a doubtful character. During the late labor disturbances, for example, it was observed that an element among the workingmen seemed to manifest a marked and growing disregard for property rights. It was not exactly the kind of hatred for private property affected by the socialists and anarchists. It was really one of the effects of saloon politics upon unenlightened minds. There is no phase of life with which workingmen become so soon familiar as that of party politics as conducted in our cities. In the saloon they encounter all who live by politics, and the first thing they real-

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ize is that here is a distinct class, which subsists by an organized system of plunder. Of course there is no pretense of concealment when saloon politicians are in their congenial haunts. Newspapers may speak delicately of such things, as a concession to their partisan relations, but the masses do not try to humbug one another. They know what "bosses" are, and how they become rich, and how they keep up their power, and whose money they distribute, and to what extent the public have to provide them with funds. They see that saloon politics is at bottom an organized method of robbery. They see that it succeeds; that the boldest thieves get the largest prizes; that, as a rule, the more they steal, the more they may steal; that their shameful prosperity entails neither ostracism nor general condemnation; that, in short, robbery of the public is regarded as venial among a class so numerous that their own lax opinion becomes a sort of defense to them. What wonder that ignorant workingmen, perceiving all this, should fail to draw distinctions between public and private property, and, when heated by disputes with their employers should sometimes apply, in a new and alarming way, the doctrine they have picked up in the slaoons? In the cities, indeed, labor has had plenty of practical instruction in public plunder, as witness the scores of public buildings and works all over the country, which have been made excuses for perennial appropriations, expended, as every one knows, in keeping up party strength by furnishing subsistence to men who neither do nor are expected to do the work for which they are paid, and often paid above the market rate.

The growth of a venal proletariat has proceeded so far that the problem of municipal government is almost given up in despair. Local politics has been reduced to a science of obtaining votes under false pretenses, when they cannot be bought outright. It is a structure in which hypocrisy rests on corruption. There is the sounding declaration of principles for the innocent voter who thinks he is called upon to exercise his free choice; there is the list of candidates selected by the "machine;" and there is the solid body of disciplined followers who obey orders without caring two straws about any moral issue involved in their action. Intelligent citizens of course revolt against this condition of things, but when all parties are the same at bottom there is no room for choice, and the machinery is controlled too firmly by the saloon element to permit much hope of reform. Indeed, the state of the cities would before now have become the state of the whole country, but for the fact that the rural vote has hitherto escaped the blighting influence referred to. It is in the rural districts that the integrity of the suffrage is alone maintained. Prejudice, ignorance, blind partisanship, no doubt interfere often with its most effective exercise even there, but the vote of the country districts is to a great extent untrammeled, and it counteracts the vicious tendencies of the urban suffrage on important occasions.

No permanent security can, however, be anticipated from this comparative freedom and purity of the country vote, for the population of the cities is increasing much more rapidly than that of the rural districts, and as it increases it tends to fall more and more under the influence of the saloon in politics. In fact, the danger of a merely ignorant vote may be regarded to-day as less menacing than that of a vote which is organized for sinister purposes, and handled with military precision; nor, so long as the saloon is permitted to fulfill its normal functions, can there be any reasonable expectation of a change for the better. For this institution has a double hold upon its votaries. It controls them by ministering to an appetite which, when developed, is perhaps the

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most masterful of all the vices man is subject to. It debauches the intellects of its followers, and it fosters their egotism on the lowest plane. The man whose fondness for drink leads him to neglect wife and children is already well on his way to the mental condition in which the hope of public plunder silences all scruples. The man whose introduction to politics consists in making the acquaintance of the gaudily attired rowdies who swagger about the bars of political "headquarter" saloons will soon learn to look with admiration upon the methods which produce those flowers of civilization. The nature of whosoever frequents these places is "subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." The saloon, too, can emulate the public schools in producing after its kind. Its fecundity is prodigious, and where it flourishes most rankly all the higher forms of life tend to perish.

To think of political reform with the influence of the saloon in politics what it is seems almost fatuous. To discuss the subject of political reform without taking this weighty factor into consideration seems almost puerile. To belittle the importance of the saloon is most dangerous. To essay compromise with it is a fatal mistake. In the nature of the case it must be eliminated, or it must dominate everything. Full freedom having been accorded it thus far, it has made a long stride toward dominion. Even among those who clearly recognize the perils of the situation, it has become an axiomatic statement that it is useless to oppose the saloon in the cities. If that were true, the prospect would be dark. It is, in fact, an undemonstrated assertion, and really signifies no more than a conviction that such an undertaking must be attended with great difficulties. But we cannot afford to make so disastrous an admission, for the future of the country depends largely upon the possibility of abolishing this gigantic evil.

All the causes of uneasiness which have appeared of late are, directly or indirectly, subsidiary to this. If it does not produce every one of them, it certainly aggravates them all. By debauching politics, by setting and maintaining a low moral standard, by teaching toleration for corruption, by excluding the fittest from politics, by making careers for demagogues and trimmers, by honoring baseness and incompetence, by scoffing at integrity and efficiency, by substituting the bad for the good throughout the political liturgy, the saloon has spread demoralization everywhere, and infected all the movements of the day with its own vileness and foulness. What is called "practical politics" is really the application to party of the saloon code of ethics. It is practical politics to disregard all moral considerations; to traffic and dicker and covenant with all the corrupt elements for the sake of votes; to exchange, if the occasion seems to demand it, the security of a whole community for enough votes to elect a ticket; to wink at the most flagitious schemes of robbery, provided their promoters can and will help elect the party candidates; to break every pledge given to the people in the party platform, if it is necessary to do so in order to secure the adhesion of some influential gang of manipulators. The cheerful theory of the practical politician is that human nature is totally depraved, anyhow, and that it is all nonsense to act upon any other belief; that, having to do with this omnipresent depravity, it is necessary to humor it; that everything is fair that tends to the success of the party; and that while ethical considerations may be very well in church, they have no place whatever in the management of public affairs. This kind of politician plumes himself on his entire freedom from narrowness and his adaptability to emergencies of all kinds. He has no embarrassing scruples. He regards the "offices," with all that the

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term implies, as the be-all and the end-all of party warfare. In a word, he is a perfect illustration of the ripest results of the saloon in politics.

The country has become so habituated to this state of affairs that many very good people really find it impossible to conceive of any other way of doing things. We are all so accustomed to take it for granted that the "political pool" must be "filthy" that we seldom think of reflecting whether a clean pool might not be substituted. If we assume that the saloon is ineradicable, then, indeed, it will have to be admitted that no cleansing process is available, for it is the saloon influence that imparts its filthiness to the pool. But is it ineradicable? That is a question than which none more important can be taken into consideration by the American people. The results of experiments in thinly settled districts or small towns cannot afford trustworthy indications for the populations of large cities. But there is in the results of these experiments one circumstance which seems to give some promise. The staple argument that men cannot be made sober by legislation appears to have been to a great extent refuted by the actual facts. It is now pretty clearly demonstrated that the removal of temptation to drink *does* promote sobriety. There is nothing new in this. Shakespeare long ago observed, —

> "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
> Makes ill deeds done."

Weak human nature, assailed by strong appetite and cozened by opportunity, falls easily, first into indulgence, then into excess. Nor does the fact that many men will seek the means of intoxication when it is denied them outweigh the former consideration, for in all such cases the number who abstain when unable easily to obtain liquor is undoubtedly much greater than that of those who persist in seeking it. The common argument is probably not altogether sincere, and it is certainly not very formidable. No doubt the drink-habit has been firmly rooted in a large class, but, equally without doubt, quite as large a class has, within fifty years, emancipated itself more or less completely from that habit, and this without the assistance which removal of opportunity constitutes. To this it may be said that the spread of knowledge and the growth of refinement so changed custom that relative abstinence became easy and natural; but that the same reforming processes would not apply if an attempt to abolish the saloon in large cities were made. The inference from this line of argument would be that the only hope lay in the gradual growth of education and culture among the masses. But the situation is difficult. The saloon is intrenched to-day. It has become an institution. It is an organized, disciplined force. It has obtained control of municipal politics; it is an influential factor in state politics; and it openly declares its intention to exert itself in national politics. Being so formidable at present, the country may well inquire what this element will be in another half century, if left to develop and extend itself freely.

In this paper the effects of the saloon upon society have been only touched incidentally, but in any review of the general prospect they would have to be considered carefully and fully. Side by side with its political growth proceed the growths of crime, pauperism, disease, which it fosters. It is obvious that it also constantly produces elements which are incapable of existence in a more wholesome environment, and which, while from their nature dangerous to society, are for the same reason devoted to the agency whence they issue. In a democracy, moreover, the control of the political machinery of both parties in the centres of population is always liable to lead to the control of politics in the country. Should circumstances once

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throw such a power into the hands of the saloon interest, it cannot be supposed that it would neglect the opportunity to reinforce itself still more strongly, nor is the suggested danger by any means chimerical. What the saloon is and does in American politics has been partially shown here. The first necessity is to awaken public sentiment on the question, and the best way to do that seems to be by telling the truth plainly and unequivocally. One of the most insidious vices of the times is the disposition to compromise. The present stage of social evolution has produced, while softening the hearts and polishing the manners of the educated classes, a reluctance to say and do positive things which is a real and dangerous weakness. It shows itself in forms which sometimes strike foreigners with surprise. When Mr. Herbert Spencer visited this country he observed the meekness with which we put up with the abuse of crowding the cars on all the transportation lines, and he pointed out the mischievous tendencies of this popular complacency and supineness. The habit of avoiding friction, of submitting to inconvenience, of suffering the deprivation of rights, rather than quarrel, or complain, or invite notoriety, is one which will have to be shaken off, or it will lead to serious practical evils. In fact, it has led to them already, and one of them is the establishment of the saloon in politics upon a basis of assumed dignity and respectability.

Now, the saloon is utterly base and vile in all its relations and connections, and it is necessary that this should be said, and said plainly. Its influence in politics is altogether depraving and mischievous. It can only paralyze or destroy public spirit, and substitute the worst kind of demagogism. It can only give a preposterously disproportionate weight in public affairs to the elements which should, because of their unfitness, be the least in evidence. It can only discourage and exclude from public life the worthiest and most capable citizens. It can only encourage and thrust to the front the most impudent and incapable. Every vicious and debasing theory, every corrupt "spoils" doctrine, every line of thought which tends to brutalize and degrade politics, every aspect of them which is an insult and a wrong to the religion, the virtue, the womanhood, of the nation, may be traced to the saloon. The placid toleration of so rank and gross an evil is a shame to us as a people. The pretense that we can live in peace and harmony and fellowship with it is a reproach to the general intelligence. This is the question of the immediate future. It will not down at the behests of politicians. It will not cease to disturb the national conscience until remedial action is determined upon.

George Frederic Parsons.

SCHUYLER'S AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

MR. SCHUYLER was well advised in deciding to give permanent form to the two courses of lectures which he lately delivered at Cornell University and elsewhere.[1] The first series especially is full of information, both useful and interesting, for that personage whom it is the fashion, we believe, to call the average citizen, about a branch of our public service concerning which he has

[1] *American Diplomacy and the Furtherance of Commerce.* By EUGENE SCHUYLER, Ph. D., LL. D., etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

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very vague notions, not unmixed with grave republican scruples. Even those exceptional citizens, who are sent to Congress to make the laws on which our diplomatic system rests, and to vote the appropriations by which it is supported, can learn some things from a man who served us abroad for a score of years in every part of Europe. For the work furnishes the most complete and the most judicious account of that system which exists in print.

We suspect, however, that the foreigner into whose hands the book may fall will find much of the first part surprising, not to say unintelligible. He will be puzzled to know why Mr. Schuyler should labor so gravely to defend propositions which are axiomatic in the diplomatic philosophy of all other states, and to expose errors which seem to be survivals from barbarism. If a German or a Frenchman were writing a treatise on the subject, he would not think it necessary to argue that an envoy should be a gentleman; that he should speak the language of the country; that he should be personally acceptable to the court which is asked to receive him; that he should not make himself conspicuous and offensive by his costume or conduct. These truths he would treat as self-evident, and in need of no demonstration. Even without other specific support, they could all be deduced from the one general proposition that the best equipped and most agreeable envoy is likely to render the best service to the country which he represents. No European understands this better than Mr. Schuyler. But he also understands the audience which he is addressing and the prejudices which he has to combat, so that he patiently labors to enforce the most elementary lessons of diplomatic common sense as if they were novel and startling discoveries. Now and then his explanations are relieved by a certain grave humor, and by anecdotes which are both characteristic and felicitous. Let us illustrate by one or two examples.

It pleased Congress, some twenty years ago, to pass an act which in effect declared that our envoys abroad should no longer appear in costume acceptable to their hosts. A captious person might say that this meant that the envoys should cease to conform to the ordinary rules of good breeding. Nothing of the kind. The principle was that the representatives of the American republic should wear in their official capacity only the ordinary garments of the American citizen. It is true that the garments of American citizens vary somewhat according to their rank in our democratic society, and according to their geographical location. The great point apparently was, not to secure a costume characteristic of America, but to reject a costume, or all costumes, which usage and precedent prescribed for the diplomatic agents of other countries. Did not Benjamin Franklin appear at the court of Louis XVI. in the ordinary homespun garments which he brought with him from America, and captivate the brilliant French capital by his homely simplicity? Here Mr. Schuyler interposes with his realistic facts, and shows the exact significance of the famous incident. Franklin was summoned to an audience immediately after his arrival at Versailles, and was expressly enjoined not to delay for a change of toilet, but to appear as he was. Nothing could have been further from the intentions of Louis, or from the interpretation which the philosopher himself would have put upon the invitation, than the use which has since been made of the incident. But Mr. Schuyler has other facts which still further illustrate the burning question. It appears that the act of Congress forbidding the use of diplomatic costume was passed at the instance of a gentleman who at the time was our envoy at Brussels, and who, fired by a holy zeal

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for democratic simplicity, took up with enthusiasm the cause of the American toilet. Then he caused himself to be appointed a brigadier-general or major-general in the militia of his native Western State, and in the proper uniform of his rank thenceforth solved the problem for himself. This is one of the many ways in which our envoys avoid the necessity of appearing at foreign courts in the costume of the waiters. For the act is so drawn that while, if broadly interpreted, it might be taken to forbid the wearing of any clothes whatever, it does not, when read strictly, inhibit court dress, which, as Mr. Schuyler points out, is neither an official costume nor a uniform. Where there is no prescribed court dress, envoys of the republic have been known to appear in ordinary black evening dress, with a sword and *chapeau bras*, — a combination which we refer to the consideration of Herr Teufelsdröckh.

The aversion to a diplomatic costume is in strange contrast to the belligerent character which the average citizen seems to ascribe to our foreign representatives. On reading the diplomatic articles in the public prints, or hearing the speeches of our more impressionable congressmen, one is forced to believe that we send envoys abroad to make war on behalf of the republic. Not for us the weak theory that a minister should represent the dignity, the culture, the self-restraint, the good breeding, of his country, and should strive by an affable demeanor and correct conduct to make himself, and through himself his government, popular. Such a man is at once suspected as a traitor. What is needed is a representation of militant Americanism; and to secure this in the highest degree it might seem natural to send out envoys in the most warlike uniform that could be devised, — men with heavy swords, rattling spurs, and ferocious epaulets; with a stride to awe the courtiers, and a voice to make despots tremble. Instead of that we employ men in mild civilian dress, of which the only peculiarity is that the wearers are more or less likely to be ordered by their fellow-guests at any time to bring a napkin or a finger-bowl. The inconsistency is, however, more apparent than real. The dress of our ambassadors being offensive to their hosts is itself in the nature of a challenge, and thus asserts the superiority of the republic to the servile rules of courtesy and good breeding. The same spirit finds frequent expression in the choice of individuals to fill our diplomatic missions, and according to a certain school of reformers ought always to prevail. Fortunately, too, for this system, it is never difficult to find men who are personally obnoxious to foreign governments. We can or could appoint a Fenian to London, an ultramontane to the Quirinal, a fierce Protestant to Madrid, a denouncer of Austrian tyranny to the court of the Hapsburgs, a sand-lot politician to China, a Prussian revolutionary exile to Berlin. It may happen that our nominees are accepted by foreign statesmen with only an indifferent shrug of the shoulders, or an ironical inquiry about the principles of selection that prevail on this side of the Atlantic. Or, if they are rejected, our secretary of state has an opportunity for a fine outburst of rhetoric, which is sure to split the ears of the groundlings. We can pursue, and at times have pursued, this policy. But Mr. Schuyler, like a stern iconoclast, gives a rude shock to this precious tradition by showing that it not only flies in the face of courtesy and good sense, but that it is distinctly unwise from a selfish point of view, and prejudicial alike to the reputation and the real interests of the republic.

The same objection applies to a practice which seems at first view to have much in its favor. We refer to the practice — for it can perhaps be called such — of sending to foreign countries,

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as our diplomatic and especially our consular representatives, natives of those countries, who have become naturalized American citizens. The *prima facie* reason for such a custom is that it insures us officials who are familiar with the language, the institutions, the usages, and the society of the country, and are on that account likely to render the more efficient service. But Mr. Schuyler shows that this is a delusion. He gives several excellent reasons against the practice, and we may add one general consideration which seems conclusive. We ought not to send naturalized citizens as ministers or consuls to the countries of their birth, because they are not welcome in such capacities. This alone impairs their usefulness, and on any true system ought to make their selection impossible. If they are political refugees, their appointment is in the nature of an insult; and, even when not, their presence among their former countrymen, with their acquired American citizenship, excites reflections and comparisons which cause annoyances and many disagreeable frictions. And it ought not to be true that only our German compatriots understand the language and the institutions of the Fatherland, that Gauls alone are proper to send to Gaul, or that the only men fit to negotiate at Rome are Italian counts from Union Square.

The state department, under the different secretaries, has been largely responsible for the evils of which we have spoken. Favoritism, partisanship, ignorance of diplomatic usage, and indifference to international courtesy have been often and arrogantly displayed by it, and upon it must rest the blame for the extraordinary folly which has too frequently marked the selection of envoys. What choice specimens of Southern chivalry used to represent us abroad in the palmy days of slavery! What an interesting study in human nature is afforded by the case of the gentleman who, becoming secretary of state on the accession of his friend to the presidency, changed, according to Mr. Schuyler, nearly the entire *personnel* of the service during his tenure of six days, and then retired to accept one of the leading legations! The history of the department is full of scandals, though fortunately of few so gross as this.

Yet the state department is not the worst offender. The secretaries have long had to administer it under the spoils system, and, like their colleagues in the cabinet, they have a right to insist on a division of the blame with Senators and members of Congress. And there is one class of evils for which the legislature is primarily and mainly responsible. One is the neglect to establish the rank of ambassador, which is no longer, if it ever was, an exclusively monarchical institution, and which would put our country on a level with the other great powers of the world. Another is the refusal to equip the legations properly, and to remunerate the ministers so liberally that men without fortunes could accept appointments and live within their salaries. Mr. Schuyler is not ignorant of the current sophisms by which demagogues defend and many honest men excuse the policy of keeping our envoys on a plane with those of Belgium and Switzerland, and of compelling those who are not millionaires to be content with establishments out of all relation to the wealth, pride, and dignity of the republic. But his arguments for a more liberal system, though they may not change the opinion of demagogues, will, we believe, prove irresistibly convincing to all thoughtful persons who earnestly consider them. We might say a word, finally, about the frequent and capricious changes in the rank and pay of the legations; the creation of posts for party favorites, and the abolition of posts which happen to have no patronage; and especially the heartless system of legislating men out of office by refusing

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to appropriate their salaries. The latter practice is perhaps frequent enough to be called a system. We believe Mr. Schuyler was himself a victim of it; and though he puts forward no personal grievance, there is a touch of just indignation in his reference to faithful envoys or consuls who, thousands of miles away from home, learn from the newspapers that their salaries ceased months before. No secretary of state would venture to commit such an injustice. But a member of Congress can propose it in the interest of "economy," and when the House ratifies the proposal the point of responsibility is lost among three hundred persons.

Mr. Schuyler's work is divided, as the title indicates, into two parts. The first consists of three lectures or chapters, — one on the department of state, one on the consular system, and one on diplomatic officials. Together they form a complete treatise on what, in the language of physics, may be called the statics of our foreign service. These are then appropriately followed by the dynamics of the subject, or the institution in action in many grave controversies and many acute crises of history. This second part includes chapters on the piratical Barbary powers, the right of search and the slave-trade, the free navigation of rivers, neutral rights, the fisheries, and commercial treaties. Our relation to some of the most important of international questions is thus discussed.

It is no reproach to Mr. Schuyler to say that in our judgment these chapters are less successful and less useful than those in the first part. The first series is full of important practical information; and being also critical in treatment, it invites further discussion, and points out the way to useful reforms. But the topics embraced in the second part are each vast enough for a volume. In the small space which was at the author's command it was impossible to give more than a hurried sketch, a limitation which nobody probably feels more keenly than he. This fact has not, however, lessened his sense of responsibility, or been made an excuse for negligence, since the pages give evidnece of laborious research, often among authorities little used and scarcely known. Yet Mr. Schuyler keeps his own person modestly, perhaps too modestly, in the background. He gives succinct, dispassionate, and strictly historical accounts of the conduct of American diplomacy, and withholds his own opinion even at times when it would be welcome and valuable.

It will nevertheless be a relief for the reader to turn from our diplomatic machine to a contemplation of what that machine, in spite of its defects, has accomplished in the cause of international progress. This will afford him almost unmixed satisfaction. With singular uniformity, under all administrations and at all periods of our national history, we have been on the side of freedom as against restriction, of humanity as against cruelty, of equality as against privilege, of progress as against reaction, of light as against darkness, in nearly all the discussions and quarrels which have agitated the diplomacies of the world. We were the first to resist successfully the English claim to search the vessels of other powers in time of peace. We were the pioneers in asserting the free navigation of international rivers. We were the first to resist, and, so far as our own ships and citizens were concerned, to put an end to, the outrages of the Barbary pirates. Our influence has supported the rights of neutral commerce in time of war, and even the principle of the immunity from capture of private property of belligerents on the ocean. This is certainly a flattering record, and it is scarcely marred by our refusal to accede to the Declaration of Paris in 1856. To accept the four rules as they were seemed at the time suicidal, while

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we showed our good faith by proposing an amendment which, carrying the reform still further forward, made it possible for us, on that condition, to give in our adhesion. The selfishness of England alone defeated this humane proposition. Nor does it seem necessary to adopt Dr. Woolsey's magnanimous theory, that our good record is due principally to the accident of our remoteness from the scene of European disputes. That has undoubtedly had a conservative influence, favorable to a pacific and unaggressive policy. But we think it may justly be claimed that the public sentiment of the country has in the main taken a liberal and elevated view of the principles which should regulate the relations of states, alike in war and in peace. This public sentiment our statesmen, too, have fairly represented. At times they have even trained, encouraged, and led it. Our diplomacy has often been unnecessarily brusque and peremptory in tone, and it has been served by awkward instruments. But in spirit it has been sound, healthy, and honorable.

The author's literary style calls for no special comment. The reader will find the work written without any attempt at rhetorical elegance, but rather in the easy, unaffected language of a man of the world, thoroughly familiar with his subject. Once or twice, indeed, a careless statement or an obscure sentence appears. Thus a slip of the pen makes Mr. Schuyler say (page 234) that "at the formation of the Constitution in 1787 an article was inserted prohibiting entirely the importation of slaves after January 1, 1808." And we are not quite sure that the lay reader will catch the sense of the passage where the author, after describing the impatience of the Russian government at the interference of belligerent vessels, in 1778, with commerce to the port of Archangel, says, "If they" (the ships engaged in this trade) "were taken, the goods might wait for a whole year for a foreign purchaser; but once the goods having been bought and dispatched to a foreign port, it made no difference to Russia whether the English or the Americans profited by them." It is possible, also, that an English critic might have some reply to Mr. Schuyler's discussion of the legislation and negotiations for the suppression of slavery and the slave-trade. But we have observed few errors which slight changes would not correct.

GRANT'S MEMOIRS: SECOND VOLUME.

WHICH is the more interesting matter of study for posterity in the career of a great general, the course of his campaigns or the development of his character? The second volume of Grant's life may be read from either of these points of view; but probably its greatest and most lasting interest will be from its elucidation of the personal traits that marked the man, — its biographical rather than its historical aspect. Behind the battles lay the genius or individual quality, whatever it was, which fought those battles; and which, in the tremendous competition of military selection, left this man above all his immediate competitors in his own field. Even in regard to the lives of Cæsar and Napoleon, we can observe that for one person who enters into the details of the strategy, there are ten who are interested in the evolution of the man. But in the case of Grant a new and peculiar interest is developed, for

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this reason, that he is the first great and conquering commander developed by modern republican institutions. This makes it almost certain that he will be one of the monumental men in history; and there is therefore no problem of the kind more interesting than to consider his character in the almost unerring light thrown by autobiography, and to comprehend what manner of man it is that has been added, in our own day, to those of whom Plutarch wrote.

The most conspicuous quality manifested by the second volume of these memoirs is that same simplicity which was shown in the first. It would not have been strange if the habit of writing about himself — an exercise so wholly new to Grant — had by degrees impaired this quality, as the book went on; but it really characterizes the later pages as much as the earlier, and the work might, so far as concerns this feature, have been struck off at a white heat. The author never poses or attitudinizes; never wavers for an instant from his purpose to tell plain facts in the plainest possible way. The tremendous scenes through which he has passed never overwhelm or blur his statement; he tells of the manœuvring of hundreds of thousands of men as quietly as if he were narrating a contest of fishing boats at Long Branch. When he describes that famous interview between himself and General Lee, in which was settled the permanent destiny of the American nation, the tale is told far more quietly than the ordinary reporter would describe the negotiations for a college rowing match. Such a description, read in connection with Lincoln's Gettysburg address, shows that simplicity stands first among all literary gifts; that the greater the occasion, the more apt men are to be simple; and that no time or place has ever surpassed, in this respect, the examples left behind by these two modern American men.

Next to the unconscious exhibition of character given by every man in writing about himself comes the light indirectly thrown upon his own nature by his judgments of others. In this respect, also, Grant's quietness of tone places him at great advantage. He sometimes praises ardently, but he censures very moderately. Of Bragg's disastrous tactics at Chattanooga he only says, "I have never been able to see the wisdom of this move." Of Buell's refusal to accept a command under Sherman, on the ground that he had previously ranked Sherman, Grant says, "The worst excuse a soldier can give for declining service is that he once ranked the commander he is ordered to report." Again, when a question arose between Palmer and Schofield, as to whether the latter had a right to command the former, the comment is, "If he [Palmer] did raise this question while an action was going on, that act alone was exceedingly reprehensible." That besetting sin of military commanders, the habit of throwing the responsibility for failure upon subordinates, never seems to tempt Grant. In speaking of Burnside's losing an important advantage at Spottsylvania, he says, "I attach no blame to Burnside for this, but I do to myself, for not having a staff officer with him to report to me his position." When we compare this guardedness of tone with the sweeping authoritativeness which marks many of our civilian critics of campaigns, the difference is certainly most gratifying. The only matters that rouse Grant to anything like wrath, in the telling, are those acts which imply crimes against humanity, like the massacre of colored troops at Fort Pillow; and in this case he simply characterizes Forrest's report of the affair as something "which shocks humanity to read." He does not even allow himself the luxury of vehemence against fate, or fortune, or inevitable destiny. Even when he describes his immense local obstacles in the country

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round Spottsylvania, — a heavily timbered region, full of little streams surrounded by wooded and marshy bottom lands, — he gently says, "It was a much better country to conduct a defensive campaign in than an offensive one." The man who can speak charitably of Virginia swamps may certainly lay claim to that virtue which is chief among the blessed three.

The severest test offered in this volume, as to Grant's judgment on men, is in his estimate of one whom he had allowed, in the opinion of many, to be most grievously wronged, — the late Major-General Gouverneur K. Warren. The great civil war caused a vast multitude of deaths, directly and indirectly, but among all these there was but one conspicuous and unquestionable instance of broken heart, — in the case of the high minded and most estimable man who was removed by Sheridan from the command of an army corps, just before the battle of Five Forks, and who spent the rest of his life in vainly endeavoring to secure even an investigation before a Court of Inquiry. All who remember General Warren's refined and melancholy face, with its permanent look of hopeless and crushing sorrow, will turn eagerly to those pages of this volume in which his case is mentioned. Instead of evading the subject, Grant meets it frankly. It has always been supposed among the friends of General Warren that the main objection to ordering a Court of Inquiry in his case was the known affection of the commander-in-chief for Sheridan, and his willingness to let Warren be sacrificed rather than expose his favorite officer to blame. Those who read this book will be satisfied that no such theory will suffice. It is upon himself that Grant takes the main responsibility of Warren's displacement. He had made, as he avers, a careful study of Warren's peculiar temperament, long before this event occurred. He had at first felt in him a confidence so great that he would have put him in Meade's place had that officer fallen (ii. 216), but he came gradually to a very different opinion. He always regarded him as a "gallant soldier, an able man," and always thought him "thoroughly imbued with the solemnity and importance of the duty he had to perform." But he thus analyzes his character (ii. 214): —

"Warren's difficulty was twofold: when he received an order to do anything, it would at once occur to his mind how all the balance of the army should be engaged so as properly to coöperate with him. His ideas were generally good, but he would forget that the person giving him orders had thought of others at the time he had of him. In like manner, when he did get ready to execute an order, after giving most intelligent instructions to division commanders, he would go in with one division, holding the others in reserve, until he could superintend their movements in person also; forgetting that division commanders could execute an order without his presence. His difficulty was constitutional and beyond his control. He was an officer of superior ability, quick perceptions, and personal courage to accomplish anything that could be done with a small command" (ii. 214–15).

This certainly gives a very clear analysis of a certain type of character; and whether the observer was correct or incorrect in his diagnosis, he was bound to act upon it. It farther appears that Warren was again and again a source of solicitude to Grant. In some cases he did admirably, as at Cold Harbor. "The enemy charged Warren three separate times with vigor, but were repulsed each time with loss. There was no officer more capable, nor one more prompt in acting, than Warren, when the enemy forced him into it" (ii. 266). Again, at the siege of Petersburg, Warren obeyed orders perfectly, when Burnside paid no attention to him (ii. 313).

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Nevertheless, Grant was "very much afraid," taking all things into consideration, "that at the last moment he would fail Sheridan." He accordingly sent a staff officer to Sheridan to say that, although he personally liked Warren, it would not do to let personal feeling stand in the way of success, and "if his removal was necessary to success" Sheridan must not hesitate. On this authority the removal was made; and Grant only blames himself for not having assigned Warren, long before, to some other field of duty (ii. 445).

All this throws light not merely upon Grant's sustaining Sheridan in the removal of Warren, but on his uniform refusal afterwards to order any Court of Inquiry. This was the one thing for which Warren and his friends longed; and it was always assumed by them that it was refused merely in order to shield Sheridan. Yet it was the one thing which would have been, from Grant's point of view, utterly useless. When an officer is removed for an actual moral fault, as cowardice, drunkenness, or disobedience of orders, a formal investigation may settle the matter; for it is then a question of definite charges. But where a man of the highest character turns out to be, from mere peculiarities of temperament, unsuited to a certain post, his displacement may be just as necessary; nor can war be carried on in any other way. The stake is too tremendous, the interests of the nation are too momentous, for the matter to rest on any other basis. Nor is it essential that the superior officer should be assumed as infallible; under these circumstances he must do the best he can. Had there been a Court of Inquiry, nothing would have been established except that Grant and Sheridan honestly believed that Warren was not the man for the place, and that they therefore set him aside, as they might have done, under like circumstances, with any other officer in himself estimable, — as, for instance, Burnside. Grant may have sincerely thought that to say this before a Court of Inquiry would really hurt Warren more than Sheridan, and that it was better for the sufferer himself to let the matter rest where it lay. This was probably mistaken kindness, if kindness it was. A man smarting under a real or supposed injustice always prefers an investigation, even if the result of that tribunal is sure to be against him. Nor is it sure that it would have been technically against Warren. The considerations which influenced Grant and Sheridan were to some extent intangible, and General Humphreys has shown that on some points they were mistaken, and Warren had done rightly. But the real question is whether Grant was also mistaken in his final analysis of Warren's character; and it is upon this, after all, that the whole thing turned.

This particular instance has been thus emphasized because it is, more than any other, a test of Grant's habit of justice to his subordinates; a quality in which, we are bound to say, he surpasses almost all writers of military autobiographies. So far as justice to himself is concerned, he could not have well helped doing it, had he tried, for any man shows himself as he is, either willingly or unwillingly, when he tells his own story. Nor is there any evidence that he sought to help it.

The latter part of the book bears literary marks of the tremendous strain under which it was written, but it bears no moral marks of it; and he keeps clear, from beginning to end, of all that ill-concealed enthusiasm about himself which is the common bane of autobiographies. He is perfectly content to stand for what he was, — a combination of plain and almost commonplace qualities, developed to a very high power, and becoming at length the equivalent of what we call military genius. This, at least, is the inference to be drawn from his book. Whether he was or was

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not, in the way of distinctive genius, a greater man than he thought himself must be left for the military historians of a future generation to determine. In any case, the spectacle of an eminent commander who habitually underrates himself is rare enough to be very pleasing.

This process of self-development is never, of course, directly stated, or even intimated, in this book. Had it been otherwise, the quality of unconsciousness would have been wanting. But the adaptation of supreme good sense to the conditions and exigencies of army life may constantly be traced here, not merely between the lines, but in maxim after maxim, each an *obiter dictum*, given with a homely simplicity that half disguises its real wisdom. What Lincoln would have put into an anecdote or local proverb, — as when, for instance, he expressed his unwillingness to swap horses while crossing a stream, or to cross Fox River before he reached it, — Grant condenses into some plain statement: "Accident often decides the fate of battle" (ii. 212). "It would be bad to be defeated in two battles fought on the same day; but it would not be bad to win them" (ii. 20). "It is men who wait to be selected, and not those who seek, from whom we may always expect the most efficient service" (ii. 117). "The fact is, troops who have fought a few battles and won, and followed up their victories, improve upon what they were before to an extent that can hardly be reckoned by percentage" (ii. 109). "No man is so brave that he may not meet such defeats and disasters as to discourage him and dampen his ardor for any cause, no matter how just he deems it" (ii. 419). "It had been my intention before this to remain at the West, even if I was made lieutenant-general; but when I got to Washington, and saw the situation, it was plain that here was the point for the commanding-general to be. No one else could probably resist the pressure that would be brought to bear upon him to desist from his own plans and pursue others" (ii. 116).

In each passage we see clearly the working of Grant's mind. When once his convictions had taken shape in one of these simple formulæ, it was no more necessary for him to reconsider it than for a mathematician to go behind a preceding proposition. This clear and pellucid mental habit, joined with much reticence and a good deal of obstinacy, made a very powerful combination; kept him from being entangled by his own plans or confused by those of others; enabled him to form a policy, to hold to it, to overcome obstacles, to escape depression in defeat or undue excitement in victory. With all this — and here comes in the habit of mind generated by a republic — he never forgot that he was dealing with his own fellow-countrymen, both as friends and foes, and that he must never leave their wishes and demands, nor even their whims and prejudices, out of sight. Many of his early risks were based upon the conviction that the friends of the Union needed a victory or two, and must have it. All his strategy, during the closing campaign, was based upon the conviction — a conviction which Wellington or Von Moltke might very probably have missed — that the Confederates were thoroughly tired of the war, and were losing more men by desertion than they could possibly gain by impressment. Even in the terms at last given to Lee, the same quality of what we may call glorified common sense came in; and there is no doubt that the whole process of reconstruction was facilitated when Grant decided that the vanquished Confederate soldiers had better keep their horses, to help them in getting in their crops. All these considerations were precisely those we should expect a republican general to apply. It would be natural for him to recognize

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that the war in which he was engaged was not a mere competitive test of military machines, human or otherwise, but that it must be handled with constant reference to the instincts and habits that lay behind it. The absence of this ready comprehension helped to explain the curious failure, in our army, of many foreign officers who knew only the machine. The fact that Grant and Lincoln, however they might differ in other respects, had this mental habit in common was that which enabled them to work together so well. A striking instance of this was their common relation to the slavery question, which both had approached reluctantly, but which both accepted at last as the pivotal matter of the whole conflict. Both saw that it could be met in but one way, and both divined that the course of events was steadily abolitionizing all Union men. In general, Lincoln with sympathetic humor and Grant with strong sense kept always in mind the difference between a people's war and a mere contest of soldiers.

In other words, they were both representative Americans. So much stronger is the republican instinct among us than any professional feeling which even West Point can create that Grant, though trained to the pursuit of arms, never looked at things for a moment merely from the soldier's point of view. This was the key to his military successes, — the time, the place, the combatants being what they were, — and this was the key to the readiness with which, at last, both Grant and the soldiers under him laid down their arms. Here at last, Europe thought, was the crisis of danger; here was the "man on horseback," so often prophesied as the final instrument of Providence, surely destined to bring this turbulent republic back among the mass of nations that obey with ease. The moment of fancied peril came; and it turned out that old Israel Putnam, galloping in his shirt-sleeves to the battle of Bunker Hill, was not more harmless to the liberties of America than this later man-on-horseback, Grant.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is interesting to notice what a difference there is in words as to their atmosphere. Two terms that the dictionaries give as being nearly or quite synonymous may have widely different values for literary use. Each has its own enveloping suggestiveness, — "airs from Heaven," or emanations from elsewhere. Of two words denoting the same object or action, one may come drawing with it "a light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud;" the other bringing a disagreeable smudge. Accordingly, in the literary art, it is not enough to use language with an exact sense of definitions; one must add to this logical precision a nice instinct for atmospheric effect. Just as a tone of a particular pitch is one thing on a flute, and another on a horn, each having its own *timbre*, so a term having a precise meaning is one thing if it has dropped caroling out of Grecian skies, and from the delicate hands of Keats and Shelley, but quite another thing if it has come clattering and rumbling up out of clod-hoppers' horse-talk. Moreover, just as the difference between tones on various instruments is due to their diverse groups of harmonic over-tones, one superposed on another, so the individual atmosphere of any word comes from its having its

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own composite set of associations, some faint and vague, some strong and definite, that have through all its history been clustering upon it.

Now, this timbre or clang-tint of words cannot be learned from any dictionary. It must be caught, little by little, from a kind of household familiarity with the choicest writers. *Euphuists*, we may call these best writers of every age; for that much-misunderstood movement of old times, known and ridiculed as *euphuism*, was in reality only a product of this instinct of refinement in the choice of terms. In that passage from Wordsworth's Brougham Castle, — a warm bit of color that stands out from a cold poem like a flash of red sunset on bare trees in the snow, —

> "Armor rusting in his halls
> On the blood of Clifford calls;
> 'Quell the Scot!' exclaims the Lance;
> 'Bear me to the heart of France!'
> Is the longing of the Shield,"

what could have been substituted for "*quell*"? "*Crush*," "*beat*," "*kill*," "*smash*," — either one would have been out of the question. Or what could have been used instead of "*bear*"? "*Bring*," "*take*," "*fetch*," "*lug*," — each is impossible. "*Quell*" and "*bear*," by the way, are not terms of every-day use in common speech; yet this is the poet who is popularly supposed, by those who have read about him more than they have read him, to have abjured all merely literary language. The truth is, his distinction is rather that of having passed honest coin instead of counters. He used language not for the sound of it, but for the sense of it. The verse-carpenters had been in the habit of patching up their products with unfelt and unmeant "poetic words;" their work was called "poetry" because it was not prose. But Wordsworth never used a word, whether big or little, Latin or Saxon, except to carry an idea; and he picked them not only according to their exact sense, but according to their exact clang-tint as well.

No doubt one of the most charming among the atmospheric qualities of words is that inevitable suggestion of sincerity in their use which clings about the homely diction of every-day intercourse. Not only Wordsworth, but all of the good modern poets, sing for the most part in the same language in which they would talk; and, for that matter, did not Chaucer, and did not Shakespeare? The best literature and the best conversation contrive to get on with but one vocabulary. It is only the dreary scribblers that persist in prodding our inattentive brains with startling forms of speech. It is already merry times in literature when we are not any longer afraid of our mother tongue. We instinctively sheer off from any writer who uses what Rogers ("the poet Rogers") called "album words." Certain type-metal terms have come to serve as ear-marks of insincerity and of the mere ambition to write something, — terms that are never used in honest speech, and the employment of which in conversation would make a man feel absurd. When we find the ideas common and the words uncommon we have learned that we may as well put down the volume, or turn the leaf of the magazine. The newspapers have some words of this sort, dear to them, but the *bêtes noires* of all lovers of straightforward English; such are "*peruse*" and "*replete*."

One gets a vivid sense of the different atmosphere about words substantially synonymous in trying to make substitutions in a proof-sheet. For example, the lynx-eyed proof-reader has some day conveyed to you, by means of the delicately unobtrusive intimation of a blue-pencil line, the fact that you have repeated a word three times in the space of a short paragraph. You have to find a substitute. It is easy to think of half a dozen terms that stand for very nearly the same idea, but it is in the incongruous implications of them all that the

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difficulty lies. You consult your Book of Synonyms, and find there nearly all you have already thought of, but never any others. There is, however, one further resource. You have had from boyhood the Thesaurus of English Words. Hundreds of times, during all these years, you have referred to its wonderful wealth of kindred terms. You seem dimly to remember that on one occasion in the remote past you did find in it a missing word you wanted. It shall have one more chance to distinguish itself. Perhaps the sentence to be amended reads thus: "As he tore open the telegram a smile of bitter mockery flickered across his haggard features, and he staggered behind the slender column." Suppose, now, it is the word "*mockery*" for which you seek a substitute. The Thesaurus suggests, a smile of bitter *bathos*, bitter *buffoonery*, bitter *slip-of-the-tongue*, bitter *scurrility*. Or suppose it is "*staggered*" that is to be eliminated. You find as alluring alternatives, he *fluctuated*, he *curveted*, he *librated*, he *dangled*. If each one of these would seem to impart a certain flavor that is hardly required for your present purpose, you may write, he *pranced*, he *flapped*, he *churned*, he *effervesced*, behind the slender column. Or should the word to be removed be "*haggard*," you have your choice between his *squalid* features, his *maculated* features, his *besmeared* features, his *rickety* features. Or, finally, if you are in search of something to fill the place of "*column*," your incomparable hand-book allows you to choose freely between the slender *tallness*, the slender *may-pole*, the slender *hummock*, *promontory*, *top-gallant-mast*, *procerity*, *monticle*, or *garret*. The object of this work, says the title-page, is "to facilitate the expression of ideas, and assist in literary composition."

— What is the essential quality in that view of life which we are accustomed to call "romantic"? What is it that constitutes yonder amiable friend of ours a "romantic" person? What was it about that pretty notion, expressed a moment ago, that made us call it a "romantic" notion? To begin with, it is plainly something that we regard with disfavor. It evidently implies, in a character, a lack of good sense; in an idea, a lack of solid truth. Furthermore, it appears to belong to the region of views concerning the future; we do not speak of "romantic" ideas of what has happened, but of what will happen. A "romantic" person is one who indulges in "romantic" expectations. Will not this, then, answer for a definition? A *romantic* disposition is a disposition to expect ends without means; a *romantic* notion is a notion that the desirable thing will somehow happen, without our having made any adequate provision for it. This use of the word originated, of course, from the term *romances;* the idea being that things in real life may be expected to turn out as they do in the story-books. We must not make the mistake of supposing that the romances are therefore responsible for the prevalence of romantic notions. If there is a relation of cause and effect here at all, it is the other way round. The irrational views of life in the story-books have always had their origin in the perennial romanticism of the human mind.

For, if we are willing to come to the dissecting-room for a moment, who of us will not be found to have his mind infested with romantic ideas of life? Dear youth, you step up trippingly to the examination, for you have not yet so much as come to the knowledge that there *are* false views of life, — illusions, *idola;* as yet, whatsoever impressions you find in your fresh young brain seem to you, as a matter of course, to be the correct, and the only possible correct, ones. But, nevertheless, as I tenderly remove the *os frontis* and the *dura* and the *pia mater*, there come

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swarming out a wonderful flight of preposterous notions, thick as the vague moth-imps from Pandora's casket. And you, mature world-citizen, that have arrived at full knowledge of the abundant existence of illusions in other men's minds, — I know you for the sport of many a delusive expectation; there are *muscæ volitantes* as big as moons dancing about over your wise-looking eyes. And even you, too, my ancient Jaques, my self-confident old cynic, — we understand why you have found life a perpetual disappointment: it is because you have perpetually expected some metaphysical fourth dimension of happiness to develop itself spontaneously in your affairs.

But Francis Bacon said all this much more briefly, and therefore much better. "Doth any man doubt," quoth he, "that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, *flattering hopes*, false valuations, *imaginations as one would*, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?" His drift just here is to the point that these unsubstantial pith-contents of men's brains make, on the whole, for contentment and agreeable living. But this might well be disputed. In the days when the youngsters used to beset me for questions suitable to debate in their clubs and societies, I wonder I never thought to give them this: *Whether illusions be conducive to happiness.* Bacon, it should be noted, takes care to say just afterward, "But howsoever these things are thus *in men's depraved judgments and affections*, yet truth . . . is the sovereign good of human nature." So that, after all, the boys might quote the philosopher on both sides of their question.

"*Flattering hopes*," "*imaginations as one would*," — I have italicized these as belonging especially to the brain-pith of the romantic disposition. Do we not know them very well, and recognize them as we lean carefully over the edge of our mind and peer down into the dark mirror of our own consciousness? — the hope to have friends without being friendly, and to be loved without being lovely; the hope to become famous without ever producing "works meet for" fame-winning; the hope to be rich without the work or the wit to effect it, or any reliable lien on luck that should be trusted to help; the hope that *she* — some definite or some "not impossible she" — will fall into our arms, unwooed and unwon, like a ripe apple into a basket left accidentally under the tree. "*Flattering* hopes," because they all imply that we are somehow favorites of the Powers, exceptions to the laws of inertia and gravitation. "Imaginations as one *would*," — not only the dreaming of what we wish things were (which would be a harmless enough amusement), but the dreaming that things are as we wish them, — this marks well the distinction between the positive or scientific mind and the fanciful or romantic mind. The one tries to imagine how things really are; the other tries to imagine things as they are not and cannot be.

There are two little old tales that I like, as illustrating romantic expectations in common life: one, of the rustic lad, who was sent to sell a load of pumpkins in the city, and who returned at night with his cart still heaping full, reporting that he had driven through all the streets, and nobody had said a word to him about pumpkins; the other, of the dairy-maid, who sat all day in the middle of the field upon her milking-stool, and "not a cow came up to be milked."

It is a mark of a great poet when we find universal life-truths crystallized into a few lines of a poem, possibly for the first time, or certainly never so well expressed before. In the Spanish Gypsy, Fedalma is seated on a bank in mourn-

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ful meditation, when Hinda comes to bring her

> "A branch of roses —
> So sweet, you 'll love to smell them. 'T was the last.
> I climbed the bank to get it before Tralla,
> And slipped and scratched my arm. But I don't mind.
> You love the roses — so do I. I wish
> The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
> From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?
> Then all the valley would be pink and white
> And soft to tread on. . . .
> Over the sea, Queen, where we soon shall go,
> *Will it rain roses?*
> "*Fedalma.* No, my prattler, no!
> It never will rain roses: *when we want*
> *To have more roses, we must plant more trees.*"

Is there anywhere in literature so perfect a picture of the romantic and the positive dispositions of mind?

— Walking in my garden towards the close of summer, the decadence of various profuse bloomers attracted my attention, and sent me off on an odd train of fancy and speculation. I saw that the scarlet gladiolus sported at the tip of its long staff but one solitary blossom, which seemed to overlook pensively the embers of preceding days' floral pageantry. Also, the foxglove and perennial larkspur displayed but a remnant of bloom crowning their tall stems, — gay valedictorians, about to doff their caps and bid good-by to the summer world. The dry botanical fact that the common rule for spiked inflorescence is that the flowers unfold from the base upwards, progressively, became on a sudden illuminated for me. I could fancy that nature breathes the watchword, "Aspire!" and that, receiving it, the plant obeys, its flowers seeking the heights and climbing by their own alpenstock; that an impalpable current, the ruling principle of flower life, ascends through the material and vegetable body of the plant, like a pure flame burning clear and beautiful, mounting by degrees until the apex of the stem is reached. Then whither? Up and away to its own soliciting heaven! We say that a plant is "out of blossom," but is it not rather the blossom that is out of the plant, — its spiritual life and finer love? Grant that an unnamed virtue or delicate vital effluence is always ascending from the earth, that a plant is its good conductor, — nay, more, that the bloom of the plant is the sign of its passing, as the flash of lightning shows the direction taken by the electric current; then will it appear that

> Day by day the soul of things
> Up its countless ladders springs,
> Fleeting back to whence it came, —
> Inviolate, ethereal flame!
> Hast thou marked its changing shapes,
> Coils, and turnings, deft escapes?
> Airy pyramid of grass
> At its motion yields a pass;
> Through the wind-loved wheat it flows,
> Up the tufted sedge-flower goes;
> Scales the foxglove's leaning spire,
> Fans the wild lobelia's fire,
> Where beside the pool it flashes;
> And the slender vervain's lashes,
> By the climbing spirit swayed,
> All their purple length unbraid: —
> Thus the soul of blooming things
> Up its countless ladders springs.

— Self-conceit is one of the faults which, in other people at least, we all agree to condemn. It would be idle, or worse, to argue against the justice of a verdict so unanimous. Indeed, the attempt would be only an egregious display of the very foible in question. For what is a love of paradox but a disposition to set one's individual opinion above the general judgment of mankind? Let me premise, then, that I am not so inhuman but that to me, also, the sight of a prig, whether of the social, intellectual, religious, or whatever other sort, is inevitably, though in varying degrees, offensive. Precisely how meritorious this feeling of mine is, what part of it is a righteous concern for the abstract fitness of things, and how much is merely wounded self-esteem of my own at seeing another rate himself above me, — this I do not pretend to be sure of. My impression is that those who are most unassuming themselves are least troubled with the arrogance of others, though as

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to this I would gladly believe myself in error. I have discovered that I am inclined to juggle with words, — to tolerate as self-respect in my own case what I denounce as self-conceit in the case of my neighbor. I sometimes mistrust, too, that I am more disturbed at having shown a silly pride than at having had it. My regret, I fear, is mainly chagrin. It hurts my self-conceit that others should have found it out. Why could I not have looked unconscious of my virtue? At the very worst, I might have held my tongue! Then all the world (*my* world, that is) would not now be laughing at me behind my back. So I go on, berating the fool within me, till by the lapse of time and the distraction of passing events I am put again in good humor. Human nature is a sorry contradiction. Its very repentance, for the most part, needs to be repented of.

In other moods, however, I ask myself whether, after all, this innate propensity to see ourselves at our best, or a little better, may not have its good side. Here, now, is my friend Smith, the parish minister. His is not a brilliant intellect. You may hear him preach fifty sermons without being arrested by a profound thought or an original and happy turn of expression. Yet his loyal parishioners have some ground for saying — as they do, in our Yankee dialect — that their minister is "a pretty smart man." This very opinion of theirs, indeed, may be taken as a kind of proof that, as the world goes (I might have said as the *church* goes), he is successful in his calling. Not that he has converted all the sinners or perfected all the saints. There is still a sad want of holiness within the fold, and a miserable superfluity of naughtiness just outside of it. But withal, the Sunday "services" are well attended, the pastor's salary is promptly paid, and everything moves on quite as well as could be expected, — much better, at any rate, than in either one of the three or four adjoining parishes; and Smith is devoutly complacent. On the whole, he has reason, he thinks, to be encouraged. He is not puffed up, is grateful rather than proud. Nothing could be more unministerial in his eyes than a disposition to strut and swagger; such a disposition as, alas, he has now and then met with among his professional brethren. He knows his own shortcomings, he avers (he would be wiser than Solomon, if this were true; but Humility is a glib liar); he confesses with unction that we are all of us unprofitable servants; far be it from him to boast, but he may at least be humbly thankful that so unworthy an instrument has been so signally blest. He *has* been successful; it would be hypocritical to profess otherwise. Moreover, he has not achieved his prosperity by catering to any carnal desire for novelty and false doctrine on the part of his hearers. Brother B. and Brother C., his near neighbors, have fallen into certain erroneous ways of thinking, he grieves to say it. They have begun to question some of the tenets of that system of belief in which they, like himself, were educated, and which, in short, is the truth. But, for one, he has kept to the old paths. Truth is constant, and his preaching of it has been, as preaching ought always to be, without variableness or shadow of turning.

Evidently, my friend the parson has a considerable bump of what in a layman we should not hesitate to characterize as self-conceit. Yet in his own way he is certainly a man to be liked and respected: high-minded, good-hearted, and useful, — more useful, possibly, than he would be were he better aware of the meagreness of his intellectual furniture and the too easy standards by which he has been accustomed to measure himself. As for his absolute certainty touching the hundred and one points of his sectarian "theology," it is of course absurd, in one aspect of it.

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Abstractly considered, it is nothing short of ridiculous that an ordinary man, here in the village of ——, should believe himself infallible on such themes. But looking upon his position as a practical one, we may allow it to be less preposterous, and may even come to doubt whether his exalted opinion of himself and his creed is not in some respects a positive advantage to him. It gives him a standing and authority among his people which it is to be feared that the most perfect humility would never confer. If he were more thoroughly acquainted with modern science, for example (that enemy of all righteousness and child of the devil), would he not find it less easy to refute it every few Sundays in one or two sharp-cornered paragraphs? And would not the faith of the faithful suffer accordingly? Sometimes, indeed, I have endeavored to imagine what would be the effect were his eyes to be suddenly opened to the depths of his ignorance upon subjects concerning which he now feels the utmost assurance. How his life would go to pieces, like a ship striking at full speed upon an iceberg! If he could see the *truth*, indeed, the shock might be worth while; but merely to find out that the truth is not what he has heretofore taken it to be, — that, in all likelihood, would be nothing but a disaster.

I have cited my friend as an example, simply. We are all of us deluded, and most of us conceited; never more so than when we are surest of the contrary. The fact is that we are still children. As such, who knows but we have a right to be somewhat over-confident of our opinions and capacities? People who think themselves good for nothing usually end with verifying their own estimate; while those who set out to do wonders are very likely to accomplish *something*, however they may come short of their ideal.

I fall back upon my old position. If one could only be a little conceited, and yet not play the fool! Taking things as they are, that is perhaps as much as the best of us have any right to hope for.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel and Sport. Glimpses of Three Coasts, by Helen Jackson (Roberts), is a posthumous collection of sketches of travel on the Pacific coast, in Scotland and England, and in Scandinavia and Germany, published originally in periodicals. Mrs. Jackson was an admirable traveler, never jaded, always capable of new and worthy enthusiasm, and with an insight which often enabled her to see a tree where others only saw trees. There was, besides, so quick a sympathy with humanity that the world in which she was living at any time was very close to her, and she succeeded in making her readers feel its presence. — India Revisited, by Edwin Arnold. (Roberts.) Mr. Arnold illustrates the adage that he who would bring away the wealth of the Indies must carry that wealth to it. He has something more than a knowledge of India; he has a love for the country and its people. But his knowledge tempers his zeal, and his book is an honest, temperate record of travel; the kind of book which an English gentleman may write who knows his audience as well as his subject, and desires to instruct them while they think they are entertained. The references to himself and his famous poem are modest and in good taste. — Southern California: its valleys, hills, and streams; its animals, birds, and fishes; its gardens, farms, and climate, by Theodore S. Van Dyke (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is the work of a man who has a healthy love of out-door life, who is a hunter as well as a traveler, and who is capable of measuring the country with the eye of a prospective farmer and grazier. He is an enthusiast, but not blind, and his hearty, well-written book reads like the work of a man whose testimony one may trust. — Canoeing in Kanuckia (Putnams) has the additional title of Haps and Mishaps, Afloat and Ashore, of the Statesman, the Editor, the Artist, and the Scribbler, recorded by the commodore and the cook, Charles Ledyard Norton and John Habberton, by which one may see that the book is a contribution to the already

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large class of comic adventures in vacation. It has the liveliness which comes from much literary jumping, and it has also some plain walking in the way of narrative and comment on canoes, their construction and management. Cast away in a canoe on Red Lake, at equal distances from a mosquito and a companion, one might find the book readable. — The American Salmon Fisherman, by Henry P. Wells (Harpers), is a practical, interesting guide to the sport of salmon fishing. The tyro will read it through profitably; the old hand will not be offended by it as too elementary. The author is not anxious to be funny, bless him, but he is alert and companionable.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Dr. Frederic Henry Hedge has brought together into a substantial volume, with the title Hours with German Classics (Roberts), the substance of his work through many years as professor of German literature. But the reader might easily form a wrong impression of the scope and character of this book by reading such a statement, for the professor stands to most as the boxer of literature, not the opener. Dr. Hedge, with his vigorous thought, his sturdy morality, and his penetration, is an admirable interpreter of great books and great writers. He is just and catholic; he gives every man a fair show, and does not substitute his reading for his author's work. Yet he never fails to leave upon the reader's mind a clear, well-defined impression of the place and bearing of each great name reviewed. — The Iliad of Homer, done into English verse, by Arthur S. Way, Vol. I., Books I.-XII. (Sampson Low & Co., London.) Mr. Way has already translated the Odyssey into Spenserian verse. Here he has used a rhymed hexameter, with occasional triplets. The work is well worth attention, if for nothing else for the spirit with which the translator has kept his pace. He swings along as if he enjoyed it, and carries the reader by the force of his swift movement. We think he has missed it in not using the repetitions as Homer used them, for he varies the form, and so loses the rest which comes from the familiar term. There is a loss also of simplicity, but who indeed gets all of Homer into his English rendering? Mr. Way gets more than most. Is it because he has sailed the seas and is helping to make the new England of Australia? — Representative Poems of Living Poets, American and English, selected by the poets themselves. (Cassell.) Miss Gilder was the projector of this volume, and Mr. G. P. Lathrop has written an interesting introduction. The scheme, we think, is not entirely novel, — did not Miss Brock execute a similar volume? — but whether novel or not, it is a scheme which cannot fail to attract lovers of poetry. We are not sure that these poets do not sometimes betray their weaknesses; we wonder if they did not sometimes choose what they thought they ought to choose. Indeed, to make the volume the basis for comparative criticism, one ought to know ever so much of the interior history of it, and to have a private view of each poet's mind. But it is a capital collection of current poetry, whoever chose it. — Bolingbroke and Voltaire in England, by John Churton Collins. (Harpers.) These essays are not so much comprehensive judgments as special literary investigations and contributions toward fuller statements. — The second volume of John Morley's Critical Miscellanies (Macmillan) in the neat edition now appearing is occupied with papers on Vauvenargues, Turgot, Joseph de Maistre, and Condorcet. — George Eliot and her Heroines, by Abba Goold Woolson (Harpers), is the estimate made by an American woman, who is, perhaps, helped by her American gift of hope and courage to a more optimistic faith than George Eliot possessed. Her criticism is often sagacious and sensible, and if she does not show singular insight, neither does she strain a point, but writes like a clear-minded, healthy woman who speaks to it, as they say in the country. — Not quite so much can be said for W. F. Dana's The Optimism of Ralph Waldo Emerson (Cupples, Upham & Co), a little book which is cheerful and hearty, but rather thin as a philosophical survey of the spirit of the times. — Hood's Up the Rhine (Putnams) is even more entertaining now than when it was first published, for it has grown quaint with age, and the sketches of life are sufficiently remote to gain by the prospective. — Anster's translation of Goethe's Faust, first part, has been published in Harper's Handy Series. It has an introduction by H. R. Haweis, so short as to make one wonder what it accomplishes. — In the same series is printed The Choice of Books, by Frederic Harrison, already referred to in these notes. — Recent issues in Cassell's National Library are Life and Adventures of Baron Trenck; The Lady of the Lake; Selections from the Table Talk of Martin Luther; Macaulay's essay on Bacon; Burke's Thoughts on the Present Discontents and Speeches; Crabbe's Poems; Swift's The Battle of the Books and other short pieces, and Voyagers' Tales from the Hakluyt collection.

Fiction. John Bodewin's Testimony, by Mary Hallock Foote (Ticknor), is a story of Western life in scene and circumstance, but it derives its value not from any mere record of local life, but from its appeal to human sentiment and faith. — The Mayor of Casterbridge, by Thomas Hardy (Holt), will be welcomed by this author's readers because of its introduction to a fresh company of those English rustics who, if not real, are as good as real, in Mr. Hardy's stories. It is, besides, a strong, vivid story, which makes one ask if there is any English novelist who combines in better measure the qualities of a great story-teller than Mr. Hardy. It is more even than Blackmore, more inventive than Black, and more virile and humorous than the mob of lesser novelists who write with alarming ease. — Face to Face (Scribners) is an amusing story, in which the surface characteristics of English and American life are played with; but does not the author Americanize his young woman a little too deeply, after all, at the outset? We suspect that he has read his American notions into an English family after a fashion which would be easily detected by an English-bred reader. — Justina (Roberts) is one of

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those sternly romantic tales in which the heroine suppresses herself, the hero comes and goes in a half-mysterious fashion, a little too noble for ordinary purposes, and after a bookful of experience, in which the two characters are separated by a dreadful wife who exists in order to ruin their happiness, there is a crash, the wife dies, the man thinks he is going to, the heroine rushes across the Atlantic to him, — and the curtain falls on the newly married pair standing with upturned eyes. — The Wreckers, a Social Study, by George T. Dowling (Lippincott), will not be found so drearily close to a treatise on economics as the title might suggest. The author has a story to tell, and if the story is not very new or very important, he tells it with a good deal of interest in it. His interest is sometimes contagious, yet the book can hardly be called a very skillful one.— A Moonlight Boy, by E. W. Howe. (Ticknor.) Mr. Howe is still forming, and it is hard to say what will come of his work. He has an intangible something, which cannot be concealed by Dickens or Mark Twain, or any other novelist whom he may put between himself and the light, and we hope that his individuality will yet assert itself in a novel genuinely true. All his work is alive, but all is not equally genuine, and this unequal book, as we intimated, leaves the reader still in doubt what is to be the outcome of E. W. Howe. — Barbara's Vagaries, by Mary Langdon Tidball. (Harpers.) A short novel, in which the interest moves languidly in a circle about a North Carolina girl of ingenuous flirtatiousness, set in the midst of conventional people at a watering-place. — Haschisch, by Thorold King. (A. C. M'Clurg & Co., Chicago.) A sensational story, in which the drug plays a marvelous part. The author is not without a certain power, but he has managed to conceal a natural gift by too free use of the extraordinary and unreal. — Not in the Prospectus, by Parke Danforth. (Houghton.) A bright, somewhat unskillful, but well-bred story, in which the humors of a personally conducted tour provide the incidents which the author seems hardly capable of inventing. The humor and gayety of the book are its sufficient excuse for being. — The Midnight Cry, by Janet Marsh Parker. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A story of the Millerite delusion, written with a good deal of spirit, and with evident desire to be truthful to the general theme of the book. A little more of a rest in the music would have improved the air. There is a certain feverishness in the style, as if the author feared to be dull, whereas the reader is often relieved by patches of sober narrative in the record of such excitements. — Won by Waiting, by Edna Lyall (Appleton), is a well-written novel the scene of which is laid in the Franco-Prussian War and after, with a transfer of the heroine from France to England. The writer is evidently a conscientious artist, and, though giving no promise of singular power, is likely to produce novels more acceptable to the well-bred girls of the day than Miss Yonge, for example. — Taras Bulba, the first of a series of translations from Gogol, by Isabel F. Hapgood (Crowell), is likely to open the way to a Gogol cult. That author's fame has been like a cloud in the horizon, but, with the advantage of translation direct from the Russian, we do not see why he should not find a place which even Turgenef failed to secure, — a place that is among those who want their stories told, and are impatient at having so many things "understood," as the grammarians say. Moreover, the poetic passion of Gogol will justly attract many who were repelled by the more sardonic humor of Turgenef. We are likely to return to Gogol. — Children of the Earth, by Annie Robertson Macfarlane, is one of the Leisure Hour Series. (Holt.) It has dash and vigor, and a great deal of the sort of writing which women indulge in when they wish to make men more manly than they are; but with all its braveries it is a distinctly feminine book, and not a very pleasant one. — The Man who was Guilty, by Flora Haines Loughead (Houghton), has for its theme the hard lines of a man once overtaken in a fault, who suffered voluntarily for it, but could not expiate his crime to society, until a woman, who with a woman's pertinacity in taking the blame upon herself held herself responsible for his fall, took his affairs in her hands. Together they worked out a sort of triumph. The theme in itself is not an untrue one, and there is much in this book which is genuine; all of it is in earnest, but a little more naturalness, a little more equitable and reasonable adjustment of the relations of the people in the book, would not have lessened its worth. The scene is laid on the California coast, and intentionally bears hard on certain local defects in San Francisco justice. — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy Series are Doom! by Justin H. McCarthy; If Love be Love, by D. Cecil Gibbs; Pluck, and Army Society Life in a Garrison Town, by John Strange Winter; and A Daughter of the Gods, by Jane Stanley. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are A Stern Chase, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey; The Heir of the Ages, by James Payn; A Faire Damzel, by Esine Stuart; and Pomegranate Seed, by the author of The Two Miss Flemings.

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